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THE OUTLOOK.

POLITICAL interest is again centered upon the matter of pensions. It is high time. Americans are accustomed to speak of the enormous burden imposed by the military system of Germany. The army and navy of Germany cost her annually $95,000,000. When we include pensions, our army and navy cost us $110,000,000. The pension legislation has gone from good to bad, and now seems to be going from bad to worse. Our soldiers enlisted with no promise of pensions. The Government rightly decided to do better by them than it had promised. In 1866 it appropriated $16,000,000 for pensions; in 1885 it appropriated $55,000,000. It has paid to the soldiers since the war $800,000,000, or more than double the amount paid them during the war. If the present legislation remains unchanged, $800,000,000 more will be added to this amount. Of the pensions applied for during the last few years, less than ten per cent. have been on account of wounds. The amount of fraud has been considerable. Representative soldiers have condemned the late Pension bills as having a demoralizing effect. Colonel Higginson, among others, says: "Where one man has obtained money by their means, ten have been led to neglect their own pursuits, and to rely upon the Government instead of themselves." But in spite of all this, the "friends of the soldier" are urging the passage of the Crippled Soldiers' Pension bill, the Poor Soldiers' Pension bill, the ex-Prisoners' Pension bill, and a new Arrears bill. The Arrears bill of 1879 was estimated to cost between twenty-five and thirty millions, and has already cost two hundred millions. It is estimated that the new Arrears bill will cost over two hundred millions more. The exciting pension debate which has taken place in the House was not on the question whether or not these bills should be passed, but whether or not they should be passed without at the same time levying special taxes to provide the necessary funds. The discussion followed party lines. The Democrats did not hesitate to say that they wished to provide the necessary funds by means of an income tax. Mr. Warner said: "Less than half a million of men own $40,000,000,000 out of $50,000,000,000 of the wealth of the country." He argued that these men, and not the rank and file of the people, should pay the necessary $800,000,000. The Republicans replied that the new provision was a trick to defeat pension legislation. Whether this is true or not, it would be well if Congress could be made to think twice before making extravagant appropriations of the public funds.

Many people who do not believe that there is any class favoritism involved in the general pension bills do believe that there is much individual favoritism involved in the private pension bills. It is to this class that President Cleveland is commending himself by the vetoes which he is sending in to Congress in such numbers. Among the acts vetoed during the past week was one granting a pension to a widow whose husband died of yellow fever in 1878. In reference to this the President says:

"That she has employed an ingenious attorney or agent is demonstrated by the fact that the bill now before me seems to be based on the theory that Mr. Probert might have recovered from his attack of yellow fever if he had been free from the ailments for which he had been pensioned fourteen years before. If such speculations and presumptions as this are to be indulged, we shall find ourselves surrounded and hedged in by the rule that all men entering an army were free from disease or the liability to disease before their enlistment, and every infirmity which is visited on them thereafter is the consequence of army service."

Another of the bills vetoed was one to pension the widow of a soldier who was mustered into the service October 26, 1861, and was reported to have deserted November 14, 1861. In December, 1861, he visited his family, and was found drowned soon after in a canal about six miles from his home. A third bill was to pension a man who was enrolled as a substitute March 25, 1865, admitted into the Indianapolis hospital with measles on April 3, returned to duty May 8, and mustered out of the service May 11, the war having closed. In vetoing this act the President says:

"Fifteen years after this brilliant service and this terrible encounter with the measles, and on the 28th day of June, 1880, the claimant discovered that his attack of the measles had some relation to his army enrollment, and that this disease had 'settled in his eyes, also affecting his spinal column.' This claim was rejected by the Pension Bureau, and I have no doubt of the correctness of its determination."

The strike of the Lake Shore switchmen in Chicago appears to be one of those wholly unjustifiable proceedings which injure no one so much as the workingmen. We hope, in the interest not only of the public, but of the workingmen themselves, that the railroad will fight it out if it takes all summer, and that Governor Oglesby will discern the opportunity given to him to recover something of the reputation for manly courage which he lost at East St. Louis. Sixty days ago the same switchmen struck to compel the discharge of eight non union men, but went back to work on a report that the non-union men would go before sixty days were over. The railroad made no agreement of that sort, however, and, happily, have done nothing to provide them with employment elsewhere. We say happily; because the sooner the right of a laborer to belong or not belong to a union, as he pleases, is settled in this country, the better. We have condemned the attempt of some capitalists to prevent workingmen from joining a union; on the same ground we denounce the attempt of workingmen to force unwilling men into a union. The switchmen have struck because the non-union men are still in the employ of the railroad. That is, they have struck against the right of a laborer to be his own master. Such a strike is against freedom, against labor, and against the distinctive principles of the Knights of Labor; from which circumstance we judge that these switchmen are not Knights. They have already attempted to prevent the moving of engines and the coupling of trains. By the latest accounts it seems that freight trains have been put in motion again, but only under a formidable guard furnished, not by Governor Oglesby, but in chief part by the company itself. Forbearance has ceased to be a virtue. The mob ought to be at once dispelled, if it takes militia to do it; and the Lake Shore protected, not by its own "deputies," but by the power of the State, in its right to employ non union men, and the non-union men in their right to be employed. The sooner this issue is settled the better; and there is but one way to settle it—namely, by short, sharp, and decisive action whenever the right is denied.

The New York law in reference to boycotting is very clearly brought out in the case of Paul Wilzig, the Secretary of the committee which ordered the boycott of Theiss's "Alhambra" concert saloon. He was brought to trial on the charge of extortion. The committee, as alleged, demanded of Theiss that he should discharge his musicians, who were paid $24 a week, and employ union men at $32 a week. Theiss refused, and the boycott was ordered. Wilzig and the committee paraded in front of the "Alhambra" with high hats on which was placarded, "Boycott Theiss's." They handed passers inflammatory circulars, and even, it is alleged, entered the saloon and gummed the circulars to the tables and mirrors. At the end of fifteen days Theiss gave in, and agreed to comply with the demands of the boycotters. Wilzig and his companions then demanded $1,000 "for the expenses of the boycott." Theiss at first refused to comply, but afterward consented. When on tria Wilzig denied that he had ever seen or authorized any violence against Theiss's property or business. He said that he considered a boycott a peaceable means of gaining the just rights of labor. Judge Barrett, in giving his charge to the jury, said:

". . . I wish to give this counsel to all people who wish to bind themselves together into trades-unions. It is that before they appoint any committee they appoint a Committee on Law. Workingmen may combine together to better their condition and to get better wages, but they may not combine to conspire to interfere with the business of a man by forcing people not to deal with him. We have to consider sixty or one hundred men who combine, not to advise in a friendly way that people do not trade with the man, but getting men to walk up and down in front of his premises, handing out circulars, etc. They may not make any threats, or use any force, but still be guilty of what the law calls intimidation."

The jury retired, and in twenty minutes returned with a verdict of guilty.

During the past week the hall of Cooper Union has been the scene of two interesting labor meetings. In the first the grievances of the barbers were presented to the public; in the second, those of the letter carriers. At the barbers' meeting there were abou three thousand men and women in attendance. The

President of the Barbers' Union stated that until May last barbers used to average fifteen hours per week-day and six hours on Sunday. Now most of them work thirteen hours five days in the week, fifteen on Saturday, and six on Sunday. He further stated that six bosses were trying to restore the old order of things by again demanding their men to work ninety-six hours a week. The principal speaker of the evening was John Swinton. He reminded his hearers that not very long ago barbers and surgeons were one, as is signified by the red stream on the white ground upon the barber's pole. He said that although the surgeons had quit hair-dressing and the barbers were supposed to have quit bleeding, yet the time was fast approaching when the public would recognize that the one class had the same right to rest and recreation as the other. He stated that there were seven thousand journeymen barbers in this city. It would seem that the work done by them might be condensed into eighty-six hours per week. He urged that the six bosses demanding ninety-six hours be boycotted. This sentiment was apparently indorsed by all who were present. At the meeting in behalf of the postmen, the Rev. Dr. McGlynn, of St. Stephen's Catholic Church, and Mr. Powderly were the principal speakers. Dr. McGlynn ridiculed the decision of the Postmaster General that letter carriers were not entitled to the benefit of the eight-hours law because they were neither laborers, clerks, nor mechanics. Mr. Powderly assured the audience that the co-operation of the Knights of Labor could be relied upon to assist the letter carriers in securing the necessary legislation. Mr. Powderly said: "The Knights of Labor don't meddle with politics in the sense of the politicians who stand at the rum-hole door. In that dirty, low sense we are not politicians; nor in the sense of voting for a man because he is nominated by the machine. But when the natural rights of man are presented to us, you can count on our organization first, last, and always. The Knights of Labor only refuse to recognize drones. One scavenger is worth more than 100,000 dudes." The resolutions passed condemned the treatment of American postmen as worse than that in "any monarchical country in the Old World." This was, of course, rhetorical, but it is perhaps worth noting that the mail-bags carried by American postmen are so much larger than those used in Germany that our men probably do more work in eight hours than the Germans in eleven.

In English politics the campaign has been carried on the past week with a vigor proportionate to the brevity of the time left for the contest. On Saturday the Queen's speech proroguing Parliament was read, and one of the most eventful legislative assemblies of recent years came to an end. On the same day the writs were issued for the election to what bids fair to be an even more important session. There is nothing of significance in the Queen's formal speech, unless it be the definite statement of her object in dissolving Parliament as being "to ascertain the sense of my people on the important proposal to establish a legislative body in Ireland for the management of Irish as distinguished from Imperial affairs." The attention of the British people, and indeed of the world, however, has been directed, not toward the last uneventful days of the Parliament and the Queen's message, but toward Mr. Gladstone's great speeches at Edinburgh and Manchester and Liverpool, and the manifestoes of John Bright, Lord Churchill, and Joseph Chamberlain. There is every indication that Mr. Gladstone's Scottish constituencies will remain faithful to his leadership, and on the elections in Scotland much depends. Though toward the end of his tour the great orator's voice has somewhat failed him, in force and directness of expression, as well as in skilled use of argument, he has been at his best. Perhaps his most concise presentment of the issue was in a brief address to a delegation at Manchester. He said: "There is to-day but one discontented province in the whole British Empire, and that province is Ireland. It is time for Englishmen to end this disgrace." In his principal speech at Manchester Mr. Gladstone, who was greeted with almost frantic enthusiasm, alluded with generous emotion to John Bright, whose defection has touched him most deeply. He said, after denying emphatically that he had ever condemned the principle of home rule, as might be inferred from Mr. Bright's letter to Peter Ryland: "I have taken a resolution never to be Mr. Bright's critic. I will never utter a word to disparage the man whose integrity I revere, whose character I love, and who has conferred upon his country services which cannot be forgotten."

It is this very integrity in Mr. Bright, this undoubted honesty of purpose and devotion to principle, that make him so dangerous an opponent. Yet when one reads his manifesto just issued, one finds little in it beyond the expression, in a guarded way, of the belief that Irishmen are not capable of governing themselves—a belief better suited to Randolph Churchill than to John Bright. Lord Churchill, by the way, has contributed his share to the week's contest by positively denying that he ever supported the policy of Irish autonomy, as asserted by Mr. Parnell at Plymouth. He has also, as is his wont, said various disagreeable things about which no one seems to greatly concern himself. Among other bombastic utterances he declared that Home Rule would place the Irish Government in the hands of a Catholic Celtic peasantry under the control of American adventurers and an unscrupulous, fanatical priesthood. He had nothing to say to the American dynamite and dagger faction but to offer the old English challenge: "Come on; our prisons are large and rope is cheap." This kind of clap-trap may please dyed-in-the-wool Tories, but it will hardly gain new votes. Mr. Gladstone, though he has declared the Land Purchase bill to form a part of the general Home Rule scheme, has in general shown a greater readiness to admit of changes and compromise than Mr. John Morley. For the present week—the elections take place on Friday—speeches are announced by Gladstone, Bright, Chamberlain, Derby, Hartington, Parnell, Trevelyan, Churchill, and Salisbury. It is impossible to foretell the result, but it is earnestly to be hoped that the very considerable defections from the Liberal ranks will be counterbalanced by that deep popular feeling which trusts and honors Gladstone, and believes that the time has come to give, under his leadership, that degree of independence to Ireland which is her long-delayed due.

The final passing by the French Senate of the bill expelling the Orleanist and Bonaparte Princes and its being put into effect were accomplished with a rapidity of execution which seems to us undignified, if not positively brutal. M. de Freycinet's change of front and the feebleness of the opposition in the Senate—for the constitution of which in its present form, by the way, the Orleanist party is largely responsible—give ample evidence of the increasing power of the Radicals. M. de Freycinet's assertion that the heads of the old reigning families would be a constant menace to the Republic was met by M. Cassemir-Perier, of the Moderate Left, by the argument that the so-called measure of protection was in fact unnecessary, excessive, and impolitic, because none of the circumstances existed which M. Freycinet had painted in order to justify this proceeding. And, in fact, it is difficult for an unprejudiced onlooker to see any reasonable cause for immediate or frantic alarm. The Bonaparte pretenders are not dangerous, simply because they are not beloved. The Comte de Paris is, it is true, a more formidable claimant than his late uncle because of his superior ability, intelligence, and high personal character, but there seems no reason to believe that he intended to push his pretensions by other than perfectly legitimate and constitutional methods. The language of his manifesto is, not unnaturally, warm, but it is not an appeal to violence. In it he reasserts his belief that in France only a constitutional monarchy can secure political liberty and stability, declares that this act shows that "the Republic is afraid," and points to himself as "the head of the glorious family which guided her [France's] course for nine centuries in the work of national unity, and which, associated with the people alike in good and in evil fortune, founded her prosperity and grandeur." A not unreasonable demand now being made by Republican papers is that the law be enforced with the same severity in expelling Anarchists as in expelling Princes. It may safely be said that if France does ever return to a monarchical government it will be because of the unreason and fanaticism of the extreme Radicals. But this danger has threatened her more than once since the days of the Commune, and we believe that the strength of conservative Republicanism will be equal to this crisis also. Possibly there is significance in the rejection of the law forbidding the use of titles of nobility, as indicating that the reaction has already begun.

The cause of high license has lately had two victories and one defeat. The defeat was in Louisiana, where there was a small majority against the license law. One of the victories was in the District of Columbia, where a barroom license of $500 is required by a bill which has passed the Senate. The other victory was in Ohio, where the court decided the Dow Tax Law to be constitutional. Unfortunately, however, this decision was made by a party vote, and is therefore liable at some day to be reversed. If so, it is probable that all taxes collected under the law must be refunded to the liquor dealers.——A liquor-law case which has just been decided by the New York courts is not so important, but is fortunately without any element of uncertainty. The Court of Appeals has decided that liquor-selling is forbidden in all places where *any kind* of theatrical performance is presented.——There is now before the Illinois courts a case where the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad is being sued by beer-sellers for refusing to violate the town law by transporting beer into that State.——In Atlanta, Georgia, the brewers have announced their determination to defy the prohibition law, which goes into effect July 1. They claim that under their charter they have a vested right to continue their business, and that the prohibitory law is unconstitutional.——In the political campaigns now at hand, the Prohibitionists are developing exceptional strength in New Jersey, Western Pennsylvania, and various parts of the South. In the South the Prohibition fight has heretofore been made in counties and districts without any regard to party lines. Now, in some sections, the Prohibitionists are forming themselves into a political party. ——The Maine Prohibitionists have recently held a convention to nominate candidates who will "enforce" the prohibitory law. The convention reports that "the law is not enforced, and the grog-shops are increasing in number all over the State. In Bangor there are over one hundred and fifty gin-mills. In Augusta there are fifty or more." This statement affords a strong argument to those who insist that not so much depends upon the severity of our liquor laws as upon the certainty of their execution.

The substitute for the Edmunds Anti-Polygamy bill which has been reported to the House by the Judiciary Committee is a radical measure against the Mormon power. It strikes out the clause in the Senate bill creating a board of trustees over the Mormon Church and Emigration Society, and inserts an amendment repealing the charters of these organizations, thus putting an end to them as legal corporations. Female suffrage in the Territory is to be abolished, and all voters are to be required to take oath to obey all laws of the United States, and, in particular, those directed against polygamy. Provision is made that polygamous wives and children shall not inherit property. The government of the Territory is to be placed almost entirely in the hands of officers appointed by the United States Government. The bill certainly cannot be accused of being a half-way measure. Just how much practical significance can be attached to the repeal of the charters of the great Mormon organizations cannot be told. The Saints are reported to have provided against the confiscation of their property by distributing it to private parties, who, so far as appears to the world, are *bona fide* owners.

The strength of race prejudice in quarters where it ought to be extinct has just had a couple of very striking illustrations. According to a report in the New York "Times," the recent Episcopal Convention of the Diocese of North Carolina spent two days in wrangling over the question whether or not colored delegates should be admitted. Almost all of the clergy were in favor of their admission, but the majority of the laity were strenuously opposed. "The ground taken by the opposition was that 'clergyman' and 'delegate' as used in the canons and constitutions of the church mean white clergyman and white delegate." Inasmuch as the colored delegates appointed by the Bishop were not present, it was finally decided that the Convention should proceed with its other business, leaving the question of membership unsettled. The history of this convention certainly gives point to Fred Douglass's remark that "they (religious people) would have us among the angels in heaven, but do not want to touch elbows with us on earth." The other illustration of race prejudice to which public attention has just been attracted is the action of the white young ladies of the graduating class of the High School at Vincennes, Indiana. A colored young lady, Miss Grace Brewer by name, belonged to the class, and is reported to have been above the average in scholar-

ship, and in every way a refined lady. Yet her white sisters—eight in number—unanimously decided that they would not demean themselves by graduating with her. As a consequence, she graduated alone, and received congratulatory letters and telegrams from all parts of the country. It is said that in the mixed schools the boys mingle together on terms of democratic equality, but that the colored girls are systematically ignored by the white ones.

The Senate Committee on Agriculture, to which the Oleomargarine bill was referred, is taking expert testimony upon the subject. So far as heard from, all the scientific professors pronounce the product pure and wholesome. Professor Morton, of the Stevens Institute, said that he had examined its manufacture and found that it was of necessity so. Professor Babcock, of Boston, said that oleomargarine was always wholesome, while cheap butter, which was sold at a higher price, was often unwholesome. Professor Chandler, of Columbia, said that he had always considered the new manufacture as merely "a new process of making the old article." He added interest, if not dignity, to his testimony by giving his experiences in the household as well as in the laboratory. He said that his wife preferred to pay eighty cents for butter rather than eighteen cents for oleomargarine. He had, however, on one occasion used oleomargarine on his table for two days without detection; then he substituted the best Connecticut butter, and his wife declared it must be oleomargarine. A member of the firm of Armour & Co., of Chicago, testified that the discovery of oleomargarine had increased the value of each head of cattle three dollars by reason of the increased value of the fats used in making the oleo oil. If this be true, then the new bill would not afford to farmers the "protection" which has been claimed. It would injure the poor people in the cities without benefiting those in the country. Legislation ought to prevent the passing off of oleomargarine, however pure, as butter, however poor, but to levy a tax upon it is a very doubtful method of securing this just and reasonable end. It looks more like an effort to protect butter makers from competition than butter consumers from fraud.

The unveiling, at Queen's College, of a likeness of Frederick Denison Maurice has just now a certain timeliness and fitness. The likeness is said to embody that mingled air of authority and humility which was so striking in the countenance of Maurice, and which was so typical of his nature and character. The Principal of the college, in his address, dwelt upon Maurice's courage in claiming for women an education as thorough as that which is expected of men, at a time when the prejudices against higher education for women were almost universal. It was characteristic of Maurice to stand in advance of his generation on almost all subjects. The profound insight which he had not only into spiritual but into intellectual and practical problems justifies itself more and more as time passes, while the spirit which comes from such an insight remains as a priceless possession to the Christian world, and as a potent influence in the religious life of to-day. Such a man as Maurice leaves no successor, but there are always in the world men of a similar type of character and mind; refreshing the spiritual perceptions, reasserting the dignity and universality of truth, and reviving the spirit of a larger charity. The battle fought in Maurice's day between the teacher who spoke with authority because he spoke from a direct perception of the truth, and the Scribes and Pharisees who spoke from a study of the law, is by no means over. Every generation will witness a renewal of that struggle in some form. The prophet and the priest will always be in antagonism, but the world is becoming, by virtue of the broadening influence of such men as Maurice, a place in which the prophets find fewer scourgings and stonings, and more listeners and disciples.

A quaint old Flemish city is one of the last places to which one would naturally look for a co-operative society, yet such a society, conducted on a large scale, is in successful operation in the city of Ghent. It conducts a bakery at which 3,000 loaves are baked daily; a dry-goods store at which goods are sold at a ten per cent. profit; two drug stores at which medicines are sold fifty per cent. cheaper than elsewhere; a restaurant at which the sale of alcoholic drinks is forbidden; a library containing 5,000 volumes; and a daily paper with a circulation of 15,000. The name of the journal is "Wohruit" ("Forwards"), and it advocates the most radical principles, as its name might imply. The association also possesses a hall accommodating 3,000 people. This it uses for concerts and conferences. The society seems to appreciate thoroughly that material progress is impossible, if not worthless, unless it is accompanied with intellectual and moral advancement. It is exceedingly significant that this "advanced" society is flourishing in a mediæval, gable-roofed city, where the walls still stand like barriers to new ideas, and where among the workingmen the guild system is not yet extinct. It suggests how the spirit of the old institutions which our individualism has destroyed is akin to the spirit of the new institutions now gaining a foothold.

CONGRESSIONAL PROCEEDINGS.—On motion of Mr. Edmunds the Senate rules were so modified as to permit debate on a motion to reconsider. Accordingly, a debate took place on Mr. Hawley's motion to reconsider Senator Beck's bill forbidding Congressmen to act as attorneys for subsidized roads. Messrs. Hawley, Edmunds, and Evarts spoke of the bill as a reflection on members of Congress. Senator Beck replied that this was true of all laws in reference to Congressional offenses. The motion to reconsider carried, and the bill was referred to the Judiciary Committee.——Mr. Blair submitted an amendment to the Timber Culture act providing that not more than 640 acres of the desert lands should be held by a single owner.——Representative King has introduced a bill appropriating $11,000,000 for the construction of coast defenses.——Mr. Henley, of California, introduced into the House a resolution that inasmuch as the officers of the Union Pacific Railroad were alleged to have broken the laws of Congress, the Attorney-General be directed to prosecute them civilly and criminally.——The House spent one day in debating the amendment to the rules providing for a special tax clause to pension bills, and the day following was consumed in filibustering conducted by the opponents of the measure.——The Senate Committee on Rivers and Harbors increased the items of the House bill by over $2,800,000.——The Fitz John Porter bill passed the Senate by a vote of 30 to 17, and now goes to the President.——Representative Bayne, of Pennsylvania, attacked the President for his policy of vetoing private pension bills. The President was defended by Mr. Matson, of Indiana.——The House passed a bill requiring the issue of small silver notes representing all the surplus silver in the Treasury. What was very singular in regard to this measure was that the anti-silver men offered no considerable opposition to it.——The Tariff bill introduced by Mr. Randall provides for a reduction of $35,000,000 in the revenues of the Government; $26,000,000 of this reduction arises from the removal of all internal revenue taxes on tobacco.

GENERAL ITEMS.—Ex-Senator David Davis died in Bloomington, Ill., on Saturday last, at the age of seventy-one. Judge Davis's first appearance in National politics was in 1860, when he urged Lincoln's nomination at the National Convention. He remained one of Lincoln's strongest supporters and friends, and was by him made a justice of the United States Supreme Court in 1862, which position he resigned in 1877 to become a United States Senator from Illinois, having been elected by a combination of Democrats and Independents against General Logan. Under President Arthur's administration Judge Davis was the presiding officer of the Senate.——Providence, R.I., celebrated its two hundred and fiftieth birthday last week.——The absurd anomaly of the existing Indian tribal relations was illustrated by a decision of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia last week. It said, in effect, that in a case of fraud by lobbyists against the Cherokees, the United States had no jurisdiction, the Indian tribes being independent foreign nations!——The Indian Rights Association have presented a protest against the removal of Mr. W. H. Lyon from the Board of Indian Commissioners, which appears to have been made solely from political motives.——In Paris the scheme to allow a "lottery loan" of $120,000,000 to be made by the Panama Company has been referred to a committee, and will probably be abandoned.——In college boating matters, Yale having easily defeated the University of Pennsylvania and Columbia having defeated Harvard, the Yale-Harvard race on Friday promises to be unusually exciting.——Mayor Grace has recommended the removal of General Shaler from the New York Board of Health.——Interesting experiments are being made with the dynamite gun by Lieutenant Zalinskie.

THE MEANING OF THE HOME RULE AGITATION.

OF late years intelligent Americans have followed the course of public events in England with hardly less interest than they have watched political movements at home. The community of interests between the two countries becomes every year more apparent, the tendencies of English life become more decidedly democratic, and the evolution of constitutional progress in England becomes more distinct and impressive. There is no other country in Europe whose political history so fully and clearly reveals the action and reaction of radicalism and conservatism, the irresistible movement of expansion in which all classes share, and by which each class is successively brought to the front. The Monarchy, the Church, the Nobility, the People, have been the actors in this long history, and each in turn has enriched English life with some peculiar quality of its own. When one recalls, in the struggle of the present hour, the unbroken movement of political life among the English race, beginning two thousand years ago on the shores of the Baltic, and passing through every stage and phase of change and growth, it is impossible not to feel a thrill of pride that this noble history is part of our own heritage, and that our political institutions are largely its fruitage. As time passes, the slower movement in the old country accelerates its progress, until England to-day is politically more democratic than our own government; is, in fact, more radically democratic than most Americans would think altogether wise.

The House of Commons has so rapidly taken to itself the functions of government that its will has practically become the ultimate law, and the limits of its power are so indefinite that it is for most purposes practically untrammeled. The English system of government by a responsible ministry makes it easy at any time to reverse the entire policy of a generation in a month's time. A single Parliamentary election will accomplish what could be done in this country only by the long and difficult process of amending the Constitution. There are a few written documents, like the Great Charter, the Petition of Right, and the Bill of Rights, which are parts of the English Constitution not easily to be violated either in spirit or letter; but, apart from these, it is not easy to see why the House of Commons cannot do very much as it pleases with the fundamental organization of the Government itself. For instance, the next House of Commons will be elected to decide the question of Home Rule for Ireland; but, that question out of the way, the same House might go on to disestablish the English Church and to abolish the House of Lords; it might even discuss the question of revoking the Act of Settlement, by virtue of which the Monarchy itself exists. In other words, a single session of the House of Parliament would be long enough, public sentiment supporting it, to transform the entire structure of the English Government. This is democracy with a vengeance. Thoughtful Englishmen evidently shrink from the possibilities of a constitution so readily changed as their own, and many of them, with so eminent and philosophic a writer as Sir Henry Maine, are recognizing the superior stability of our own Constitution. It is a singular outcome of our common history that the American system gains the reluctant recognition of Englishmen as more conservative than their own.

The reaction of America upon Europe has been immense, but it has not yet reached its point of culmination. In an economic point of view we are swiftly changing the conditions of European life, and in a political point of view American influence is disclosing itself more and more clearly. There are many evidences of this fact, but the present political agitation in England will serve as a good illustration. The present movement looking to home rule for Ireland is only one phase of a larger movement which will soon become general, looking to home rule for the British Empire. The American system of management of local affairs by local governments and of national affairs by a national government is steadily winning the adhesion of the English as the only method of successfully carrying on the business of their great Empire. They would probably disclaim any education from this side the water, but that education is always most effective which is mainly unconscious. The noble system of division of labor, responsibility, and authority which the framers of our Constitution desired, and which Mr. Gladstone has declared to be the most wonderful achievement of any single body of men in the history of the world, solves th

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most perplexing problem now before England. The time is fast approaching when it will be physically impossible to carry on the work of the Empire on any other basis than that of home rule for England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales; indeed, that time has already come, and Englishmen, with characteristic practical sagacity, are beginning to move toward this end. As soon as the preliminary question in Ireland is disposed of, agitation will begin in the other great divisions of the Empire. When the local affairs of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales are managed by local representative bodies, Parliament will be free to give its entire attention to Imperial affairs, and England will recover its remarkable efficiency as an administrative government; a department of governmental work in which, all things considered, it is pre eminent. This change, which will be practically the adoption of the American idea, if not of the American system, will lead to other changes which will bring the two great governments of the English speaking race into still closer harmony of spirit and structure, and will still further strengthen the growing ties which unite the countries for the common work of civilization.

THE ANTI-GREEK MOVEMENT.

THE anti-Greek movement is fast gaining ground. Not only this, but it is gaining in unexpected quarters. For a long time the opposition to the study of Greek came principally from those who insisted that education was worthless unless it was practical in a money-getting sense. Then the advocates of scientific education began to make their attacks. The discussion in the schools was between the merits of scientific and classical training. The scientific party were unable to drive out the classic, but they were able to drive in extensive courses in natural science and modern history. Throughout this discussion the identity of classical with literary education was constantly assumed. Now this identity is being flatly denied, and a determined opposition to the study of Greek as now generally carried on is developing itself among men who insist upon the paramount importance of literary training. Some prominent literary men are taking this position; among others, John Morley, who on this point writes as follows: "The Greek and Latin fanatics love to insist that a collegian's scholarship is the great source and fountain of fine style. It would be nearer the truth to say that our classical training is more aptly calculated to destroy the qualities of good writing and fine speaking than any other system that could have been contrived. . . . Our way of teaching, or not teaching, Latin and Greek inevitably chills and represses the literary faculty." This is the line of attack which is being taken by the new opponents of the classics. It is upon this line that the battle must be fought.

Does the study of Greek furnish literary culture? Does it bring to the mind of the student the best which has been thought and said by the master intellects? During five years of study the student reads perhaps a hundred pages of Xenophon, two hundred of Homer, and four or five hundred from all other authors combined. All that he reads could be put in a single octavo volume. Is this a satisfactory result of five years' work? The only answer which the conservatives can make to this is that these five years of study open the doors of classic literature, so that the student can henceforth with pleasure and profit explore for himself. If this be true, a great deal has certainly been done. But the opponents of Greek deny this statement. They say that the student is no nearer to the door of the literature than Pilgrim was to the gate of Paradise when he fell into the Slough of Despond. In the majority of cases this is, practically, true. In many cases, however, it is not. At the time of graduation the student can often read Greek at the rate of two pages an hour. A few in each class claim to enjoy the beauty of the original. Most of these endeavor to keep up their Greek after graduation. A young friend of the writer tried to find out how many of this class there were. He accordingly prepared a list of questions which he submitted at random to fifty members of the New York bar who were college graduates. He found that although two-thirds of them were in favor of retaining Greek as a requirement, only six claimed to ever look into a Greek book. One of these six said he devoted as much as six hours a month to the subject, and another said that he devoted eight. Both of these were very young men, and the second one turned out to be engaged in tutoring. Taking it all in all, in ninety per cent. of the cases the claims of the radicals seem to hold true.

Evidently something must be done. We can no longer insist upon the study of Greek because of the superior mental discipline it affords. The attempt to prove that this discipline is superior, by comparing the work done in the scientific schools (*real schule*) with that done in the classical schools (*gymnasia*) has not stood the test of close scrutiny. The greatest German Professor of Pedagogy, Professor Paulson, of Berlin, is emphatic in his condemnation of the study of Greek. The general public believes that one kind of mental work affords as good discipline as another. The student himself believes this; he suspects that the knowledge of Greek is worthless, and he manifests little or no life in its acquisition. To seek mental discipline at the expense of mental life is to destroy the possibility of literary culture.

Very evidently the Greek course must either be reformed or abolished. At present, in the vast major ity of cases, it is a waste of time and energy which leaves the student ignorant of history and literature, and, worst of all, utterly without intellectual interests.

This opinion in reference to the study of Greek is not only widely held in America, but is making inroads also into university circles in England. In a recent number of the "Pall Mall Budget" Mr. Churton Collins bewails the fact that "the opinions of the revolutionists are every term gaining ground. . . . They have already succeeded in substituting German and French in the pass schools; they are striving to do the same in the honor schools, and they are now drawing up a scheme for a school of literature from which Greek and Latin are to be excluded. Nothing, indeed, is more certain than that, if a stand is not made against these innovators, they will soon get the whole management of the universities into their power." Mr. Collins goes on to say that "no feature of university society is so remarkable as the complete dissociation of the classics from all those subjects in which an intelligent interest is taken. An undergraduate of literary tastes has his views on Byron, on Victor Hugo, on Goethe; he will listen with the keenest interest to anything which concerns current literature or the literature of modern Europe. He is probably a member of a Dante club. He probably meets two or three friends every week to read Shakespeare. But he would as soon think of opening Æschylus or Sophocles for pleasure as he would of eating sawdust or standing on his head in the Quad." In spite of this, Mr. Collins thinks that the study of Greek can be reformed so that it shall again be a source of intellectual life. If it cannot be reformed, if the dull drudgery of devotion to the grammar and the lexicon are necessary to an understanding of Greek literature, then the general public will insist that the study of Greek shall no longer be a part of the required curriculum, but must be relegated to specialists. The study was introduced four centuries ago because it opened up a wonderful literature to students who had no literature in their own tongue. At the present time the students have a wonderful literature in their own tongue, and the study of Greek does not open up the old one. Is it radicalism to say that this is not quite right?

SUCCESS IN FAILURE.

THE man who has learned to make his failures the omens of success has learned one of the most valuable secrets of life. Some men are discouraged by their failures; they accept the momentary defeat as a final decision against them, and they retire from the struggle disheartened and vanquished. Life has gone against them, and they will strive no more. There are other men, however, to whom failure never suggests anything more disastrous than a wrong method, an imperfect plan, a faulty piece of work. The thought of defeat never comes to them; they will simply find the defect, remedy it, and strive again. Failure to such men is the discipline which prepares for success, the education which trains for victory. Such momentary defeats lie in the way of every noble conquest in science, literature, art, public life, or practical enterprise. Few great questions are settled at the start, few great reforms are effected in a day, few notable inventions work well on the first trial, few strong men disclose their full power and take their true place by a single brilliant achievement. Slow experimentation, frequent failure, delay, opposition, obstacles, lie along the road to success in every line of work, and remind us continually that God means that every man shall get character out of his work even more richly than he gets material reward.

Our thought and our talk about success are rarely spiritual, often purely material. The end of business is to make men, but to hear most business men talk it would seem as if men were made for business only. Anything that interferes with the profits of the year is a calamity, although it may mean the return of moral health to the whole community. There are multitudes who would like to put principles, progress, sentiment, out of the world because these things are constantly disturbing the markets. They would rather the curse of slavery should be perpetuated than that the price of bonds should be disturbed by agitation; they would rather the Irish question should go unsettled than that the country should pass through the turmoil of a general election. Peace at any price is the cry of these men; "Keep quiet and give us a chance to make money" is their reply to every appeal for aid in the struggle against wrong. But God takes care that the peace that selfishness cries for shall never come; movement, change, progress, are inevitable, and, so long as the world stands, these things and the results that flow from them will baffle and thwart the schemes and wishes of those who want the quiet road to a low and easy success. There is a divine scorn of our low ideals of success continually manifested in the almost contemptuous indifference with which our carefully elaborated plans are brushed aside and cast ruthlessly into chaos. God does not stop to explain this constant interference; the rubbish of our mean materialism is not worthy of so much notice. The scheme that would bring us a fortune without work and with considerable loss of honor is whirled out of sight in some sudden tempest of change, and we are left to take the long, arduous road which never brings us to the gold we once craved, but which teaches us to be honest, clean hearted, humble, patient, and noble. In place of the poor material success that would have made us vulgar and small, we attain a strong and permanent development of character, an understanding of life beside which Golconda is a heap of rubbish, and a nobility of nature beyond price. This is the only real success, and in the winning of it one must look for failures of all kinds.

The chief value of a great and prolonged struggle is oftener in the effort than in the achievement. The great charm of scholarship is in the scholar and not in his acquirement; the latter serves noble purposes, but its finest result is the man himself. The noblest outcome of a great business career is not the fortune which rewards it, but the probity, sagacity, far-sightedness, and mastery of affairs which it develops in the merchant and financier. A great statesman like Mr. Gladstone renders services to his nation and to civilization of quite incalculable value, but to Mr. Gladstone himself the greatest success he attains lies in the achievement of his character; the other successes he leaves after a little, and as other work presses upon other men the splendor of his performance fades into past history; but the work he has wrought in himself abides as his permanent possession. It can never be taken from him; it is his training and equipment for the eternal hereafter.

There are thousands of men to whom the immediate success rarely comes; they are met by constant failure and disappointment. They struggle with scant reward and scantier recognition from the world. The sweets of success are never theirs; the struggle, the labor, and the long-deferred hope are their daily experience. Such men need not miss the crowning success of life; it may be theirs to pluck from failure the immortal flower of noble character.

CONCERNING BOOKS.

A BOOK may be an ornament, a tool, or a friend. As an ornament it lies on the parlor table, and enters into competition with a vase of flowers, a plaque, a Japanese monstrosity, a Turkish table cloth, or whatnot, or lines the wall in a set of shelves, and serves as an expensive wall paper. There is no objection to books as ornaments for those people who can afford literary bric à brac, and like that sort of thing. As a tool the book belongs in the scholastic workshop. It is professional. The boy's school-books are tools; the woman's cook-books are tools; the minister's commentaries are tools; the lawyer's reports are tools; Webster's Dictionary is a tool. Every perfectly equipped house ought to have a carpenter's shop, and the master of the house ought to know how to use it; cooking schools for girls, and carpenter shops or garden beds,

or both, for boys. So every house ought to have its literary tool-shop, its library of books for literary labor, its intellectual carpenter's shop; its books of reference—dictionary, geography, cyclopedia. But the highest use of a book is as a companion and a friend. You are not particular as to the binding; for though you like to see your friend well clad, the tailor does not make the man; neither does the bookbinder make the book. A ten-cent edition of an English classic may be a friend. You do not inquire as to utility. The most useful books are those which can give no account of their usefulness. The highest use of a friend is his friendship, and in some respects a friendly book is the very best of friends. Speech is silver, silence is golden. A book is a bimetallic friend; it will give you either silver speech or golden silence, as you prefer. I sit by my firelight dreaming, with my friend in my hand. "Come, come," I say to him at last, "you are silent and I am weary; talk to me, amuse me." And he answers not my petulance with reproach, but looks with kindly face into my eyes, and talks. At last I weary of him. "You talk too much," I say, and turn from him. He stops as quietly as he began, relapses into silence, and breathes no complaint of my unreasonable mood. A book is never jealous, never suspicious. It asks no attentions. It never pouts or sulks because you prefer another book. It never reproaches you with—"I thought you had quite forgotten me." I cannot pet my cat without a remonstrance from my dog; but I can choose any book out of my library with no look or word of reproach from its companions. It exacts nothing. Conversation is give and take; but reading is all take. The book demands of you only one thing—attention. That you must give, or it closes its lips and is resolutely silent. Indeed, the generosity of this friend is its worst fault. Beware! or it will make you selfish. Your true book-lover is in danger of not being a true lover of his kind. There is one virtue no book can cultivate in the soul—the virtue of self-denial.

The book as a friend is a living soul. Some one has said that a cathedral is "frozen music." A good book is embodied and undying spirit. It is the thought and experience of a noble nature crystallized and endowed with an earthly immortality. It is the touch of a vanished soul. It is a voice come back from the unseen world. On the title-page of every true book might be inscribed the words: Being dead he yet speaketh. Carlyle, the great talker, pours unmeasured contempt upon talk; and that which is mere talk deserves his fine scorn—all of it; yet what is that scorn itself but talk? "Words! mere words!" Aye! and yet there is nothing so immortal as a true word. "Heaven and earth shall pass away," says Jesus of Nazareth, "but my words shall not pass away." Mere vibrations of the air he set in motion. Yet their music has been encircling the globe ever since. Frost cannot bite them, nor sun burn them, nor damp mildew them, nor rain wash them away, nor steam wreck them. Empires have risen and set, civilizations come and gone, cities been built and crumbled to the dust, even languages have died and been buried, and yet these words still live, and, as the centuries go by, a constantly increasing congregation reverently gathers about the sacred speaker on the grassy slope of the Galilean hill, and listens to the words that can never die. Words are immortal because a soul lives in them. A good book is immortal because it is an incarnate soul. In the presence of a great book I am in the presence of a great nature. He is an artist; and he lends me his eyes with which to look into nature and read her mysteries. He is a poet; and I, too, am a poet in his companionship, and endowed with his insight. He is a novelist; and as I sit with him my heart throbs with his profound sympathies. He is a historian; and I live in another epoch; or a philosopher, and his broad horizon opens before me, and I am on the top of an exceeding high mountain, and all the kingdoms of nature and of truth are in a panorama before me; they are mine without the devil's condition attached.

There is no better gift than a book; only see to it that you give, not an ornament, nor a tool, but a friend. The worst book for a gift is a gift-book. Never give a book on theology to a minister, nor a law book to a lawyer, nor a medical book to a doctor, nor a school book to a boy. Give a friend, not a tool; a kindly soul, not a useful instrument. Of course, if you are to do this, you must learn something of him to whom you give the book, that you may know what kind of friends he likes. Books, I have said, will be silent, or will speak, as you prefer. Now let me reverse that sentence, and declare that books are a law unto themselves; and some books which are full of life in one pair of hands are absolutely silent in another. Carlyle is a fiery and impulsive talker to me; but there are some good friends of mine to whom he will say nothing. He is as glum and silent in their presence as he often used to be in his own household. Wordsworth is a delightful friend to those who are friendly with him. But let a man gibe at his commonplaces, and he closes his lips tightly, and will not open them. So then, if you are [illegible] a friend, you must know your book, and you must know the one to whom you give it, and you must see to it that your book goes where it will receive a warm reception, and where it will exercise its friendly offices. Do not give Wordsworth to a man who sees no parable in nature; nor Carlyle to one who is offended by a sharp tongue and a brusque manner; nor Dickens to a cynic; nor Emerson to a "practical man;" nor Ruskin to a philosopher. It requires skill to select a congenial friend. Your bookseller cannot do it for you. Shopping will not accomplish it.

We read books too little as friends; we use them too much as tools. The same book cannot well be both; certainly not at the same time. You cannot go to it for useful service and friendly converse at the same reading. Your doctor may be your best friend; but consultation over a headache and friendly converse are not the same. Every man ought to have time to take up a book in a receptive mood, and listen to its message. He ought to go sometimes to his books as he goes out in his yard in the morning to hear the birds sing; not as he goes to the newspaper to get the last news. The most fruitful reading is meditative reading. What a book will be to you will depend upon what you are to the book; that is, upon your mood. Some persons read books as men ride across a country on a hunt: the only object is to get in at the death in the shortest possible time. This is the way very young persons read novels. Some persons read books as they go to market: they know what they want to get, and go to the book or to the library to get it. This is the way professional men read their professional books. Some men read books by stint: so many pages a day, and give themselves a college mark of 10 when the task is done. The most fruitful reading is that which seems to take the least out of the book, and which stimulates the most in the reader. He who can tell what he has read does very well; but he who can tell what he has thought does better. He who can give account of the author's thoughts is a scholar; he who can give account of his own is a thinker. The best friend is he who stirs me most deeply to my own thinking and my own feeling. The best teacher is a friend; and the best pupil is he whose heart is open to receive a friendly suggestion and a friendly impulse. Curiosity is a good reader; conscience is a better reader; but love is the best reader of all. And he who reads with neither love, conscience, nor curiosity does not read at all. He only thinks he reads. LAICUS.

IN AND ABOUT BOSTON.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT]

MILTON is one of the beautiful towns contiguous to Boston. It is the wealthiest town in the State in proportion to the population, and the taxes are relatively low. Bankers and wealthy merchants have here their residences. Within its limits are the Blue Hills, the highest elevations that greet the eye of the mariner as he approaches the Massachusetts shore. Last week a decidedly unique ordination service was held in the Unitarian church on Milton Hill. Barges took large numbers of people from the station to the church. Removed from the scream of the steam whistle, the hum of business, the rumble of carriages, and in the midst of bird songs, the beauties of the landscape, flowers and foliage and grass and growing grain never more inspiring, it seemed like an earthly paradise, fresh as it came from the hand of God. Mr. Roderick Stebbins, just graduated from Harvard Divinity School, and son of Dr. Horatio Stebbins, of San Francisco, was installed by a council representing twenty-three churches, including the Rev. Mr. Williams, of New York, who preached the sermon. The specially original part was the charge to the pastor by his father, who said, with other terse things, that if J. S. Mill could have lived one hundred and twenty years, possibly he might have begun to be conscious of the faith which the ordinary woman of forty has. He also counseled his son, if ever he felt inclinings to sensationalism, to quit the pulpit and join the circus. Dr. Stebbins has been favorably mentioned as the possible successor of Dr. Rufus Ellis.

Commencement is the one word now on all lips. Schools of all grades are closing, sending into life their graduates. Wellesley College is one of those exceptional growths that come once in a century. A teacher in a private school in Cambridge says that her pupils are more searchingly examined to enter Wellesley than they are for the Harvard Annex. Wellesley *esprit de corps* is remarkable. The unveiling of the statue of Harriet Martineau, presented by Miss Anne Whitney, the artist, and accepted in behalf of the trustees by Dr. Joseph T. Duryea in an eloquent address, was a brilliant occasion, which seems to me to mark an epoch. Fifty years of progress and toleration and freedom seem to speak in these mute lips. The woman who could only meet her friends in Boston half clandestinely, so great was the fear of a mob, is now enshrined as a heroine in this female college, and all Boston applauds and does her homage! What prophecy is here?

At Harvard, Class Day is always the brilliant occasion of the year. Last week the day was unpropitious, fog and rain till evening, yet the thousands upon thousands of friends, arrayed in rich attire, came, the lanterns in the evening giving the richer light under the dark sky, the leaves of the trees seeming like silver in the mellow glow, while the branches seemed as if the bark were of light satin. Admission to the yard is by tickets, which are hard to get, while tickets to the dances in Memorial Hall and at the Gymnasium are in demand out of sight of any possibility of obtaining them. Boston milliners and dressmakers are ambitious to get in to see the "styles." The closeness of the relation between culture and the ridiculous is seen by the immense popularity of the class tree, which is walled in by a high fence, favored ones gaining entrance by tickets to see the seniors—who in the evening will be in exquisite dress suits—appear in the most fantastic and hideous costumes, to play "rough-and tumble" in fierce contest to snatch flowers from the tree, which can only be reached by climbing and leaping and mounting upon shoulders. Refinement must have its hurly-burly side.

Athletics report themselves in the robust physiques of the young men and women who are in the schools. College contests are expensive, and make heavy drafts upon the nerves. At Harvard the base-ball club requires $7,000 a year to run it, a large part of which is received as gate money. In closely contested games, at critical points, faces of anxious students wear almost an agony of feeling. Three hours of such strain is physically and mentally very exhausting.

The Harvard Annex observed for the first time a class day, or, more properly, a commemoration day. An ivy was planted, the exercises consisting of singing by the Glee Club, an address by Mrs. Agassiz, addresses by Dr. Peabody and Mr. Gilman, and the reading of a poem.

Phillips Academy, Andover, sent out a large class the past week; Phillips Academy, Exeter, also sent forth its quota; old Dummer Academy graduated its 123d class; Boston Conservatory of Music held brilliant Commencement exercises in Tremont Temple; high schools and private schools in many places have opened their doors for the exit of those who have completed the curriculums—the large army of young people thus trained and inspired coming forth into society to help mold our institutions in the future even as they have been molded by them.

On the cars I heard a lady sharply condemning the high schools because they educate the children of laboring people "out of their spheres," making them "unfit to be servants." The spirit of caste could not be more sharply outlined than it was by her speech. Yet it is a fact that large numbers of educated children do not find congenial fields of labor in Massachusetts, and are more or less jostled by the orders below them. There are not places for them above the grade of menial service, except as they push out into wider opportunities. Shall we cease to educate, or educate till there are no lower orders, till labor and service are redeemed from ignorance, and intelligence is enthroned even as the stoker of an engine? In this work of education I notice that there are some children always in the schools who never learn, while others are never at school and yet are always learning. There is a reciprocity of ideas. The leaven works; and it is always the nature of leaven to foment. The bread of life is the result.

Governor Robinson vetoed the soldiers' exemption bill, taking occasion to use vigorous English in defense of civil service reform. It was a merited rebuke to the party hacks.——Dr. Phillips Brooks has returned from California.——The St. James's Episcopal Church in Cambridge has just observed the twentieth anniversary of its founding, the rector, the Rev. Edward Abbott, preaching an appropriate sermon describing its growth and prosperity. OBSERVER.

IN AND ABOUT CHICAGO.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THE Convention of Christian Workers, referred to last week, closed its sessions Wednesday night. Measures were taken to secure a similar convention next year, and a committee appointed, whose members will hardly repeat some of the mistakes of the convention just held to consider its interests. For one thing, a programme will be prepared, and persons selected beforehand to discuss thoroughly the subjects under consideration. This year the persons in attendance spoke quite informally, gave reports of work in which they were engaged, and answered such questions in regard to its nature and its methods as were put to them. Of course so many earnest Christian men and women from different parts of the country could not meet together without great profit to each other; but, for some reason,

they did not attract public notice to any considerable extent, nor secure the presence of many of the pastors in and about the city. Certainly this was hardly the fault of the pastors; rather that only the most general invitations were sent to them to be present, and that few of them were asked to take any part in the exercises of the convention. It was understood to be, and it was, chiefly a convention of independent mission workers in our great cities. Dr. Lawrence, Dr. Henson, the Rev. J. C. Armstrong, the Rev. H. A. Schauffler, of Cleveland, the Rev. E. S. Williams, the Rev. R. A. Torrey, of Minneapolis, and the Rev. D. A. Read, of Springfield, Mass, spoke on topics assigned them, but most of the talking was done by laymen. As it was a convention of laymen, no one can find fault with this, though a great deal of time was wasted through lack of a well-digested order of exercises and the absence of a live leader like Mr. Moody or Dr. Pentecost.

Sunday night revival services were carried on, and thirty or forty persons brought forward to the altar. Monday morning "Steve" Holcombe, a converted gambler, gave an account of his conversion and of the mission work he has carried on in Louisville, Ky., with his earnings. The Rev. Mr. Kirkland reported the very successful work of the Adelphi Theater Mission of Chicago, and called upon some of his helpers to give an account of their experience in finding the Lord. Dr. McClear spoke for Cincinnati, which he affirmed to be the "wickedest city on the continent." Monday afternoon T. V. Farwell, Esq., defined the ideal church, a church where the minister preaches nothing but Christ and his salvation, and where the hearers will be satisfied with no other preaching. Deacon Willard, a Y. M. C. A. Bible class teacher, who says that he has been instrumental in the conversion of two thousand persons, told the convention how to deal with inquirers. Monday evening George D. Dowkoutt reported the work of the Medical Missionary Society of New York, under whose patronage more than fifty thousand people were treated last year. Tuesday the Rev. D. A. Read, of Springfield, described the methods so successfully employed by the Hope Church of that city, with special reference to the lay college under his care. The Rev. J. C. Armstrong, Superintendent of City Missions in Chicago, gave a brief account of the work already done and to be done here, while the Rev. E. S. Williams reported for the missionary work in Minneapolis.

Mr. George C. Stebbins spoke helpfully on sacred music, and Miss Elizabeth Heady warned the convention against the dangers of Romanism. Wednesday morning Miss Dyer described the Bible work in Chicago, of which she has charge, and Mr. F. H. Revell the institution known as the Chicago Avenue Church. In the afternoon Mr. J. N. Hitchcock explained the workings of the Chicago Avenue Sunday-school. This school has an average attendance of nearly 1,400, and one of its peculiarities is the number of smaller schools, or large but thoroughly organized classes, which this school contains. Some of these classes have been under the care of the same teacher for twenty-one years. This is the school and the church which Mr. Moody established. The closing services, consisting of short, earnest speeches from all who felt themselves moved to speak, were greatly enjoyed by those who were present. The singing by Mr. and Mrs. Stebbins added very much to the interest of the convention, and the urbanity and promptness of the Moderator were noteworthy.

The switchmen on the Lake Shore Road, seventy-seven in number, struck on Wednesday afternoon, assigning as a reason the failure of the officials to discharge eight obnoxious non-union men. This strike is a renewal of an old difficulty, and bids fair to be serious. The railroad authorities say that they made no such agreement two months ago as the strikers claim, and declare their purpose to stand by the non-union men. Certainly there is no reason for the strike other than the fact that eight switchmen do not belong to the switchmen's union, and refuse to join it. At the same time they desire to continue in the employ of a company which some of them have served several years, and which has always been satisfied with their work. The sympathy of the public is with the non-union men, who have a right to work for anybody who wishes to hire them, and for such wages as are satisfactory to themselves. The sooner strikers understand that they may not infringe upon the liberty of men to work for whom they please, and with the right of employers to hire whom they please, the better will it be for the country. Yesterday several trains were derailed, and mail trains delayed. Some of the rioters were arrested, and others will probably be taken into custody to-day.

The Anarchists are on trial before Judge Gary. A jury has not yet been obtained. There are not many intelligent men in the United States who have not made up their minds to some extent as to the guilt or innocence of the accused parties. The trial will be long and exciting, and in all probability unsatisfactory. Unexpectedly to all, A. R. Parsons, the leader of the Anarchists, after having escaped the vigilance of the police for nearly two months, walked into court as the trial was about to commence, gave himself up as a prisoner, and took his place with his fellow-Anarchists. Together with his comrades he will plead not guilty, and there are some who think that the plea will be sustained.

Sunday evening Dr. McPherson, of the Second Presbyterian Church, preached an appropriate sermon, on the culture of the hand and the heart, to the members of the Manual Training School. Wednesday afternoon and evening the work of the young men was on exhibition at the school building; and on Thursday morning the directors gave the members of the graduating class their diplomas. This school is filling a place long left vacant, and its success has led to preparations for the introduction of the system of manual training into most of the public schools of the city.

The Chicago Training School (Methodist Episcopal) for City and Home Missions has just been incorporated, with Mrs. Lucy Ryder Meyer in charge. The school has been in existence for a year, and is soon to have a fine building on the North Side. The school will open about October 1. Its purpose is to fit persons for mission work either at home or abroad. Its course of study is confined to the Bible, and occupies a year. At present the school is open only to women.

The papers say that Dr. A. L. Chapin will resign the presidency of Beloit College this week, and that the Rev. Edward D. Eaton, recently of Oak Park, will be his successor. President Chapin is the only President the college has had, and has been in office since 1850. Mr. Eaton is a graduate of Beloit, and is every way fitted for the vacant office.

Two weeks ago Professor Swing took occasion to criticise Unitarianism, and to give his reasons why its creed should not be adopted. Last Sunday the Rev. Edward Everett Hale occupied his pulpit and spoke on the Unity of the Church.

ETHICAL AND RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION IN OUR COLLEGES.

By Professor Nicholas Murray Butler.

THE recent discussion in public between Presidents Eliot and McCosh as to the place of religion in colleges was neither the beginning nor the end of a controversy which ought to command the intelligent interest of every man and woman in the country. It was rather an incident, and an important and significant one, in a controversy that has been going on for some time. As yet most of the debate has been carried on above the level of facts, and appeal has continually been made, first by one side and then by the other, to first principles, fundamental propositions, and so on. That point of view is a necessary one, and we are glad it has been taken so generally, for it is the vantage-ground of those who believe in a moral and a religious as well as in an intellectual and physical education. But it is not amiss to survey briefly the facts as they now stand. It is important that we should know something as to the extent and character of the ethical and religious instruction that our colleges and universities offer at present. I class ethical and religious instruction together because I believe that they do not admit of separation. This claim has been made by Dr. McCosh and admitted by President Eliot. Therefore it involves no unusual assumption.

It is obviously unnecessary, and perhaps impracticable, to gather statistics from all our colleges. Aside from the magnitude of the undertaking, it is uncalled for; since our colleges follow one of a few models, and adequate representatives of the various classes admit of easy selection. For the purpose of showing what is the extent and character of the moral and religious instruction given at present, I have, therefore, selected twenty-one representative colleges and universities. They are scattered all over the United States, from Maine to California, and the list includes also representatives from Canada and from those institutions that are open to women only. As they are chosen more or less at random, we may fairly draw conclusions as to the colleges in general from the data furnished by these twenty-one representatives. They are: Amherst, Bowdoin, Brown, Columbia, Cornell, Dalhousie (Halifax, N. S.), Harvard, Johns Hopkins University, McGill (Montreal), Princeton, Union, University of California, University of Kansas, University of Michigan, University of Pennsylvania, University of Virginia, University of Wisconsin, Vassar, Washington and Lee, Wellesley, and Yale.

Of course there is no general uniformity among these institutions as to the form and method of instruction. The academic year is variously divided. The complexities of the elective system complicate the statistics in many of them. The academic year is sometimes divided into terms, sometimes into semesters; and the terms and semesters are by no means of equal length. But as three terms, or two semesters, usually make up the college year, and since fifteen hours a week is the usual amount of class-room work insisted on, we can, from the figures and facts that follow, gain an approximate idea concerning the amount and character of the instruction in ethics and religion.

Taking the colleges mentioned in alphabetical order, let us enumerate the facts as they are published in recent catalogues.

At Amherst, President Seelye and Associate Professor Garman give the instruction. Ethics, with Hickok's "Moral Science" for a text-book, is a required study during the second term of senior year. There are five exercises weekly, and also one hour each week allotted to discussions with the President. Theism two hours, and Christian evidences and "Religions of the World" four hours each, are elective studies for one term each of senior year.

At Bowdoin there is a vacant chair of natural and revealed religion, and the ethical instruction is given by President Hyde. During the second term of senior year ethics is a required study. Four hours a week are devoted to it, Calderwood's "Moral Philosophy" being the text-book. In the third term this course is followed by one of four hours a week in the evidences of Christianity, Professor Fisher's "Grounds of Theistic and Christian Belief" being the text-book. At Bowdoin the Young Men's Christian Association is active, and holds frequent religious services.

At Brown, as at Bowdoin, the chair of natural theology is vacant, and its duties devolve upon President Robinson. Natural theology and evidences of Christianity are taught by lectures, and ethics occupies five hours a week during the second half of senior year. Wayland, Alexander, Janet, Sidgwick, Calderwood, and Kant's "Metaphysics of Ethics" are enumerated as books of reference, and we may conclude that the course is correspondingly comprehensive and thorough.

At Columbia, Dr. McVickar was professor of moral philosophy from 1817 to 1857, and from 1857 until his death in 1868 he was professor of the evidences of natural and revealed religion. Professor Nairne gave some instruction in moral philosophy from his appointment in 1857 until his retirement in 1881, but it was given by him in addition to instruction in intellectual philosophy and literature, and so cannot be said to have occupied an independent position of its own. Since 1881 no instruction at all has been given in ethics save in a desultory way and in voluntary classes outside of regular college hours. Naturally, such instruction as this reaches but a few students, and cannot be said to be a college course. It is therefore true, and very much to be deplored, that at the present time Columbia offers to her students no instruction whatever in ethics, in natural religion, or in the evidences of Christianity.

Cornell offers but scant instruction in ethics, Professor Wilson giving a course of two hours per week, and only for one term. It is understood, however, that Professor Schurmann has been called to Cornell with especial reference to this work. He will begin his work in the fall.

Dalhousie College, Halifax, had a professor of ethics in Principal Ross, but his withdrawal from his chair caused the transfer of his duties to Dr. Schurmann, professor of metaphysics. Professor Schurmann's resignation now leaves both departments to be provided for anew.

At Harvard, as we might expect, the elective courses offered are more numerous than at any other institution. Professor James announces the "Data of Ethics" as forming a part of the subject of a course that occupies three hours a week for a half year. Professor Palmer lectures for three hours a week on ethics, Kant and Mill bring the especial subjects of consideration. Professor Royce, whose recent book on the "Religious Aspect of Philosophy" created no small stir, lectures for a half year on philosophical theism for three hours a week. Professor F. G. Peabody, whose recent appointment as Plummer Professor of Christian Morals will undoubtedly result in an extension of his courses, at present offers two of one hour a week each: one on the philosophy of religion, using Caird and Newman Smyth's "Religious Feeling" as text-books, and the other on the "Practical Ethics of Modern Society," embracing the study of charity, divorce, the Indian question, temperance, etc.

At the Johns Hopkins University every matriculated student in the undergraduate department must take an elementary course in ethics, which is given by lectures, with reference to Maurice's "Social Morality," Grote's "Treatise on the Moral Ideals," Wuttke's "History of Christian Morals," Calderwood's "Moral Philosophy," and Wayland. In the university department proper ethics is very scantily treated, the only course offered being one by Professor G. S. Loomis for two hours a week during a half year, being "a consideration of the foundations and content of ethical science, together with an historical survey." The course was

never largely attended, and since Professor Loomis has ceased to visit the Johns Hopkins at all, it has been abandoned altogether. Its scope was entirely too broad for the time assigned to it.

McGill College, Montreal, offers ethical instruction during two terms. Professor J. Clark Murray lectures during the first term of senior year on the psychological basis of ethics, and during the second term on ethics proper, together with the elements of jurisprudence and political science.

Princeton, whose philosophical equipment is notably complete, provides ample instruction in ethics. President McCosh is Robert Lenox Professor of Biblical Instruction, and the Bible is studied by all classes throughout their entire course for one hour a week. Professor Shields gives two courses, one required and one elective, on the "Harmony of Science and Revealed Religion." Dr. Patton, Stuart Professor of Ethics, bases his course on Calderwood, and it is a required study for two hours a week the first term of senior year, and for one hour a week the second term. Professor Ormond has a course on metaphysics which deals somewhat with theism.

Professor Howison, at the University of California, offers a fairly complete set of philosophical courses, but ethics occupies a rather subordinate place. For one term, two hours a week, there is a course in ethics "historically treated, including a critique of Perfectionism and Hedonism, of Necessity and Freedom, of Optimism and Pessimism."

President Lippincott, of the University of Kansas, gives such philosophical instruction as is given in that university. His course in moral science is bound up with that in mental science, and is given daily for one term. The works of Presidents Porter, Wayland, Hopkins, and Fairchild are used as text-books.

The University of Michigan has a professor—Professor G. S. Loomis—and an instructor—John Dewey—in the philosophical department, but ethics is put off with a single course, lasting one semester, two hours a week. This is presumably the same course that Professor Loomis gave at the Johns Hopkins.

The University of Pennsylvania requires the junior class to study ethics, and Professor Fullerton uses Whewell's "Elements" in connection with his lectures. In the senior year he gives a course on natural religion, Butler's "Analogy" being used as a guide.

President Bascom teaches ethics and natural theology at the University of Wisconsin, during the second and third terms of senior year, as part of his full philosophical course. Professor Noah K. Davis incorporates ethics with psychology and the history of philosophy at the University of Virginia, in a course which occupies three hours a week during one session. Professor Davis uses Calderwood and Kant as his text-books.

At Union College Professor Hoffman gives a course in ethics, which is required, of four hours a week in the second term of senior year. Hickok is the text book, with Porter, Calderwood, and Janet as auxiliaries. During the third term of senior year the same professor gives a course in Christian evidences, using Fisher's work as a text-book.

The course at Vassar will probably be altered by the new President. It has been the custom for the President to teach ethics during the second term of senior year, with Calderwood as his text-book.

The chair of moral philosophy at Washington and Lee will be filled in June, and some rearrangement of the course may be expected. Both ethics and the evidences of Christianity are accorded a place in the philosophical course of five hours a week throughout the year. Alexander's "Moral Science," Butler's "Analogy," and Paley's "Treatise" are the text books used.

Wellesley has a Professor of Philosophy, and calls in Dr. Duryea to lecture on Christian evidences. The Bible, together with special religious subjects, is a subject of study throughout the college course. Ethics is taught in the second and third terms of senior year.

Yale has President Porter and Professor Ladd to look to in this department, and ethics, natural theology, and evidences of Christianity are prescribed studies for senior year. It is presumable that ethical topics also enter into the President's elective course of two hours a week during the second term of senior year.

We notice, in the first place, that at eight of the twenty-one representative colleges—Amherst, Bowdoin, Brown, Princeton, University of Kansas, University of Wisconsin, Vassar, and Yale—the ethical and religious instruction is given either wholly or in part by the President. Amherst, Harvard, and Princeton have two or more instructors in ethics. The usual plan is to place moral and intellectual philosophy in the same hands, and to have the course in the former follow that in the latter. The personal reputation of the various professors, as well as the text-books used, is evidence that the dominant ethical instruction is Christian. If Christianity is attacked at all, it certainly is so in no more than one of all the courses enumerated.

The Bible is not accorded the place it deserves. If it were nothing more, it is pre-eminently *the* religious classic, and as such should be carefully studied and explained. The course at Wellesley is deserving of special notice because of the place allotted in it to the study of the Gospels, the life of Christ, and church history. Wellesley's example should be generally followed. There is no reason why a man should go out from college with a better knowledge of the "Iliad," the "Æneid," the "Divine Comedy," "Hamlet," or "Faust," than he has of the Bible.

Our second criticism is that ethics should have a more prominent and independent place than it now has. Not only the history of ethical theories should be taught, but the psychology of ethics; the fundamental bases of ethics, practical ethics, and the nation as an ethical unit should not be passed over.

But, besides suggesting these criticisms, our statistics show that ethical and religious teaching has a place in our colleges. Its character is distinctively Christian. That fact has to be taken into consideration by those who plan any new departure. It has to be explained by those who deny the interdependence of ethics and religion.

Thus an appeal to present facts no less than the theoretical argument seems to strengthen the cause of those who contend for a scientific training of character as well as for a scientific training of intellect. The college courses in ethics and religion ought to be fostered, developed, and enlarged; they must not be stinted or annihilated.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE, NEW YORK CITY.

ALL ABOUT A CHURCH IN THE SOUTH.

BY THE REV. A. F. BEARD,
Of the American Missionary Association.

ON March 25 I received from Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn., a letter written by one of its professors, with these words: "The people at Goodlettsville—a little town of three hundred inhabitants, about twelve miles from Nashville—want a Congregational church. Mr. J. W. Hendricks, one of our old students, a man of influence among the colored people, called on me to-day, and said that a church with a membership of thirty could be started at once. They would need some help in building an edifice, but the church would soon become strong. Can you help them?"

The reply to this was: "We regret that we cannot. Our debt stares us in the face. Tell Mr. Hendricks that we can do nothing."

This was followed by a letter, saying: "The work at Goodlettsville is still promising! Mr. Hendricks is going on raising funds to build. I think that he will succeed. He needs some encouragement from the American Missionary Association. Will you not give it?"

The answer was: "We are in hearty sympathy with the effort which is made at Goodlettsville; but if it were twice as hopeful as it is, it would be simply impossible for us to assume any more financial burden now."

The response to this letter was: "Your letter is received. It is not satisfactory. May not the brethren hope for an appropriation to assist them to build? They are anxious to begin, and we ought to be able to give them a definite answer."

The definite answer was: "We do not think that we can make a letter which will be satisfac'ory. We hope that this time we may make ourselves intelligible! If the church at Goodlettsville is to depend upon us for help, we cannot at present encourage its organization. We cannot make an appropriation to build the church; it would simply be impossible when we are so seriously looking retrenchment in the face. We can offer no encouragement of any kind."

The reply to this is: "Mr. Hendricks thinks that the matter has gone too far to be given up. He insists on going on with the organization, and is circulating a subscription paper for funds to build. He hopes to be able to present the case to you so that you will see it to be best to do something for them in the way of building."

An official visit to Fisk University was the next chapter in the story. I had no sooner arrived to admire the beautiful situation, and to have my heart stirred within me when I saw the great work of this college for colored people, than there appeared before me, like an apparition, the form of a man who was introduced as "Mr. Hendricks." His first sentence was: "I have come to see you about our church." It was in vain to tell him that the question was settled, for evidently the question was not settled. This evidence rapidly became cumulative. I could not turn a corner, but, lo! there loomed before me the intelligent, inquiring form of my new friend—Hendricks. I went to church in Nashville, bent upon preaching the Gospel, only to see on one of the front seats this same gentleman, with half a dozen friends whom he had brought twelve miles that day to hear me preach. After the benediction he waited with his greeting and a few well-selected words about their prospective church. The next day, on my way to one of the examinations, I was suddenly confronted by the same form, and accosted with the question: "How soon do you think we shall know about the appropriation for our church?" I assured him that matters were getting serious, and he responded that "he had felt so himself for a long time, but he was really anxious to know just what we were going to do." From that time, during all my stay in Nashville—of several days' continuance—like Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," he "held me with his glittering eye," and whenever he addressed me, "I could but chuse to stay." I began to feel myself "possessed," and, had it not been for a wholesome respect for the remaining powers at the office of the American Missionary Association, I presume I would have promised him $500, and possibly more, "to build the church" at Goodlettsville.

From this time I came to expect him everywhere and anywhere. He appeared at most unexpected times and places. Once with his collecting book, to show me what he had raised "for the church;" once with the plan which he had drawn "for the church;" once with his friends again, whom he had brought to testify "about the church;" and at last with a request that I would ride out with him to Goodlettsville to see for myself. Of course, by this time I consented, and was nearly ready for an "unconditional surrender." The most natural thing to do was to say: "If you will call for me when I am disengaged, I will go." He called. It was between four and five o'clock in the morning. He was sure at that hour that I would be disengaged. Solemnly I prepared to go, although usually I have too much respect for the sun to start out first. We rode through a beautiful country for twelve miles, conversing about the great work of the American Missionary Association, the emancipation of the colored people, the hopes of the race, and their gratitude for what had been done for them. But, from whatever point of departure, there was only one termination—it was "the church." After our breakfast at his little home, he took me to see some of the families. Their first and last words were: "Yes, sir, we want the church."

Then we called upon some of the leading white families of the town, and, whatever topic of conversation was entered upon, I found that here also all roads went "to the church." At last it was suggested that my time was consumed, and I must return. I supposed that I was doing so, when suddenly I was halted before a vacant lot, where colored men were laying a very excellent foundation for a structure which proved to be the beginnings of "the church."

It seemed now that expostulation became necessary. "Are you not moving too fast? We have given you no encouragement. What will you do to pay for all this?" The calm reply, as if he had command of the resources of the skies, was, "We must have the church. We need the church. We must have a place where our children can go and be taught the ways of the Lord. We must have for this people the preaching of true Christianity. We must have the influences that will build up character among my people. Indeed, sir, we can't stop. We must have a church."

I there promised him to do my best to plead for an appropriation of $500 for their edifice, he agreeing, if I should succeed in securing it, to raise $500 more, and, with the lot, which had cost $250, to make the deed over to the American Missionary Association. We should send them an educated Christian preacher and teacher, who should be supported chiefly by themselves. I had no sooner arrived in New York than a telegram from Nashville came: "Are you going to help us? We want to go on with the church." Before the Executive Committee could come together, two days after, followed a second dispatch, saying: "Lumber bought; carpenters on the ground; all at work on the church. Please send $500 by telegram."

The Executive Committee met. The story was told. It was voted that the call was imperative. The position was strategic, and the faith and importunity of the people were exceeding great. They ought to be helped. We owe to such earnestness and to such need something more than words. Here are a people struggling up. It is nothing but struggle. "But we cannot help them. Our debt says No. You must write him that our debt says No."

We have written him that "our debt says No!" But I write this to say that our hearts say Yes, and to ask if there are not five persons who, for the love of God, will be willing and glad to together contribute the means of salvation and Christian education for this village. Five hundred dollars means a church to this people; a church out of debt, ministered to by an educated Christian man of their own race, who will also be a school-teacher for their children. No help means no church. I am sure if there are those who will rise up and give it, they will hear the Master's voice saying, "Well done, good and faithful servant; inasmuch as ye have done it unto me."

P.S.—The money may be sent to H. W. Hubbard, Treasurer, 56 Reade Street, New York, and "the church at Goodlettsville" will rejoice.

THE OPPOSING FORCES IN THE HOME RULE BATTLE.

By G. Monroe Royce.

HOME Rule has been lifted out of the heated atmosphere of Parliamentary debate into the cooler air of the hustings, and must now be fought out in the open. I have no disposition to hazard a prophecy as to the result, but it is none the less interesting to take a brief review of the contending forces as they stand arrayed against each other ready for the great onset. And first, and most conspicuous, is the commanding and picturesque figure of the British Prime Minister—perhaps the greatest personality that has ever appeared in English politics. Gladstone is supremely great in all things that make a statesman. He is probably the most finished and the most comprehensive scholar that ever gave himself wholly to politics. He has been for fifty years the foremost financier of the world; and as an orator is easily the first of his own time—perhaps of all time. But oratory can only be rightly judged by the effect it produces upon those who hear and see the speaker, and, not having heard and seen the greatest orators of ancient and modern times, one should not be too positive in passing judgment. The personage in ancient history most resembling Gladstone is undoubtedly Pericles; and the points of resemblance are many and striking. First of all, Pericles was an accomplished scholar as well as the most celebrated patron of the fine arts in all history. But should he not be equally celebrated as a financier? for was it not the reserve fund which he instituted and guarded with such care that served Athens so well in the hour of her great misfortune and extreme peril? The oratory of Pericles, like Gladstone's, is elaborate and exhaustive, but always persuasive. Every objection is met and answered *in extenso*. There is also in the somewhat heavy eloquence of both a seeming unskillfulness of fence—an apparent indifference to the minor arts of debate; but this is only in the outward seeming, for when one regards the speeches of either more closely, one is astonished at the orator's perfect equipment at every point and in the most minute details, and the light-handed touch with which the less dangerous foes are dispatched gives evidence of the most finished art. Perhaps the most distinctive feature of Gladstone's oratory is his fine sense of proportion. Every part of the subject is carefully weighed, and its importance determined by its relation to the whole. He sweeps the entire diapason of the human mind and soul, but he knows what chords to touch lightly and what notes to swell to their full compass. Gladstone can be as witty as Mr. Labouchère, and as sarcastic as Lord Salisbury; but he knows what Lord Salisbury disdains to regard—that sarcasm makes no converts; and Gladstone is first and last and all the time a political evangelist, exhorting men to turn and be saved. But, to carry the parallel between Gladstone and Pericles one step further, Pericles was a domestic statesman—that is, he believed that the true policy of the Athenian Empire was not that of extension, but conservation. He exhorted his countrymen to hold fast their rightful possessions, but warned them against the ambitious foreign policy that proved their ruin. And yet Pericles, like Gladstone, was fated to be constantly at war. The British Prime Minister enters upon his greatest and doubtless his last contest at seventy-seven, an age when physical strength, under the most favorable conditions, is naturally precarious, and certainly cannot be confidently relied upon under such extraordinary efforts as the situation demands, and as Gladstone is sure to make. We are all glad to learn, however, that the Grand Old Man is in splendid form, and that his voice—the most perfect of all his perfect organs—is clear and strong and full. The English and Scotch Home Rulers are united under Gladstone's leadership, the Irish under Parnell's, and there is perfect harmony in and between the two camps. This cannot be said of the forces that are to oppose them. They are not and cannot be united, and there is no possible chief who can take supreme command. The enemies of Home Rule must fight, therefore, as three independent armies under as many leaders, who cannot even meet in a council of war, and any unity of plan is quite out of the question. Lord Salisbury will lead the Conservatives, Lord Hartington the Whigs, and Mr. Chamberlain the dissenting or seceding Radicals.

The Marquis of Salisbury is one of the ablest and most honest politicians to be found on either side of the Atlantic. He is also a very brilliant debater, and a most eloquent platform speaker; but he has, what few thorough-going aristocrats have not, an utter contempt for the *vox populi*. His Lordship cannot, or will not, disguise this contempt. It is absolutely unsuppressible, and will out at all hazard just when it should lie low. The great Tory statesman seldom makes a great speech without spoiling its practical effect by some contemptuous suggestions or observations. His recent utterance in regard to "twenty years' coercion" and wholesale emigration (which has furnished Mr. Blaine with such a rare bit of electioneering material) may be taken as a case in point. The truth is, Lord Salisbury is too genuinely honest, as Mr. Blaine said of Garfield, to be a popular leader, and, if he were not too honest, he is too aristocratic to desire such a leadership. It is not to his liking; he has no taste for government by mere majority, and would, I think, prefer to remain in the select minority. Lord Salisbury would like to see all legislation conducted by a few well-bred and highly trained political experts, and is naturally disgusted that "Hodge" should be counseled in such matters. But notwithstanding the fact that Lord Salisbury is so "out of joint with his times," he is the only possible Conservative chief, and will lead a united party into action. His ablest lieutenant is Lord Randolph Churchill, who is, in fact, one of the most powerful political orators in all England. Chamberlain is perhaps the only politician (Gladstone, of course, excepted) whose speeches are delivered with more practical effect. Churchill's manifold powers are a constant surprise to everybody—to his friends and his foes. He and the Radical leader have always been the most intense political enemies, but, strange as it may seem, they have at the same time maintained the most friendly and cordial personal and social relations; and the Radical chief is a frequent guest of Lady Churchill's. This, by no means an exceptional case, is a feature of English political life that foreigners, especially Frenchmen, cannot understand, and, in their perplexity, can only regard it as another evidence of the "perfidious Albion." Lord Hartington's principal followers are Mr. Goschen and Lord Derby. Mr. Goschen is a German banker who happened to be born and brought up in England. He is very able, very honest, and very stubborn—*i. e.*, very independent. He has always been regarded as a cool-headed thinker and strong debater, but it seems that the Home Rule question "has kindled a fire in his head," and he has suddenly become a sort of Gladstone and Churchill rolled into one, so that he is one of the new forces to be reckoned with in the pending battle. Lord Derby has proved a failure as Colonial Minister, but he is always a success as a speaker. He is the personification of John Bull's common sense. There is less nonsense about Lord Derby than almost any other public man, and it is really astonishing how much he can say in a few simple and direct words. When an Englishman is puzzled over some political problem, and wants the hard sense of the matter, he reads Lord Derby's speech, with the sentiment, "There's an Englishman for you." Lord Derby is a Catholic, but what difference that fact may have in the present issue I have not the slightest idea. He left the Conservative party (of which his father was Prime Minister) but a short time since to enter Mr. Gladstone's Government, and he now leaves Mr. Gladstone, his intimate personal friend, to follow the lead of Lord Hartington. The Marquis of Hartington, heir to a great dukedom, is himself a typical English aristocrat, with scarcely less contempt for the "mob" than Lord Salisbury, but it is the well-dressed mob. He has a sincere respect for the opinions of all honest British subjects, be they never so humble; but he has no patience with the educated twaddle of the upper classes, and snubs them right and left. Lord Hartington's attitude socially and politically is considered the very best form of an English swell. He has never been known to suffer any personal or family matter to give the slightest color to any of his acts or utterances. The brother whom he loved best, who had always been his close companion, and who was to be his heir, was assassinated in Dublin, as we all know, in the most cold-blooded and brutal manner. Lord Hartington has never referred to this tragic event in any way, and it has not had the slightest influence upon his Irish politics. He is not a brilliant speaker, but is an able and well-trained politician, and will command the hearty and united support of all the Whigs.

Mr. Chamberlain is now by all odds Mr. Gladstone's most formidable antagonist, as he was in the last election his most powerful lieutenant. The Radical leader's present position seems a strange one, but it is in many respects a very strong one. During the last contest before the British electors Chamberlain was scarcely less conspicuous than his great chief. Gladstone issued a manifesto indicating the lines upon which the contest was to be conducted by himself and his lieutenants. Mr. Chamberlain professed to give his hearty support to his chief, but he at the same time made public a sort of private manifesto of his own, in which he suggested two or three additions to the Gladstone programme. One of these little items was the now famous "Three acres and a cow." It was the new rural voters whom Mr. Chamberlain addressed in his manifesto, and it was these voters that returned a Liberal majority to Parliament. The Liberals lost in all the towns and gained in all the county districts. It was, therefore, Chamberlain's and not Gladstone's manifesto that turned the Tories out and put the Liberals in; and this was so understood and so recognized at the time, and when the Salisbury Government was beaten on Jesse Collins's agricultural bill, Mr. Chamberlain was publicly congratulated in the House of Parliament by Mr. Goschen and others upon his victory. It would seem, then, that the Liberal Government came into power pledged, in some measure at least, to the Chamberlain manifesto. But it has been wholly disregarded, and the bill for the better government of Ireland has occupied the attention of the Gladstone Government to the exclusion of almost everything else. Now, the Irish question may be at all times and under all circumstances the most important question in English politics, but that does not alter the fact that the Liberals came into office on a very different issue—an issue which Mr. Chamberlain can justly claim as his own. It may be true that the caucus and all the organizations which Mr. Chamberlain has created and perfected with so much care and skill have pronounced against him. But it was not, however, the well-trained town caucus, but the new and unorganized county electors, that carried the Liberal party into office last fall; and it may do the same for Mr. Chamberlain this summer. One thing is certain: it is these county votes that Mr. Chamberlain will hunt again, and may catch again.

But I have not taken Mr. Gladstone's lieutenants into the account. The most prominent are John Morley, Sir William Harcourt, the Earl of Rosebery, Lord Granville, Earl Spencer, Mr. Bryce, and the Earl of Aberdeen, the present Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Lord Granville and Earl Spencer are Whigs; Sir William Harcourt and Lord Aberdeen are Liberals; and John Morley, Lord Rosebery, and Mr. Bryce are Radicals. They are, for the most part, very able men in every way. Mr. John Morley, who supported Mr. Chamberlain in the last election, is now Mr. Gladstone's chief lieutenant, and is undoubtedly the greatest loss that Mr. Chamberlain has suffered. Sir William Harcourt is a very rattling campaign speaker, and resembles somewhat James G. Blaine, both in his person and in his oratory. Earl Granville has spent the most of his life in office, and is thought to be somewhat of a place-hunter, so that he will not carry a very great weight with him into the struggle. Earl Spencer's conversion to Home Rule is most significant, as his government of Ireland was most thorough, and, as many thought, most severe. Mr. Bryce is a new man, but the very great speech which he has made in Parliament since taking office proves him a very strong man. The Earl of Rosebery is the ablest young peer in England, and, if the Home Rule bill becomes a law, he will be Mr. Morley's rival for Mr. Gladstone's mantle. The Earl of Aberdeen is a very amiable, a very religious (Presbyterian), and altogether a very high-minded young nobleman, but his ability is yet to be proved. He is the successor of Lord Shaftesbury in all religious and humanitarian work, and will undoubtedly exert a great influence amongst the Scotch Dissenters. Sir Charles Dilke, one of the very ablest legislators in England, but never a very popular platform speaker, is so heavily handicapped by his private troubles as to be virtually out of the present hunt. The Irish are the only exactly known quantity in the contest, and every one of their eighty-five or six votes can be depended upon by the Gladstone Government. The battle will be hot and short, and, let us hope, decisive.

UNHERALDED POETS.—II.

By E. R. Champlin.

HENRIETTA R. ELIOT.

THOSE who have witnessed the opening of a night-blooming cereus bud can imagine something of the joy of a lover of poetry in beholding a new poet unfold in the darkness of this world. But there is always this difference between the two cases: the opening of the bud, however delightful and satisfying, is something transient, while the development of the poet is endless.

I remember the joy with which a youth of eighteen, who shall be nameless here, greeted a sonnet which he took to be the first publication of the lady whose name I have just written, and I can think of nothing in his experience with which to compare that joy save the rare delight to body and spirit of the night-blooming cereus. And my soul is so full of the enjoyment of later discoveries of her poetic flowering that I cannot longer delay imparting what measure of it I may to others.

If the foregoing expressions seem fulsome or unduly exuberant, let the objector read the productions which follow, and see if they be really so.

But before showing cause for delight in Mrs. Eliot's verses, let something be said of her personally.

Henrietta R. Eliot is a resident of Portland, Oregon, and the wife of Thomas R. Eliot, a minister of the Unitarian faith. In maidenhood she was Henrietta R. Mack, a native of Amherst, Mass. ("H. H.'s" birthplace). She is forty-one years old. Her first published poem was signed "R. B.," and appeared in "Scribner's Monthly." Her cast of thought is metaphysical, and her form of expression in verse either blank or couplet,

as a rule. She is largely a domestic woman, being the devoted mother of seven children, and hence one is not surprised to see a picture of her engaged in mending. Most of her moods of expression are serious, but she occasionally writes with humor. The following shows her metaphysical bias:

"IT DOTH NOT YET APPEAR."

I scarce can fancy state more pitiful
Than that which some unthinking, weary souls
Call "Heavenly Rest"—a sentimental sloth
Unstirred by larger possibilities—
The soul by its own perfectness condemned
To a perennial Past, the while 'tis borne
Through the onsurging Future!
And what then?
A living, sinewy Righteousness implies
The constant possibility of Sin!
And dare we frame the thought which would project
The long, sad shadow of our weary days
Across the eternal years? Alas! alas!
Through devious ways doth Knowledge still lead out
To Ignorance, that, closing, hems us in,
Bidding us pause ere we attempt to draw
The pattern of God's far intent for us:
We may not put our feeble guessings forth
Labeled, "Thus saith the Lord." And yet—and yet—
We cannot choose but think; and till He doth
From some new Sinai speak to prove me wrong,
I must believe that evermore, as now,
We mount toward God upon the conquered self
Of each new Yesterday that is to be.

A WISH.

When thou, O Death! shalt wait
Without my gate,
Call not the porter out
With knock and shout,
But still unnoticed bide
The gate beside,
Till Sleep, my oft-time guest,
Doth come in quest
Of me. Quick, after her,
Past bolt and bar;
Enter all silently.
Thenceforth for me
The gate thou mayest keep,
That calm-browed Sleep,
So often missed before,
Pass forth no more.

A FUNERAL.

It died last week—the vision fine and fair
That she had seemed—while she lived on, it died!
And ever since, the strange ethereal corse
Hath stretched itself across each springing thought,
Each motive, all endeavor. So to-night
We're met (the Hopes of all that might have been,
And I)—to mourn unhindered for a space,
To look our last, and bury it from sight:
A service strange—needing nor Book nor Priest—
And stranger still, the guests that I have bid
Themselves are dead, and sit all stark around,
Each with a rose wreath withered in his hand:
So many—and one mourner—and no hearse—
'Tis not the way of burials, I am sure.
And the weird corse we're met to hide away
I cannot lift, or find a grave to hold;
And as I strive, behold, its pale lips part!
"I had no life save in thy thought," it says,
"And there I must live on: Bury these Hopes,
If thou wouldst bury aught, for they are dead:
Then calm thy grief-crazed mind, and thou wilt see
That I am made of that which may not die,
But must remain henceforth a part of thee."
I listen as one bound beneath a spell,
And, with a sad "Amen" upon my lips,
Betake me to my task.
But when I walk
With other men to-morrow on the street,
And rate the chance of war, and buy and sell,
What man of them shall know that I to-night
Have faced a lifelong, necessary Pain,
And buried out of sight all the sweet Hopes
That for so long have borne me company?

The first of these pieces was published in the "Christian Register," of Boston, six years ago; the second in "Lippincott's Magazine," eight years ago; and the third in "Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper," less than six months ago. I have wondered how all the discriminating exchange editors in the country could have overlooked them.

Mrs. Eliot's facetious verses do not compare with such as these, so I will merely name two: "A Just Tribute" and "The Farmer's Apples."

Here are some lines in a different vein, first published nine years since:

UNAWARES.

When roses bloomed, I found a friend—
On sped the changing year:
The ripe leaves fluttered to their rest,
And fields stretched white and drear.
But when the bluebirds built their nest,
Spring whispered in my ear,
Thy friend, O foolish heart, hath grown
Too dear—too dear!

I should like to quote "The Intent," "The Unwelcome Guest," "Coronation," "Growth in Rest," and other poems, but must close with the following, which appeared in a leading juvenile magazine:

HAPPINESS.

While I sought Happiness, she fled
Before me constantly;
Weary, I turned to Duty's path,
And Happiness sought *me*,
Saying, I walk this road to-day,
I'll bear thee company.

Mrs. Eliot's mother—Mrs. R. A. Mack—is remarkable, as were her ancestors, for sincerity of intellect and force. She is herself distinguished for these traits, and for impulsiveness as well—an impulsiveness which is at times inspirational. Will power was pronounced in her family; and the metaphysical tendency was also strong.

Her literary work is small in quantity, embracing only about twenty-five pieces of verse and ten or a dozen of prose (mostly juvenile stories); but its quality is of the best of current literary production. She is so fully occupied with home and parish duties that the time for pen-work is very limited. It is a matter for regret that she does not intend to put her poems into a book, for they would be treasured by thousands.

AN INTERLUDE.

By Clara French.

"My terms for rooms and attendance, including vegetables, are ten shillings per week.—M. Rosedale."

THE postal card containing this announcement came to us one May morning in Oxford. For weeks the charm of the English spring had been upon us. We had watched the daisies opening in the grass of Worcester College gardens. We had seen the five downy gray cygnets on the lake turn white. We had bought clusters of primroses from the smiling and obsequious women in the old market. We had sat beside the Thames in the broad Christ Church meadows, away from even such dignified and scholarly noises as murmur in academic Oxford. We had walked into the country, between the blossoming hedgerows, as far as our limited American power of walking would allow. We had driven still further, only wishing, at the point where we must turn back, that, like Clifford and Hepzibah Pyncheon, we might ride as far as our money would carry us. We had heard the cuckoo, and listened for the nightingale. Henceforward the town could not content us. The country became a necessity, and our predetermined choice was in favor of a place described to us by an artist friend, who always added that, though she had gone for the views, she had stayed to sketch the little brown pigs which trotted round the yard across from her window. And so it was that we came into correspondence with Mrs. M. Rosedale, whose terms, "including vegetables," aroused an incredulous amusement even in our frugal minds.

Three days after we had read this card, a Great Western train left us at the little station nearest to our retreat, and rushed on toward Leamington.

"Will you see to the luggage, please?" asked Julia, sweeping her hand with a comprehensive gesture over the two tiny bags which we had deposited near the mail-bag. I looked about for some one to carry them, but saw only a boy of twelve, loosely built, and dressed in a soiled gray suit, which at elbows and knees took on the character of the joints beneath them and hung with angular limpness.

"Can you carry these bags to Steeple Aston?" I inquired. With a jerk which threatened dislocation he gathered himself from his sprawling position between two grain sacks, and answered:

"Whaär? To Steeple Aäston? Oh! I be a-goin' thaär."

"Very well. Will you carry these bags for us to Mrs. Rosedale's?"

"Oh, yaäs."

So he picked up the bags and trudged along, while Julia and I stopped for a moment on the bridge. The shadow of the strong arches lay in dark cusps on the water, and the little violet that had rooted itself in the moss between two blocks of stone swayed faintly in the light breeze. From the sunlight of the bridge we came by a sudden turn into the deep shade of a quiet road shut in between a high bank, green with ivy, and a close line of tall elms. Here we rested for a minute, watching the silent motion of the leaf-shadows on the smooth road where

"Little shadows danced,
Each a tiny elf,
Happy in large light
And the thinnest self."

We walked on out of the shade, up a long, gradual slope, and here came to us another gleam of the illumination which, as we had already begun to find, the English spring throws upon English poetry. Looking down at the ditches on both sides sprinkled with the golden stars of the celandine, it grew easy to understand the spirit of Wordsworth's choice:

"Pansies, lillies, kingcups, daisies,
Let them live upon their praises.
Long as there's a sun that sets
Primroses will have their glory;
Long as there are violets
They will have their place in story:
There's a flower that shall be mine—
'Tis the little celandine."

It was a genuine bit of English country that lay around us now. Rich meadows rolled away to rise against the horizon in low hills. Hedgerows, white with hawthorn, swept in long curves over the meadows and along the edge of the river. Tiny churches showed their gray towers among the elms and yews; while fleecy clouds drifted across the sky and threw their hurrying shadows on the fields below. Soon appeared the first houses of Steeple Aston. The village tumbled precipitately down an abrupt hill, and struggled up a second hill, longer and even steeper, which was crowned by the substantial tower of the parish church. The low cottages, with their latticed windows and thatched roofs, almost jostled each other in friendly sociability, but there was no cottage which did not give to the road some strip, however small, of bright garden. The superb purple of pansies mingled with the brilliant yellows and reds and browns of stock; and among the flowers, and in and out of the open doors, toddled stout, ruddy babies.

At the corner, by the red mail-box, embossed with its "V. R.," our boy was waiting for us, and as we came near he addressed us several times in a series of flat *a*'s and undistinguishable gutturals which conveyed absolutely no meaning to our minds. At last he resorted to pantomime, and made us understand that he was the mail carrier, and could go no further with us, as the hour for beginning his work had come. Accordingly we left him grinding a coin between the balls of his thumbs in speechless ecstasy.

"This is what we came for," remarked Julia, with a nod of satisfaction. "I knew it would be delightful, but I did not expect to have to talk by signs with the first native whom we should encounter."

"If we had been forewarned, we could have searched for a traveler's phrase-book. I don't recall seeing one of the English rural dialects, but I'm sure that the wisdom of Oxford could have supplied it."

"Traveler's phrase-book!" repeated Julia, with scorn. "As if we wished to understand what they say! Communication is not our object; it is experience."

Just here we came to the door of Minerva Cottage, the ambitiously named little gray stone house where we were to stay. Mrs. Rosedale waited, stout, red, and beaming, to show us to our rooms.

"Ah! It is better inside," said Julia, as soon as we were alone.

It surely was "better inside"—a small, low-studded room, with a pine floor so white that only the fresh dimity curtains at the window could have been whiter. Cushions of bright patchwork covered the stiff-backed wooden chairs, and a neat, thin quilt concealed, if it could not lessen, the uncompromising hardness of the narrow hair-cloth sofa. But in spite of its meager comforts, the room showed a prodigality of art expenditure; for "John Knox at Holywood," in imitation of cherry, over the sofa, looked across at "John Knox at Holywood," in imitation of walnut, over the low dresser; and to this stirring historic scene "The Sister's Grave" and "The Wanderer's Return" added the charm of idyllic tenderness. It was before the last that I found Julia mounted on a chair, with her head dangerously near the ceiling, and her hands clasped in the same attitude of delight that I saw her assume a few weeks later before Alma Tadema's "Reading from Homer" in the Academy.

"Study it," said she, in rapturous appeal, pointing to the vermilions and chromes and cobalts, to the distant street poised like a board upon the head of the figure in the foreground, and to the nice triangular arrangement of the wanderer, the wanderer's home, and the wanderer's friends—"the composition, the coloring, the thought!" But I dragged her away to settle our sleeping-room upstairs. This, too, was diminutive and neat, with a profusion of dimity around the dressing-table, and a wantonness of knots on the coverlid, while the place of the more ambitious works of art below was supplied by wood-cuts of "Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, the Princess of Wales, and all the Royal Family," geometrically arranged against the chimney.

"And all for ten shillings a week—two dollars and a half!" said Julia.

"Including vegetables," I added, and we began to count how much money we could save for books by spending our summers for five years at Steeple Aston.

A diet of milk seemed to us in best accord with the pastoral spirit of the place, and so, before going out for the afternoon, we asked our maid—the oldest daughter of the house—if she could get us some milk for supper.

"Oh, yes, Miss," replied Miss Minnie, in a transport of confusion and willingness.

"Very well," said we, satisfied.

"Yes, Miss," said Miss Minnie.

We turned to look out of the window.

"If you please, Miss—" began Miss Minnie, timidly.

"What is it?" we inquired.

"How will you have the milk served, Miss?"

"Cold, in a pitcher," directed Julia, with dignity.

This was a triumph of domestic sagacity for Julia, considering that not a year had passed since I heard her declare that whipped cream was a compound of milk, flour, and the whites of eggs.

On our first walk, before we were quite out of the village, we were caught in a shower, and stopped by a motherly old woman at the door of her cottage.

"Do come in, young ladies, and rest till the rain is over."

The cottage seemed like such a one as we had longed to be inside of, and so we entered without delay. Yes, it was all as George Eliot had told us. The minute room, dark and cool, with its floor of two or three great flagstones, its dresser of bright china, its tiny, high fire, its boiling tea-kettle, its bit of looking-glass, and its illuminated Scripture text—it might all have been the original of a page from "Adam Bede." The good old soul, too, with her pride in showing us an immense head of broccoli, which "would take the prize any day at the fair, ma'am," and her new interest in us when we told her that we were Americans, after she had given us a list of her family, the dead and the living, ending with —"And one brother in America. I don't rightly know where, ma'am. I suppose America is a large place"—she, too, might have been one of the women with whom 'Lisbeth talked at her cottage door.

The shower over, we scrambled down and up the steep hills of the village to reach the open country beyond. As we came to the post-office we remembered some purchases which must be made, and stepped within. A pretty girl, made up of smiles and curls and nods, took our change, vanished from sight, and returned in a moment with a bit of folded newspaper, which she handed to us very gravely and impressively.

"A premium!" said Julia, unfolding the paper when we were out-of-doors. "To think of finding here the worst feature of American civilization!"

"The principle is vicious, no doubt," I answered; "but I want to see the nature of the prize."

"Look, then!" said Julia, and held up a row of gigantic pins, resplendently mounted on bright yellow paper. With glee we arranged the division of this treasure, and then walked on, reading the letters which had just come to us from the New England beyond the seas.

We woke the next day with the clear sun shining in upon us, and the thick white clusters of the flowers of a tall cherry tree striking softly against the window. It was Sunday morning, and the country, freshened by yesterday's rain, was at its loveliest. We climbed at once to the dignified old church, wishing, indeed, as we looked from its silent yard over the sweep of country which it commanded, that, of all the questions which beset us, "the why" might be "as plain as way to parish church." There was a sharp contrast between the eager, responsive congregations of the cities and the stolid men, heavy women, and unawakened children here; and even the familiar words of the service became almost strange in the singular accent with which they were given. The nasal drawl, the flat, reduplicated *a*'s, the cockney dropping of the *h*'s, all bore the same relation to the English which we had elsewhere heard that the dialect of the "Biglow Papers" bears to the prevailing speech of New England. Once during the sermon came an answering gleam from a part of the congregation. At the counsel of the gray-haired vicar concerning the franchise, which most of them would soon use for the first time, the heads of the men were raised; but they were lowered again when he returned to warnings against slander and profanity.

For this beautiful Sunday we wished a quiet afternoon out-of-doors, so after dinner we took our books and writing and strolled across the fields. On a hill to the north of the village stood an object called the Folly, a name which at first called up from our childhood's reading memories of mysterious houses, extravagantly built, romantically used, tragically abandoned, and forever haunted. But this Folly was of quite a different kind. Three great stone arches, with moss-covered buttresses, rose bare and grim against the sky. An aimless structure it looked, bald, sharp, and lonely, and there was no local tradition which made it look less aimless. As we came near it a country girl was standing directly in front of the central arch, picking one by one the petals from a daisy. Her hat had fallen to the ground, and the soft breeze stirred her dark hair and blew her bright ribbons to one side. So she stood motionless, except for the slight movement of her hand, framed in the cold gray of the old stone arch, with the misty blue sky for a background. Soon she threw down the daisy and passed over the hill out of sight. We settled ourselves for the afternoon in the shelter of the Folly. It was fair as an enchanted bit of earth, this around us, with the snowy orchards swaying softly, the delicate, varying green of field and tree and hedgerow, and the silver thread of the river gleaming through the leaves. On the hills near us fluffy sheep were contentedly nibbling; from the distance we caught the clear trill of a lark; and from a neighboring grove came cautiously and confidentially a frequent "cuckoo, cuckoo."

"O cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?"

quoted Julia, softly. Last, at one side, the little village clung to its hills, and we were not too far away to read, in an opening between the trees which showed the square church tower, the inscription under the clock face, "It is time to seek the Lord."

Early Monday morning we resolved to take a drive. Accordingly we went to the amiable Mrs. Rosedale to ask about conveyances.

"Well, I don't really know, Miss," answered Mrs. Rosedale. "Such things are not often called for here. But Mr. Joy, at the post-office, he has a trap, and the butcher, *he* has a trap, and that's all the traps that I know about here except the vicar's, and of course you couldn't get that, not knowing the vicar."

No, we would not attempt the vicar's, but the others we would try.

"We should feel more identified with the life of the people here if we could once ride in their post wagon or butcher's cart," said Julia; and we set out to secure one of those vehicles. But the post had to be carried at noon, and the meat for all the country round had just started, and neither trap would be back until late. From the butcher's boy, however, we gained the priceless information that there was a trap which could be hired at "Baärton." Now Barton was three miles away, but a walk of three miles over this charming country was a small price to pay for the drive which was to reveal to us new delights. Early in the afternoon, then, we turned our faces toward "Baärton." But we had not counted on the hindrance which we were to meet before reaching it. We walked on, now across a meadow nodding with cowslips, now finding our path among the daisies "trodden down like modesty." Marsh marigolds flashed out at us from beside a sheltered brook, and primroses lifted their pure faces to the sky above them. The earth in one spot, thrown into a series of long ridges, was covered with primroses, and, looking across them, they seemed to be arrested waves of the pale, tender yellow, which we half expected to see break and fall in drops of deeper gold. In the midst of all this Julia sighed, "If only I could find bluebells I should be quite content."

A few minutes later she was standing beside a low stone wall, one hand stretched back to me, her finger on her lips, and her eyes following the line of the slope beyond; for here at last glowed the rich blue of the hyacinths. It was enough, for a time, to look at them; to pick them would have been vandalism. Gradually, though, the desire for possession took hold of us, and we gathered great armfuls of the fragrant bells, while the wood-cutter's ax sounded sharply from the next field and the odor of the new-cut wood floated over to us.

A few minutes now brought us to Barton. Twice we walked the length of the sleepy, straggling little village in our search for the promised trap, gaining only much valuable information concerning the history and relationships of the Allen family—of Allen the innkeeper, Allen the blacksmith, Allen whose wife had died, and Allen who had left his wife a widow. Finally we learned that it was Mrs. Allen to whom we should apply, and in haste we sought her. But our knock at the cottage door was answered by an old man, with a weak and wavering voice, and an equally weak and wavering smile. Vainly did we try to understand him, but there was literally not one word which we could distinguish until, with an emphatic shake of the head, as he turned from the door, he declared, "She beänt to 'ome; ye cäänt 'säve 'er." This being directly to the point, we left. Our only remaining hope now sprang from a sign which we had seen over the door of a dilapidated house:

ponY & traP
TO BE
LET

At this door we gave our last knock, and were told, with a refreshing readiness, "Certainly you can have the trap. Come in and wait while the pony is being harnessed."

But once more came delay. The pony must be sent for from the fields, where he had been plowing all day. In due course of time he appeared—a tiny beast about the size of a large Newfoundland; and to him was forthwith annexed a correspondingly minute cart, gorgeous with a fresh coat of bright yellow paint. We mounted in pride, and proceeded in triumph for as long as ten minutes. Then we had reached the foot of the first hill between Barton and Steeple Aston. Hitherto the pony had jogged along as rapidly as we could expect from the extreme shortness of his stout little legs. But here he suddenly stopped. Was it balking? We applied the whip, and he started once more. No, it could not be balking. He pulled and tugged and strained and panted, then gave us an appealing look over his shoulder.

"Poor little beast!" said Julia, in tender sympathy; "he can't!"

It was true; he simply could not. Again he set his little feet against the earth, and gave a mighty pull, but the cart did not move.

"We shall have to get down," said I.

"And help him," added Julia, going around to the back of the cart. "You pull, and I'll push."

So I took the bridle, Julia placed her hands against the back of the cart, and together we pushed and pulled our equipage up the hill.

"This is a new method of locomotion," I said, drying my forehead at the top of the hill.

"Do see how tired he is," said Julia, breathing fast. "We can't make him carry us now. It would be cruel. We must go straight home without taking any drive. He will have to come over all this ground again to get back to his supper, poor fellow!"

So we took our places at his head, and together we three trotted over the level ground, while Julia and I dragged the pony and pushed the cart up the hills. At the edge of Steeple Aston the first small boy of the town sighted us, and lost no time in joining us. Then we were reinforced by a small girl, and by the time we reached our gate the pony's legs and the wheels of the cart were quite hidden by a troop of rosy children, in pink gingham, patting the bright wood of the trap and admiring the fine proportions of the pony.

The next morning we thought once more of our row of pins. We took it out to admire, and to our delight discovered on the newspaper in which it was wrapped the date 1796. It was not long before we were again at the counter of the little shop, asking for whole copies of the paper. With pleasure! they were using the entire file for wrapping paper, and would willingly let us have a dozen copies for a few pennies, seeming withal a little ashamed to charge anything for so old and useless a trifle. Over these small yellowed sheets, with their long *s*'s and their pompous English, we still gloat. In one are Wellington's first dispatches after Waterloo; in another, an elaborate account of the funeral ceremonies of Queen Charlotte, embellished by a diagram of the royal coffin; a third contains the publisher's announcement of Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations;" and the advertisements in any one of them would rejoice the heart of a collector.

But our holiday was over. That evening, at sunset, with great baskets and bouquets of primroses and bluebells filling our arms, and clusters of marsh marigolds hanging by stout cords from our wrists, we took the train, and were back in Oxford to hear the hundred and one strokes which Great Tom sends out into the still air every evening.

"HIS BROTHER'S KEEPER."

By Margaret Isbister Macleod Brown.

IN TWO PARTS—I.

IF you have traveled at any time within recent years between Edinburgh and St. Andrew's, and have gone by way of Granton, you cannot have failed to remark one of the ticket-takers at that station. He is not the chief man—but one does not need to be told that—nor does he put on authority of any kind; but he is remarkable, if for no other reason, because he happens to be one of the few of his class who do not bang the carriage doors or shout "Tickets!" in a way suggestive of immediate annihilation if your passport be not instantly forthcoming. It would be a physical impossibility for him to adopt either of these business-alive-like methods, for the lad is hopelessly deformed and small. His voice, weak and thin, like his body, seems to echo some distant and grievous calamity; so much so, indeed, that you cannot help listening to it and wondering who its owner is, and what his particular story may be; and before he is done examining the tickets of your fellow-passengers, you will, if you are at all sentimental, or given to poetic thoughts, find yourself thinking of the "little rift within the lute." Then, if you have the least spark of curiosity in your nature, you will crane your head out of the window, or perhaps, if you have left the carriage—as it is about time for the boat—you may feel inclined to keep a lookout on the lad while you wait. Well, you will see a curious little sight. He has hurried on before you to the gangway, and is now standing there, nodding and smiling to some one on the approaching ferryboat. That the "some one" is black and greasy-looking makes no difference to our fragile little friend, but perhaps you may feel a trifle disappointed now, and disgusted with yourself for having been interested at all, and are just turning your head away, when something demands your attention for one moment longer. The tall, black, greasy-looking workman leans over the side of the boat, and shakes hands silently with the little hunchback, then as silently resumes his work. It is nothing much, yet you cannot forget it. Were you to pass that way next morning you would see it again; in the afternoon the same—it never varies. In summer and in winter, in sunshine and in storm, that same little habit is always observed, and has been observed now for some years. The regular passengers have got quite accustomed to it, and look on it as a kind of outgrowth of the railway system, brought on possibly by some inherent belief of an old fashioned sort, based on the jealousy that formerly ex-

isted between the two counties of Fife and Mid-Lothian. But that is mere conjecture on their part, and at best a most difficult and roundabout way of accounting for the performance. The real secret is—although, looking at the two, it is hard to believe—they are brothers; and that daily recurrence of silent hand-grasping is, in a manner, a part of their religion, an unspoken kind of prayer—maybe not understood in that light by either of them, but, nevertheless, a token of a solemn league and covenant between them and before God to lead righteous and sober lives. Each time in the course of the day that that boat touches at Granton, so surely do these two remember their paction, and in this way keep it fresh in each other's memory. This is how it came about.

The father of the two lads had been a soldier, you must understand; a poor, weirdless sort of creature, caring neither for God nor man, excellent "food for powder," but missing even that poor glory, as he missed everything else. There are men, something like this one, whose lives may be summed up in the words, "To-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven;" but with him it was always "to-day," and his relatives did the vicarious duty in the oven of humiliation. He had been on foreign service a good deal, but he had nothing to show for it; he had always volunteered for active service, but all seemed to go for nothing. No stripes adorned his sleeve, nor any medal his breast. He left the army with as little credit as he entered it, and his officers were heartily glad to be rid of him.

His wife was unfeignedly glad to have him come home and settle down, as she hoped, with herself and the two boys; and she would have willingly worked her fingers to the bone to secure his comfort and well-being. But such a humdrum sort of quiet life did not suit him at all; he preferred a larger liberty, and so took to roaming about the country, only returning at intervals to harry the nest when there was any likelihood of replenishment. For a time he was made welcome on these occasions; but after a little his family began to look forward with dread to his coming, and quailed at his reappearing. Then there were long gaps between the visits; the visits themselves were shorter, and finally they ceased altogether. The neighbors used to screw up their lips and shake their heads seriously when his name was mentioned, and ejaculate, "Gypsy blood!" in a dry, apologetic, explanatory sort of tone, meaning you clearly to understand that as their charitable finding for a multitude of sins on his part. They did not like him one whit better than his superiors had done, but they *did* like the poor wife, and sincerely pitied her; for well they knew—the poor always know about each other's affairs—what a great amount of suffering and wrong she had to endure when he was at home. Home! The name had become a perfect mockery to his family. The elder son lived in terror of his father, but the younger was still too much of a baby to remember much of the misery, or to feel it very acutely; and the broken-hearted wife always tried to make light of their troubles, and would essay to comfort the boys by telling them that "better days were in store." "When my faither dies," was the bitter reply, one day; and from that time the subject was never mentioned between them.

As soon as the man ceased to return, the mother got into regular work again, and by degrees refurnished her small house—it was only a room and kitchen in the "Cow-feeder Row"—but she managed to restore all its former comfort, and make it feel like a home. She had a Monday's work always at one place, and two or three days' washing at another; indeed, her time was pretty much taken up in that way. Wattie had got employment on the railway, and Geordie was at school, and altogether there was a good promise of the "better days" being fulfilled. But the cold weather came on without much warning that year, and the poor woman, not realizing how much her strength had suffered by the continued privations, undertook—in her anxiety to make a real home for the boys—far more than she had strength to accomplish, and no wonder that she broke down at last.

She had been "managing" a washing for somebody, and got cold with standing on the "links" all day, and when the next morning came she was too ill to rise. Wattie had already gone to his work, when Geordie came creeping quietly into the kitchen, a little perplexed at the mother having overslept herself, when she had promised to go away early and finish up the washing. He was just about to break up the "gathering coal," and get the fire in order for the morning meal, when a sound like stifled sobbing fell on his ear. He turned his head round sharply toward the bed. "Mither, are ye greitin'? What's wrang wi' ye? Are ye no weel?" he cried.

"O, Geordie, laddie, I doot I'm gaun tae dee. If ye just felt the pain at my side! I canna draw breath for't. It must hae been the bitter cauld yestreen that gaed to my verra heart. An' wha's tae finish Mrs. Fordyce's washing?" she added, with a sob.

The boy felt uncomfortable and awkward; it was an entirely new sensation to him to see the mother in tears; he could not remember such a thing happening before, and he was at a loss what to do or say. "Wattie's awa' to his work awhile sin', mither, but I can set on the kettle, if ye like," was all he could think of. And he was as good as his word, too. And having succeeded in his efforts to make a blazing fire, he cast about in his inner self how best to deal with the sick and sorrowful mother. A happy flash of memory brought to his recollection a little turn of sickness he had had, and the extremely satisfactory taste of certain delicacies which had then been prepared for him; so, after setting the kettle on the fire in readiness, he took some coppers from the little blue jug on the dresser, and went out to make a few purchases. He had not much power of speech, and did not venture to comfort his mother in that way; but he was a clever, considerate little fellow, and having watched her, in days gone by, and perhaps with the childish idea that being ill and in bed imparted a degree of dignity and importance to those concerned, and being impressed with the desirability of delightful things, he had frequently, when sitting by the fire of an evening, waiting his mother's return, rehearsed in imagination all the outs and ins of her *modus operandi*, and now, after buying all the materials, and having them there in reality, it was no great difficulty for him to produce the longed-for result. Having settled everything to his satisfaction, he again approached the bed, and told his mother that all was ready.

"An' I hae made milk parritch for ye; an' I got a bap an' a bervie; an' the tea's ready, an' a'—an' everything's rale nice."

"Eh, Geordie, laddie! but you're the kind wee man! But I canna eat; I've nae heart for meat noo. I'm no' hungry."

"Could ye no try the parritch, mither?" suggested the boy, with disappointment plainly written on his face. And, seeing his look, she tried to swallow a few spoonfuls to please him, but the effort was too much for her strength, and she leaned back, sobbing, on the pillow.

"Gang doon the stair, Geordie," she said, "tell Mrs. Cameron I'm no verra weel, an' I wad like if she wad come up for a meenit."

The visit of the neighbor seemed to comfort her, and the boy stood by the door while they spoke together. After certain whisperings, expostulation on the one hand and deprecating entreaty on the other, Mrs. Cameron remarked aloud:

"Aweel, then, I'll awa'. An' keep up your heart, Mrs. Selkirk, about Mrs. Fordyce and her washing; I'll see her bye wi't, an' I'll look in on ye gin nicht comes and lat ye hear hoo I wan on. But ye really must not be so oncomfortable. Geordie, rin doon the stair an' fetch me the pillow frae my bed, to raise your mither a bit. There, noo," as she adjusted it, "ye're better o' that, I'm thinking," and with that she took her departure, but beckoned the boy to follow.

Once safe out of earshot, she put her strong arm round him, and drew him to her side, as she whispered softly: "My puir wee laddie! Ye maun be a good boy, and be kind, kind to your mither noo; but dinna lat on I tell'd ye o't, and ye maun see that she doesna try to get oot o' the bed."

That convinced him, more than anything else had done, that something awful was the matter, but he hoped it was not quite true, all that his mother had told him.

"What's wrang wi' my mither, Mrs. Cameron? and what gars her griet? Is she really gaun tae dee?" he asked, longing to know the issue before the thing itself was fully established.

The neighbor turned abruptly. "That's not for the like o' me to say, Geordie. But gin a doctor suld maybe happen to come up the stair, be sure ye ask him to come here and see her."

And when about noon a doctor did "happen" to come straight to the very door and ask where Mrs. Selkirk lived, the boy took it all as a natural occurrence, and hoped for great results from the visit. But there was to be no betterness on this earth for the toiled woman. The neighbors all knew from the first how it must end, and were very kind, taking turns about of sitting up with her at night; but Geordie hoped on to the last, and could not believe it possible she must die. During these sad days he was like one asleep and tormented by bad dreams, waking up with a start of relieved hope, only to fall asleep again and be miserable.

The evening before the end came, Mrs. Selkirk thanked her neighbors for all their kindness in sitting up with her, but now "the pain was quite away, and she was better, and would like to be left alone with Geordie." And they, knowing well what that absence of pain meant, humored her to the last, and returned to their own homes.

For the first hour or two she seemed to sleep a good deal, but toward midnight she called Geordie.

"Ay, mither; here, I'm sitting by your pillow. Do you want ocht?"

"Just se thing, Geordie. But creep close, whaur I can see you; noo, gie me your hand. I want ye to promise me something. Ye hae aye been a guid and a kind wee man to your mither, but I want you to do something for me."

"I'll dae ten things for you, mither; Ill dae a hundred if ye like," he cried, impetuously.

"Ye'll aye try and be a guid laddie when I'm no here to be pleased wi' ye for tryin'?"

"Oh, mither, dinna speak to me like that," he begged, burying his face in the pillow.

"Wheesht, noo, Geordie, laddie; dinna gang on like that, or I canna say a' that I maun say to ye." And something in the tone of her voice made him lift his head and choke back the tears. "Gi' me a grip o' your hand, Geordie; and lat me feel ye're promising true," and she held out her own, thin and wasted, toward him.

The lad covered it with kisses, as he sobbed out: "Mither, mither, I'll promise ye, as sure as death, I'll be good whether ye're here or no."

"I'm no feared about it, laddie; I can trust you," she whispered. "It was aboot your faither—" Then she stopped abruptly.

The boy looked up in surprise. "But he's dead, isn't he?"

"I think he maun be," was the slow answer. "I hae been dreaming sic a lot aboot him for awhile, and I think he maun be awa' afore me. He's been dead to me for mony the lang day." She added, as if to herself, "Eh, but he was a braw man once on a time! Lang, lang syne. Wattie's growing like him noo. God help them that's like my man! Are ye there, Geordie?"

"Ay, mither, here on the bed, handing your hand. D'ye no see me?" he asked, anxiously.

"And ye'll give me your faithful promise?"

"Ay, mither; to be sure I will. But what was I to promise? Was it onything aboot my faither? But I doot I wadna ken him, gin he's not dead."

"It's about Wattie," she answered, in a voice that was growing weaker with every breath.

"Wattie!" he repeated after her, a trifle alarmed. "He's on the nicht shift noo, ye ken, mither; were ye wantin' to see him?"

"He never lookit near me a' the time I was sick," she said, reproachfully.

"He *did* come, mither; really he did. Twa, three times. But you didna ken him, and he was gey an' sair vexed aboot it," he answered, anxious to make excuse for the absent brother.

"Did he come? Weel, weel, I'll think nae mair aboot *that*. But he's like—like to his faither, and just beginning in the same way as he did: self-pleasuring and swearing and drinking; that was the beginning! You dinna ken what your faither was like, but gin Wattie gangs on as he's daein' in the meantime, he'll sune be his faither's very marrow; and then—God help him, and you! Oh, Geordie, it's no possible for any man to enter the kingdom o' heaven at that gait," she concluded, out of breath and weary.

"Wattie's no' sic an ill fellow as all that," urged Geordie; "he's a wee wild, but—"

She moved her head with a gesture of impatience. "He's but just begun his life, Geordie; and the making and the marring o't is in his own hand still. It was my luck to marry his faither, and he was—no, no! I canna tell ye that, laddie! And I houp ye dinna mind what he was. We mauna speak ill o' the deid, ye ken, but he wasna what he suld hae been, no a spark like it. Wattie kens that."

"What was I to promise you, mither?" the boy asked, for he thought she had begun to wander a little.

"Promise me?" she answered, very slowly. "Ou, ay, I'm coming to that. I want ye tae tak' up just whaur your mither has had to leave off, and try and save Wattie. I spent maist o' my life—a' the best years o't—trying to save his faither, and he wad not be saved. Maybe I didna gang aboot it rightly, and maybe I wasna the best one to advise him, but I tried faithfully—the Lord kens that, and will gie me credit for it, too, when I see him. But Wattie—oh, my son, my son! wha's to warn him when I'm gane? Geordie, laddie, ye maun try and save him. Ye maun never forget, day and night, that ye hae gotten that work to do. It was my work. That's dune, but it's no accomplished. I'll never, never mair hae a chance to speak to Wattie! But life's a' afore you, Geordie. Heaven's at the end o't. An' if ye'll promise to try and put Wattie on the right road, and gin the Lord would but answer my many petitions that we should a' meet together at last; if he would gie me but a single grain o' comfort aboot Wattie, I would gang to my grave in peace."

"Mither, mither, dinna be foart aboot Wattie. He's maybe no so bad as you think. But I'll promise ye to try if I can mak' him ony better. What way maun I set aboot it, though? I'm an unco' wee fellow, and he's sae big. And gin I were to say, 'Dinna drink,' he might laugh at me. But I'm willing, mither. I'll dae a' that ye want me; but just tell me what I'm to say."

"Wheesht, then, till I ask Him to help you; He kens a' aboot it," she whispered, painfully.

Geordie knelt reverently by the bedside and listened, but no sound came from the cold lips. "She must be praying *in to herself*," thought he, and silently repeated his own evening prayer. He waited for his mother to speak again; but the Master had come and had taken her home.

The Home.

ABOUT PRINTS.

ENGRAVING.

By Miss O. M. E. Rowe.

PAINTING and engraving were the milestones between mediæval and modern life, marking the advance from serfdom to intellectual freedom. It is supposed that engraving, like Gothic architecture, printing, and oil painting, germinated in Italy, and returned to that sunny land after being perfected by Germany. The precise origin of etching lies in the limbo of the unknown. The oldest aquafortis print is a St. Jerome, half clothed, in a rocky desert, designed in 1512 by Albert Dürer, who is often called the "Father of Engraving." But in 1443, while Gutenberg and Faust were printing the first Latin Bible at Mayence, Finiguerra, a Florentine goldsmith, was engraving caskets and chalices, and then filling the lines with a black enamel, so that the design showed in a black tracery on the shining metals. This work was called "niello," meaning black. After various experiments Finiguerra pressed damp paper on the niello, and, lo! the first print saw the light. This process, after further development, secured the easy multiplication of a picture, making it familiar to every civilized nation, and rendering its life well-nigh eternal.

There is a growing taste for pictures in black and white, and many artists have put their noblest efforts into engraving, and, more particularly in our time, into etching, producing pictures worthy of careful study. People who are safely included in atechnics[1] find the terms artist's proofs, India prints, etc., a hopeless confusion. I remember the tedious way in which I gained a knowledge of the grades and qualities of these pictures by persistently asking questions of print-sellers, as well as friends. I hope to give a few simple directions that may be helpful to others in distinguishing the different values of the work of burin and acid. Fortunately for atechnics, modern prints generally have certain invariable and easily understood marks that are almost always infallible guides, while in oil paintings and water-colors the spectator's only help comes from his cultivation, artistic training, and his own judgment, which is too often only a broken reed to lean upon.

The term engraving covers a large sisterhood of the arts—etching, stipple, mezzotint, aquatint, and wood-engraving, which is the earliest, simplest, cheapest form. I wish to speak now only of line engraving—the purest and noblest union of high mechanical skill with grand mental expression. To appreciate the value and significance of a line engraving—often called steel engraving—it is wise to consider the process. The artist's equipment is a burin—a small steel blade with the end ground off obliquely; a triangular steel rod reduced to a point for the strong lines; and the dry point—a fine needle for tracing the minute lines. With these simple tools, requiring the greatest dexterity, and a steel plate perfectly smooth and highly polished, the engraver needs the painter's knowledge of contour and perspective, and the same grand power of expression, besides perfect accuracy of drawing and sureness of sight, as if, according to Michael Angelo, he had "a pair of compasses in his eyes." Generally he draws the design in broad masses upon the plate, letting the acid bite it in—a process that will be explained under etching. The test of the engraver comes in working up the engraving with burin and dry point—for then his artistic power finds expression. Most engravings are of this composite character. The artist's touch must be delicate yet firm, and his lines as exact as if traced by machinery—for false lines are fatal, and usually irremediable. An ingenious machine lessens his labor slightly by drawing the parallel lines in sky and background.

There are two kinds of engravers—those who make their own designs, and those who reproduce the works of painters. The latter are not to be considered as copyists, but interpreters, who translate into another language, where the subtle effect of light and shade must compensate for lack of color. The engraving of a steel plate is very slow, patient work. Müller, a German who died in 1816, spent nearly his whole life on a large engraving of Raphael's Sistine Madonna. When he thought the plate perfected, after years of labor, he carried it to Paris, but the French commissioners considered the plate too delicate to be serviceable. He sadly carried it home to Germany, and worked so steadily, deepening the lines and retouching it, that his health failed, and fate denied him a sight of a finished print. The day after his death the first proof arrived, and was hung over his bier, as the "Transfiguration" was placed over Raphael's. I saw recently a trial proof which Müller printed to get the effect of the work when half finished, according to a custom of engravers. I also saw a proof, which sold for $900, taken when the plate was in its perfection, and another worth $250. Between these two probably a thousand copies had been printed, and, as the plate was worn, the lines of the latter were hard compared with the soft beauty and clear, rich effect of the other. This plate has been variously retouched, and is still used, but, of course, the prints are inferior. Mandel worked ten years on a plate of this same Madonna. The quality of a plate depends upon the amount of time devoted to it—for costliness of time means costliness of money, while size counts for little. Engraving has a wide scope. It has mastered the luster of satin, the softness of velvet, and the glitter of metals and gems. Even the subtle atmospheric effects of Turner's exquisite landscapes have been marvelously rendered by Goodall, Wallis, and Miller, and later by J. C. Armytage. The prince of engravers, Rembrandt, has demonstrated its power in portraiture, as also have Nanteuil, Edelinck, the Drevets and Désnoyers. The pure and graceful outline which the burin makes, as a skater cuts the ice, is especially adapted for the elaborate curves and complicated modeling of the human figure.

Many engravers do their own printing—a process demanding great intelligence, since clumsy work may ruin characteristic features. The steel plate is evenly heated by gas burners beneath it, and then covered with a thick, oily ink, which is gently wiped off with a cloth and then skillfully rubbed in with the bare hand. Great pains is necessary to keep the oil in the hairlike lines. Then the warm plate upon which the paper is laid, dampened to prevent its adhering, is put into the press, whose padded roller, with tremendous pressure, forces the paper upon the plate till it absorbs the ink. The slightest deviation from the requisite pressure spoils the print. Only a few impressions can be made in a day, for many are rejected, for blurred lines or other defects, for every perfect one accepted. A fine white paper is used, except for the choice proofs, which are put on India paper. This is thin, very tough, has a beautiful surface and rich creamy tone, but it is expensive, because imported from the East.

In modern engravings the artist engraves on the lower margin a tiny sketch, a head, an emblem, a crest, or something harmonious with the subject. These are called "remarks," and always identify the first fifty, or sometimes the first one hundred, impressions, which are executed with the greatest care, and are the most perfect. Atechnics can safely regard as costly and choice any "remark proof" engraving.

The second grade, varying from 150 to 200 prints, are "artist's proofs," made after the remark has been polished off the plate. These are carefully developed, and are really excellent, but are not the most precious. These "signed proofs" are easily identified by the autographs of engraver and painter; but if one is omitted, in case of death, it does not lessen the value.

The third grade is called "proofs before letters." These have no signatures, but printed in small type on the lower left-hand corner is the painter's name, and the engraver's on the opposite corner, and between these the publisher's name is often added. This edition is usually one hundred, and possesses some merit, but is greatly inferior to the two preceding grades.

The fourth grade, "India prints," is superior to common prints only in the soft color of the paper used, and this, with the engraved title of the subject, makes them easily recognized. The edition is unlimited, and less valuable, for continued use of the plate has impaired the delicacy of the finer lines.

The lowest grade and the cheapest and most ordinary impressions are "plain prints." These bear the marks and title of India prints, on common linen paper. Plain prints are produced till the plate is worn out. This order is not invariable, but is usually followed by modern engravers and etchers, and thus confusion in the atechnic mind resolves itself into an orderly descending series: remark proofs, artist's proofs, proofs before letters, India prints, and plain prints.

The value of a plate varies with the amount of work and number of proofs, for a hundred proofs from a plate costing $6,000 are more expensive than if the plate cost $4,000, while the fiftieth impression from a $5,000 plate would be still more valuable. Atechnics will find another aid in the name of the engraver, if they inform themselves about men who have won a reputation, and whose work is generally excellent, though I would not advocate a blind worship of signatures.

As a matter of investment, remark proofs and artist's proofs are safe, for one may enjoy their beauty as a home adornment for years, and yet feel that they are earning the interest of the money. These two editions sell rapidly here and in England, and, like all merchandise, the price increases as the supply lessens, so early purchasers often get very soon an advance on the first cost. Millet's well-known "Angelus," whose original graces the home of a philanthropic Boston lady, was issued at $187, but is difficult to get now for $350. J. G. Brown's familiar work, "Far Away," engraved by Girsch, first sold for $30, and now brings $70.

Education in this line is not difficult to those near the great art centers. The Boston Museum of Fine Arts has the rare and costly Gray collection of prints, owned by Harvard College. Francis Gray, a Bostonian, assisted by Dr. Thies, a German connoisseur, after years of correspondence with the great European cities, gathered these unique and beautiful prints, many of them by the most famous masters, and some that it would be impossible to replace. The Rembrandts and Turners are particularly fine. These are too precious for profane hands, but are always gladly shown by the curator, who is himself an authority, and very gracious about explaining. Charles Sumner began the study that made him a connoisseur of prints through a friend's showing him this collection to relieve a tedious convalescence. Atechnics may also train themselves by inquiring, at judicious times, at the art stores. Many a time have Boston clerks spent a half-hour showing prints to me, though I frankly stated at the outset that I could not buy. During a single visit at one shop, not the largest or finest, I saw examples of Bartolozzi, Woollett, Raphael, Morghen, Edelinck, Masson, Schmidt, Van Ostade, and Turner.

The educating effect of a few fine engravings in a household of children cannot be overestimated. We keep the piano carefully tuned, that the child's ear may be sensitive and well trained, but we too often overlook the fact that the eye becomes vitiated and the sensibilities dulled by constantly seeing badly executed pictures. The subjects should be wisely chosen, for the death-bed scenes and other enormities too often thoughtlessly hung in homes are neither healthful nor refining.

Boston, 1886.

[1] Philip Gilbert Hamerton lamented the lack of a word to express "persons ignorant of art." As a critic he felt the need of one that was courteous, without implied arrogance in the person using it, and with no tinge of contempt toward those whose education, following other lines, was defective in the theory or practice of art. He overcame the difficulty by coining a word of Greek origin—"atechnics;" and it is to be regretted that it never became current.

DISINFECTANTS.

I.

By Joseph H. Raymond, M.D.

UNDER the name "disinfectants" are ordinarily included a number of substances which vary very much in their action and in the objects for which they are employed. At the present time this term is restricted by the best authorities to those agents which destroy the poison of infectious or contagious diseases. Hence, if it is desired to prevent the spread of scarlet fever or smallpox, a substance is made use of, the action of which is to kill the germs of the disease in question, or, to use the language of those who do not accept the germ theory of disease, whose action is to destroy the infectious material upon which these diseases depend.

The two terms commonly confounded with disinfectants are "deodorizers" and "antiseptics." If, entirely irrespective of any contagion, there are disagreeable or offensive odors present, be the cause what it may, and it is desired to destroy them, or, as we say, "to sweeten the air," a deodorizer is employed. For this purpose rags, paper, and coffee are often burnt, or pastilles, containing aromatic substances, are ignited, and in the place of the disagreeable we now have agreeable odors. It should, however, be borne in mind that nothing more has been accomplished than the mere substitution of one odor for another. It is to be feared that there are many who believe that, so long as there are no bad odors recognizable in the air after this deodorizing process, all danger has ceased. One should never rest, when once such odors have been detected, until they are traced to their source and then removed; the emanations which appeal to the sense of smell are oftentimes nature's means of notifying us of hitherto unrecognized dangers to both life and health, and they should not be overlooked and the indications of their existence masked by the use of deodorizers. In the vast majority of cases the offensive odor will forever disappear if we seek for its origin, while if we rely solely upon the use of deodorizers we shall be compelled to use them constantly, their action being only temporary, and their frequent repetition necessary.

Every one knows how prone animal and vegetable tissues are to putrefy and decompose. Substances which prevent these changes are called "antiseptics." If, therefore, as sometimes happens, the garbage accumulates and all endeavors to have it removed from the dwelling fail, the use of an antiseptic is indicated to prevent the offense which this material causes when it undergoes putrefaction. With proper care, however, this will rarely be required, as the refuse of the table, if not utilized as food for swine, can and should be burned in the range or kitchen stove as soon as possible, and before any decomposition has set in. During the past five years the writer has consumed all this refuse of the household in the kitchen range, and there are many in his acquaintance who have done the same for years. This plan is therefore to be recommended and adopted, unless other provision has been made for its disposal in such manner as to create no nuisance.

The garbage pail should never be of wood, as this

material soon becomes soaked with the decaying refuse, and is with difficulty cleansed. It should be of earthenware or galvanized iron, which are readily cleaned by the use of lye, which should always be kept dissolved in water in every well-regulated kitchen, and freely used to clean the sinks and other places where grease accumulates.

The copperas solution already mentioned is an admirable antiseptic, or in its place a solution made by dissolving nitrate of lead in sea water, in the proportion of one pound to four gallons. If sea water cannot readily be obtained, soft water, with half a pound of salt dissolved in each gallon, will answer the purpose. As this solution of nitrate of lead is colorless, it may be employed where the copperas solution would not be available.

From this consideration of these various agents it will be clear that bad odors may be destroyed, decomposition and putrefaction prevented, and still there may be germs of disease present which are unaffected, and as their vitality remains, they may, under favorable conditions, develop, and, finding entrance into the human body, produce there the forms of disease of which they are characteristic. It is to agents which destroy these germs that the term "disinfectant" is here applied.

The diseases which are produced in this manner are quite numerous. Those that commonly prevail are scarlet fever, measles, diphtheria, small-pox, and typhoid fever. The management here recommended is, however, applicable to all contagious diseases. The germs or infection of these diseases are produced in the bodies of the sick, and are cast off in the discharges and from the skin. The general principle to be borne in mind is that everything which comes from the patient is infected, and must be disinfected—that is, so treated that the infectious material, whether germ or not, shall be destroyed, and thus the spread of the disease to others be prevented. While the theory is very simple, its practical application is at times very difficult. In the vast majority of cases, however, the propagation of these diseases is not due to inherent difficulties in disinfection, but to the fact that nurses, parents, and others having the care of the sick are too indolent to execute the methods which have been demonstrated to be efficient. The essential element, which is so often lacking, is a due appreciation of the responsibility which rests upon the attendants to perform these duties rigidly and conscientiously, being persuaded that neglect so to do may result in the loss of human life, or entail a vast amount of human suffering.

VIRGINIA BEATEN BISCUIT.

ONE pound of good flour, the best if possible, one-quarter of a pound of sweet lard, or lard and butter mixed, one teaspoon of salt, and ice-cold milk or water to make into a stiff dough, usually one tea-cup, but as flour varies no positive rule can be given for this; work into the flour, with the hand, the lard, until it is like fine crumbs; sift flour first with salt, then add little by little the water or milk; when this is worked into a smooth, stiff dough it must be beaten until it blisters—with the back of an ax was the old style, and on a butcher's block that was found in a corner of all Maryland and Virginia kitchens, but in these modern times a far better way for reaching the best results is to be had—what is known as a biscuit beater; this consists of a box very much like the one that is in common use to hold a set of croquet—thirty-five inches long, eleven across in width, and three deep. Across this is placed a roller, such as is usually found in all kitchens for pastry making, but in the machine it is not smooth, but cut into grooves half an inch in depth; this is so arranged that it turns with a crank, with a motion similar to that of a clothes-wringer; it is placed about three-quarters of an inch above the bottom of the box, and with the left hand push the dough up firmly under it, turning the crank with the right hand; continue to work it in this way for thirty minutes by the clock, then break off the dough in small pieces, working it with the fingers into small flat biscuits not larger than an ordinary watch, prick with a fork, put into a sheet-iron pan, and bake twenty minutes in a *very hot* oven, too hot for bread. The exact degree must be learnt by experience alone. Watch the biscuits while baking; if they threaten to burn, open the oven for a few seconds; but a hot oven is necessary to their success. Well made, it is a delicious bread; is good warmed over, or split and toasted.

WOMEN ON THE SCHOOL BOARDS.

MAYOR WHITNEY, of Brooklyn, has received from the Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs a long letter urging the appointment of women on the Board of Education. The letter supplemented a petition on the same subject having several thousand signatures. Dr. Storrs says in his letter:

"There are, of course, abundant precedents for such appointments elsewhere, if not here; and where the experiment has been tried, the value of the counsel and influence of earnest and educated women in the supervision of public schools has been placed beyond dispute. Of course, the women in our city owning property in it contribute their proportion of the sum ($1,765,278) appropriated by the city and State for the maintenance of our schools; and while I am conservative enough on the general question of woman suffrage, I emphatically sympathize with these ladies in the feeling that they should have particular representation in the body by which these funds are distributed for the furtherance of an interest so dear to their hearts and so closely connected with the welfare of their households. I need not remind you, my dear sir, of the superb exhibition which the women of Brooklyn have given for many years of their capacity for the management of great public institutions, many of which have been founded by themselves. Their successes in this direction have been too numerous and too signal to allow any doubt as to their competence for such an official trust as is now proposed. It seems to me only a graceful and just recognition of the vast services which they have thus been rendering to the city that a place should be officially given them on the Board of Education; and while I have no adverse criticism to make on the present management of our public schools, I do not feel the force of the suggestion that 'what is well enough should be let alone.' It appears to me entirely certain that the presence of some cultivated women in the Board would make all that is good better, by adding to the wisdom of the councils of the Board, to the generous and sustained enthusiasm of its spirit, and to the general vigor and efficiency with which public instruction is carried on in our city."

There can scarcely be a doubt that the presence of intelligent women would add to the efficiency of any School Board in many ways. Women are brought into more intimate relations with child life and its needs. Children are more easily approached by women than men; a keen-sighted, sensitive woman would detect the tone in a school room much quicker than a man, and would notice details that have an intense influence on a child's nature, to which a man would be almost if not quite oblivious.

The power of a woman in the home is not disputed, and the school is second only to the home in its influence on a child's life. Why should women not have a voice in its management, a right to know and attend to the details?

IS HE RIGHT?

A RECENT issue of a daily paper printed the synopsis of an interview with a pastor of a Congregational church located in a small town in Long Island. It was somewhat as follows:

"That good clothes are the most persistent enemies that he has to deal with in summer, and are the means of driving away nearly all of his regular congregation. When silks and jewelry come in, blue shirts and overalls go out, and stay out until cool weather returns and the clam business falls off."

Now, all this may be true in this particular village, but it is not universally true. In the first place, the wearing of blue shirts and overalls to church is not common even in remote villages. That comparatively few people dress in a suitable manner when attending church is no doubt true, but it is certain that the violations of good taste are not peculiar to the wealthy, and that those who "flaunt in on Sunday mornings in their best bibs and tuckers, with diamonds in their ears, dead song-birds on their bonnets, rings, chains, pins, and bracelets galore" are, as a usual thing, ignorant or ill-bred, and rarely able to afford such extravagance, whether they are attending church in either the city or the country. Usually the people who dress in a conspicuous style when attending church are those who have no social opportunities; church is their only opportunity in the way of a parade ground, and they use it to the fullest extent. There are others who violate the laws of good taste unknowingly; they have no sense of the fitness of things; and these people should be treated with the same charity that we exercise toward persons who violate the artistic sense because they are color-blind.

There is far less liberty in a small village in the matter of church dressing. It is much easier to attend a church where one is unknown, shabbily dressed, than where one is known. Alas for weak human nature! How we like to hide our poverty!

There is a responsibility resting on each of us as regards our influence on the minds of others. The writer remembers being told of a village in the northern part of the State of New York where the women all earned their pin-money by working on shirts in their own homes. They lived most simple lives, wore their bonnets and dresses for two and even three seasons without a thought of discomfort. One summer a bright, dressy woman was engaged as forewoman. Presto! change! Arcadian quiet disappeared, and the daily stage soon came laden with "bandbox and bundle," and the "midnight oil" was consumed in devising and evolving stylish costumes.

It is appalling when one stops to think how the best part of many women's lives is frittered away in making outer garments that are neither suitable nor becoming to the wearer, her position in life, or the place where they are worn, all in obedience to the dictates of a fancied goddess whose commands should have no power over an individual life.

The refined man and woman will have no part in driving out the "blue shirt and overalls" from the village church; a sense of the fitness of things will guide them in choice of garments, not from a desire to save the natives, but from a consciousness of what is proper to the place. Our Long Island pastor makes a more serious charge in regard to the influence of the summer boarder. He says:

"One Brooklyn man employs a young member of Mr. ——'s congregation to sail his yacht and take him fishing in the bay. Six days a week of sailing used to satisfy the man, but this summer he wants seven, and when this wish was expressed, the young sailor went to his minister, with tears in his eyes, to ask what he should do. He did not want to violate the Sabbath and his conscience, and he did not want to work every day in the week anyhow, but he had a family to support, and he was threatened with prompt discharge if he did not obey his master's orders. It was a case of division between necessity and duty, and Mr. —— was loth to advise the young man against pursuing a course that was yielding him a livelihood without involving him in any active or practical iniquity. He therefore urged him to pray and meditate and decide for himself what line of action should be adopted, but he wishes that city visitors would not go to break the Sabbath, and that those who attend service in his church would wear apparel more modest, that the native population might not be shamed out of the sacred edifice by the comparative meanness of their own attire."

Undoubtedly there is an almost utter disregard of the Sunday in summer resorts, both seaside and mountain, and great temptations are placed in the way of simple country folks who have but few opportunities to earn ready money. It is ungenerous, unchristian, to put a fellow-being to such a test, and thoughtlessness is at the root of the evil. Sometimes the summer boarder is the only being who puts ready money in circulation in the little community in the course of the year. Arrange your excursions during the summer with due regard to the weakness and opportunity of the village lad and lassie. Leave a generous, helpful influence after you; not memories and influences that make the barrenness of their own lives more apparent, or a troubled conscience because through you they have broken the law of God.

"DID NOT THINK."

By J. B. S.

"EVIL is wrought by want of thought," says the old adage, and this has just been exemplified in a manner so striking that it may be well to call the attention of the readers of The Christian Union to the subject.

A trained nurse of the highest grade went recently to take care of a lady and her infant child in this city, and during the whole six weeks of her stay it was never once suggested that she should take a walk or breathe the fresh air in any way. So all that time she remained indoors, giving attention by day and by night to those who needed it, with no break in the monotony of her duties. Now, in this case, there was not even the excuse of extreme illness; it was just "want of thought." If this lady had stopped to think, it surely would have occurred to her that a nurse's ability to keep her engagements depends upon her health, and that her usefulness in the sick-room is largely increased by the cheer and brightness which she is able to bring in with her from the outer world. If a nurse should spend a whole year as these six weeks were spent, where would her health and good spirits be at the end of that time? Had this lady realized that by her thoughtlessness she was risking her nurse's continued power to work, she would likely have been shocked, and would have hastened to send for some friend to sit with her during the absence of her attendant for exercise in the open air, and would have reaped the benefit afterward in the sunshine brought back to her bedside.

Let the ladies who employ nurses think of this subject, and see if, with a little care in planning, they cannot arrange to have them take the fresh air every day, and on Sunday have an opportunity to attend church. Sometimes in severe illness this is not practicable, but in most cases it could be done if there was only that "putting of one's self in another's place" which so straightens out the tangled skein of life's duties. All the more is this suggestion to be urged if, as in the case mentioned, the nurse is untiring and conscientious to the last degree, and would never ask for relief or change until she dropped at her post of duty. Beware of thoughtless selfishness.

TWO RECEIPTS.—Shall I give my rule for oatmeal muffins, a great favorite in our family? One cup boiled oatmeal, cold; one cup milk, one cup flour, one egg; no soda or cream of tartar. Bake in hot gem pans in a quick oven. This quantity will make about a dozen muffins. Huckleberry cake is similarly popular. One pint sour milk, large teaspoonful of saleratus, flour enough for a stiff batter, salt, and one egg. Add a pint of berries, and bake in cup-cake tins.

Our Young Folks.

MY RIDE ON THE PILOT.

By Ernest Ingersoll.

A STORY of adventure? Well, here's a short account of one that came to me in the course of railway service in Minnesota a few years ago.

A party of us had a special train one day, consisting of an engine, baggage car, and coach—just enough to balance well—in order to do some work along the line between St. Paul and La Crosse. Late in the afternoon we reported our readiness to go in, and got orders from the train dispatcher to "fly" to La Crosse, some seventy-five miles distant.

Now, I had more than once ridden on the pilot, or "cow-catcher," of a locomotive, but my experiences had been at a pretty slow pace. On this afternoon we would go down the bank of the Mississippi a-humming, and I suggested to the assistant superintendent that we two go out on the pilot and see what it meant to be pushed through the air ahead of a railway train at fifty or sixty miles an hour.

We took a cushion from the coach, spread it on the narrow iron platform at the top of the cow-catcher, cried out "All right!" to the engineer, and were off.

The sensation is somewhat startling at first. The grumbling and throes of the steam and hot smoke-currents imprisoned in the great machine behind you are heard in dull sighs and *chugs*, and felt in muffled jars and tremblings, "not loud, but deep." There is no rolling, lurching, and leaping like that felt in the cab of the locomotive, high above the driving-wheels, nor the bouncing and jarring of the cars. The whole forward part of the engine rests only on two (or four) small guide-wheels, and the pilot is ahead of even them, so that you are sitting out on the end of a spring-board, as it were, and feel only an elastic swaying, sensible, in a curiously exact way, however, to every impulse or checking of speed.

Overhead hangs the headlight lantern, supported upon brackets, and hiding all behind it. There is nothing beside you, or in front, and you can only leave your place by climbing back over the foot-board, which runs nearly on top of the boiler from the cab windows to the smoke stack—a feat by no means easy to do at a stand still, unless you are agile.

In two minutes from the time we left the station we had picked up a terrific pace Our huge carrier would dive into cuts and dart out of them, leap culverts and narrow streams seemingly without touching the bridges, and, where the track was level and straight, seemed to slide rather than roll along, for we could feel no jar of wheels, and heard little of the noise left behind as fast as it was evoked. The breeze of our swift progress cleaving the air out there in front almost shut our eyes, and quite closed our mouths. Stations whisked by as though bewitched. Leaning toward curves, we would glide around them as if on skates, and when a long descending grade sloped away ahead, and we went down it with the steam shut off, yet with steadily growing swiftness, I could only recall the sensation of being the front man on a Montreal toboggan.

Well, twenty miles or so of this exciting flight had been reeled out behind us, and we had had a hint of the possible danger against which the cow-catcher is provided, in dodging an animal that had lain down in the road at a crossing, and whose carcass we had no desire to receive in our faces at cannon-ball rate, when a long stretch of open country was reached, and the engineer let out the very last notch—pulled the throttle wide open. Then our iron horse settled down to racing just as fast as his limbs could carry him; that is, as fast as the wheels could be made to go around—fifty, perhaps sixty, miles an hour.

The superintendent and I glanced at one another and smiled; we couldn't talk. Then we turned our eyes ahead just as the locomotive bent to a curve around a slight ridge, beyond which a "fill" spanned a bit of lowland; and there, in the middle of the high bank, not a hundred yards in advance, we saw a hand-car loaded with workmen slowly pumping their way homeward!

What is a hundred yards at fifty miles an hour? Four seconds of travel, a dozen ticklogs of a watch. And when this morsel of time had flashed out, what next? Perhaps a splintered wreck of train and hand-car, passengers and workmen together at the bottom of the bank; perhaps only a smashed engine-head and two dead and battered men under the hand-car, which might be scooped up without derailing the train.

The engineer saw it as soon as we, and a scream of alarm burst from the whistle, while his quick hand reversed the lever and set the steam brakes. How alert and sane a locomotive engineer must be! The unsuspecting section-men, peacefully rolling homeward ignorant of any "special" on the line, heard this scream, looked backward at an express train right on top of them, and cast themselves, sprawling like frightened frogs, down the grassy bank. I laugh now whenever I recall the sight; but I did not laugh then. Taking all the situation in, as one sees his road in a flash of lightning, I slung my body around to the left, and made a grab at the bracket under the headlight. But it was farther away than I thought, or the fearful shaking of the wheels, in the grasp of the brakes and under the struggle of the whole machine to assume its reversed motion, threw my hand aside, for I failed, and dropped back upon my elbow. I never looked over my shoulder, nor lost a faculty nor wasted an instant in making a second spring, seizing the bracket, and drawing myself up to the foot-board beside the boiler, though it was almost too hot to touch, and rocking and bounding like a frantic steed.

Then I looked down, to find the engine almost at a standstill, quietly pushing the hand-car, which had run on down the grade fast enough to give us time to slow up.

How did I feel while these rapid incidents were happening? Busy. I hadn't time for anything but strict attention to business; no fear—no picture of the past—no thought of the future—no feeling at all, except the importance of catching that bracket and scrambling over the boiler.

No, there was an undercurrent of separate anxiety all the time—anxiety over the probable loss of the cushion we were sitting on! But I so totally forgot my companion that when his face stared at me behind the smoke-stack, whither he had climbed on his side with equal celerity, I was as honestly astonished as I should have been to have seen the Prince of Wales, and could not at once recall how he happened to be there.

We reached La Crosse on time; but the superintendent and I were perfectly contented to ride the rest of the way in the coach.

WRECKS ON THE SHORE.

A HOUSE OF SHELL.

MOST of the curious things you pick up on the seashore are really wrecks—deserted houses, cast-off clothes, or outgrown cradles and retreats of some of the many strange and wonderful creatures that live in the sea. If we could read the tales they might tell we should have a more fascinating and marvelous story book than was ever printed. Some of them we can read, thanks to close watching and long study, and I want to tell you a few of the queer things we have found out.

One of the prettiest objects to be found on the shore is a lovely box as white as snow, and more fragile than the thinnest china. It is covered with a pattern of tiny knobs and holes, that look like delicate carving, and it is round in shape, flattened on top exactly like a common white turnip. These boxes are found of many sizes, from little ones, the size of a pea, up to great-grandmothers as big as the top of a tumbler, and in some parts of the world as big as a dining plate.

In this elegant house lived once a very strange fellow called a sea urchin. His mouth opened on the under side of his body, where the larger hole is in the shell, and at that point he had five big teeth, quite able to cut and dispose of anything he wished to eat. His house, this pretty box, was covered with long, sharp spines like thorns, that made him an unpleasant fellow to take up. A spine stood up on every one of the tiny knobs on the shell, and could move about on it, exactly as you can move your arm on the shoulder.

His feet were perhaps the oddest part of him, though everything about him was strange. To begin with, he had dozens of them; one coming out of each of the little holes on the shell. Then they could be stretched out as long as he wished, and the legs (you may call them) were, of course, not larger than threads. The foot itself, at the end of each thread-like leg, was round and flat, like a boy's leather "sucker," and they worked in the same way; that is, when the urchin wanted to walk he thrust out his feet on one side till they touched something, where they stuck, held there, it is said, by drawing out the air under them; then he pulled himself along.

If you find one alive, as you easily can in the pools among the rocks on our rocky coasts (as in Maine), and put him in a soup plate of sea water, you will soon see how he walks. He will push out dozens of silvery threads, fasten the little round feet at the ends to the side of the plate, and travel quite rapidly around it, to find the way out. Try to lift him then, and you will find you cannot do it except by tearing away some of his feet.

One of the most interesting things is the way he grows. The baby sea urchin is about as big as the dot over one of the *i*'s on this page; one can just see it moving slowly about in the water; but with a microscope he proves to be an elegant little fellow, of the oddest shape, perhaps more like a painter's easel than anything else. It is made of clear, glassy-looking rods, with rose-colored tips on some of the upper ones, and covered with little specks that reflect light and make it very brilliant. It moves about by waving in the water fringes of delicate hairs—cilia the books call them—and it is so very small that the waving of hairs will move it about.

Now, what is oddest about this queer object is really a sort of living cradle, for after a while the real baby forms on one side, and as it grows and becomes able to take care of itself, the beautiful glassy cradle wastes away, till, when the young urchin can use its feet, and drag about its cradle (or nurse, as it has been called), it wholly disappears, and the infant has nothing to do but grow.

How do you suppose this delicate shell house gets bigger? for the urchin never has but one, and when he was the size of a pin-head it was not too big for him, and when he is as large as a teacup it still fits him. Let me tell you. When the owner lived in it the box was made of several hundred pieces, and covered by the thin skin of the living urchin. One work of this skin was to enlarge the house as fast as he grew, and it was done by constant adding of building material to the edges of each piece; thus each one became bigger, and yet they always fitted together. So you may say that the box grew as well as the urchin that lived in it.

Surely more wonders were never packed in one little box; and I haven't told you all of them, either. It would take the whole paper to give the complete history of this strange little creature.

When the urchin is dead the spines fall off, the body disappears, the sun bleaches it, and you may find his empty houses by hundreds cast up among the sea-drift on the shore.

ANOTHER OPEN DOOR.

TO fewer girls than boys does the question come at the close of school life, What shall I do? which means, How shall I support myself?

Many avenues of employment are closed to women even in this age of opportunity for the sex. Every field that offers any chances for success should be carefully scanned by every girl to whom the question of self-support appeals. The "American Architect," at the close of an article encouraging young women to enter the profession, says:

"But short of a full performance of an architect's duties there are possibilities of a woman's satisfactorily discharging enough of them to make it worth while for her to enter on a course of study. There are so many examples of women who have mastered mathematics and physics that there is no reason why women should not become good constructors, and of value as such in any office. The increase of female physicians, and the success they meet with, certainly indicate that women may become able sanitarians. Women, again, who are the founders and managers of large and successful businesses are common enough in any quarter of the world to indicate that they are capable of becoming competent advisers of and agents for the clients who may intrust them with commissions. But the field of design, particularly the designing of houses—the peculiar stronghold of womankind—and interior decoration seem to promise women the best chance of exercising any architectural talent with which nature may have endowed them. In spite of all this we believe the architects who have had female assistants in their offices have found them, as a rule, unsatisfactory, because of a certain lack of conscience and fidelity growing out of an inability to appreciate the importance of little things, and being at all times thorough; and we are so unfortunate as to believe that this peculiarity is so general a characteristic of the sex that it will require the efforts of consecutive generations of women before the world will believe that, other things being equal, it is as worldly wise to employ a woman as a man. The architectural departments of Cornell University and the Illinois Industrial University are open to women, and give diplomas in course, and the lectures at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology are also open to them, so there is certainly the opportunity to acquire the requisite training."

A LEGEND OF THE RAINBOW.

By Sara E. Wiltse.

LONG, long ago, when all things were new, the sun, moon, and stars, oceans, rivers, and fountains, trees, flowers, and grasses, rocks, metals, and precious stones—in short, every created thing—was given some work to do. Each had its choice of labor, and each depended upon the other or joined with another in some beautiful purpose.

The sun, being one of the oldest and strongest of this family of workers, took upon himself the greatest number of tasks, the most wonderful of which was that of spinning and weaving—not such spinning as is done by our spindles and wheels, nor such weaving as is done by our looms, but the finer, swifter spinning of little threads of light, which he twists and twines and weaves into the beautiful webs of color which are found in the satin sheen of the yellow tulip or the soft velvet of the purple pansy.

There came a day—yes, there came many days—when the clouds hung between the sun and his earth-brothers, and none could find a way to open the dark curtain; then these little children of the new world grew sad, and were filled with alarm lest their elder and stronger brother had ceased to work; tear-drops glistened on the

upturned faces of the pansies, for their baby hearts were much troubled lest the sun should make no dresses for them to wear the next year; violets bent their heads so low, pondering how they should ever be able to do for themselves what the sun had always done for them, that they have not yet raised their little chins, although they are never more afraid; the morning-glories said, "We will climb to the very windows of the palace of our kingly brother, and waken him, for it is he who gave us our azure trumpets, and without him we can never again call loud enough for the daisies to hear!" The clematis, and nasturtiums, and even some of the roses, said, "We will climb with you, dear morning-glory," and they dashed away their tears, reached up to every strong shrub or tree that would give them help, and began the upward journey which they have never needed to finish, for the sun heard them, and, giving his wheel a swifter whir, and his spindle a flashing turn, he rent the closed curtain asunder, and flung that glorious skein of color across the heavens which we call the rainbow; it touched the pansies lightly as the kiss of the butterfly, and arched so high that the children, living in the palace of the sun, reached out of the windows and played with the beautiful threads which cannot be tangled.

All the flowers understood the message of the sun which they read in the colors of the first rainbow; but the people! Shall I tell you what the people thought?

You must remember they were but children, young as the flowers, though large as men; and their thoughts were very sweet, as the thoughts of children should be. They had been sad with the flowers, because they thought the gods had gone away from the earth. They were yet untaught, and supposed that there was one god who made the thunder and another who made the lightning, a god who reigned in winter and another who reigned in summer; and when they saw the rainbow they were filled with joy, for it seemed to them to be a bridge over which their gods had come back to them. They called the bow Bifurst, or trembling bridge, and to their eyes the clouds took living shapes, until they thought they saw a gray horse on which Odin rode to the council of the gods. The sun glided another cloud, which, to their reverent eyes, became the shining steed Goldtop, on which Heimdal sped across the quivering bridge. One thought now gave fire to another, and the people could see many horses—Glad, Gilder, and Gler; Fleetfoot, Silvertop, and Sinews; Sunbeam, Palehoof, and Lightfoot—as they galloped over the trembling arch, conveying the gods to the palace of Heimdal, which stood at the further end of the heavenly bridge.

These people thought the red part of the bridge was made of flaming fire, around which roared and seethed the blue and green waters of heaven, preventing any but the gods from crossing, even Thor and Baldner being obliged to wade the stream beneath, Baldner having no horse, and Thor being such a powerful god that his weight would crush the bridge if he stepped upon it. From that time to this there have been many thoughts of the rainbow, each child having its own or taking that of another; but few are prettier than these of our Norse brothers.

THE WARDENS' NOTICE.

By Allaire.

"OF all the mean, fussy things I ever heard, that is the worst," said Donar Steed, as he threw open the door of the schoolhouse.

"What's up? What's mean?" questioned the group of boys and girls standing near the window waiting for the assembly bell to ring.

"Why, the Wardens have declared that no firearms or fireworks shall be allowed in the borough this Fourth!" A perfect silence, lasting for a minute, was followed by exclamations and protestations from the several members of the group.

"It's perfectly abominable," said Fannie Pierce, "and we will not pay any attention to them. We'll fire off as many crackers as we choose, in spite of the old fossils."

"The fine for the violation of the order is fifty dollars, Fan," said Donar, grimly.

"Well, what are we going to do?" asked Sandford Fetherington, a bright, brown-eyed boy, and a great favorite. "Surely we want a little fun."

"This is what they call a free country," broke in Dick Hanford. "A queer kind of freedom! Why, just think, the Fourth of July is to celebrate the signing of the Declaration of Independence, and a lot of old fellows who've had all their fun, and have got old and nervy, say that we sha'n't make any noise! I'll show them they can't boss me!" And Dick walked angrily away to his seat.

The bell rang, and soon all were apparently engaged in their lessons. But when the class was called upon for recitations the teacher was surprised to find them so poorly prepared. She felt compelled to send them to their seats to prepare their lessons and recite at recess.

When the noon hour came, a thoroughly subdued group settled under the elm tree at the side of the schoolhouse.

"A year without a Fourth," declared Kitty Halbert, "would be almost as bad as a year without a birthday."

"Worse," laughed Dick Hanford. "For girls soon give up having birthdays." A general laugh followed this sally, and they all felt better.

"Well, Dick, what do you propose to do?" asked Donar.

"Same as usual. Do you suppose that I'm going to save my pocket money for four weeks, not spend one cent, so that I can have a good stock of fire-crackers, pin-wheels, sky-rockets, and all the other things, and then have my fun spoilt by a lot of grannies in trousers? Not much."

"That's all very fine, but how are you going to help yourself? That's what I want to know."

"I'm going to do just as I always do. I'll fire off all the crackers I can get, and when night comes I'll set off the fireworks."

"No, Dick, when night comes you'll be languishing in jail, as they say in the novels, for the Wardens mean business this time," said Sandford.

"Boys, what is the reason the Wardens have issued such an order? Donar said it was because they were 'nervy,' but that's a silly reason, and can't be true," and Kitty Halbert paused for breath.

"Why, I suppose it's on account of the danger from fire," said Fred Hondlow, who had been very quiet during the discussion. "I heard father say that the town had grown so during the past two years that if a fire should break out it would soon get beyond control. You know we have only one engine, and the fire pumps are at the extreme ends of the village, and only one near the town hall and the stores. The Wardens are afraid of fire."

"Nonsense, Fred! There is no more danger of fire than there ever was," said Dick. "I suppose the next order will be to put out the kitchen fires, and eat cold victuals."

"Oh, Dick, you'll be savage then!" laughed Kitty Hanford, who was Dick's cousin, and knew how he enjoyed eating good things.

"Well, I don't see that this talk settles the difficulty, and there goes the bell. Let's meet here after school and come to some decision," said Donar, as the group started for the door.

"All right," was the answer. And the close of school found them again under the elm.

"I move that we make Fred Hondlow chairman of this convention," said Dick Hanford, who had recovered his good humor and looked ready to agree to anything that promised a good time. "All in favor say 'Aye.'"

The vote was unanimous.

"I move that we make Kitty Halbert secretary," said Donar. "All in favor say 'Aye.'"

A shout was given by the group that startled the birds, who flew away, wondering what creature had broken loose in their old camp ground.

Kitty stood up with bright eyes and blushing cheeks. "Ladies and gentlemen" (loud cries of "hear, hear!" interrupted her), "words but feebly express my feelings on this occasion" (a low voice muttered, "Borrowed! say something new," but Kitty paid no attention)—"an occasion memorable because for the first time in Nortonville a woman was elected to a public office. It is an evidence of progress not to be expected in a town governed by 'old grannies in trousers,' as was so elegantly and eloquently stated by my distinguished friend on my right," and Kitty bowed to Dick Hanford, who blushed and looked uneasy as a ripple of laughter stirred the circle.

"Lots of women have been elected. My mother is secretary of the Missionary Society," said Dick, trying to protect himself.

"That is not a public society trying to keep up the credit of the town for patriotism," said Kitty, severely, "and does not allow of comparison. I will try to deserve the honors you so kindly shower upon me, and—"

"Some are born great, others have greatness thrust upon them; try and stand it, Kit. If you cannot, we'll elect an assistant to carry the honors, and let you do the work," said Dick, as Kitty sat down amid a general laugh.

"We'll proceed to business," said the chairman.

"Well," said Donar, "I move that we get up a picnic and go outside of the borough, and fire off all the fireworks we want. They can't touch us then."

"Hurrah! spoken like the true American citizen," shouted Dick. "I'm with you, old boy," and he slapped Donar on the shoulder.

"I like the idea of the picnic," Jack Horsman said, "but I don't like the idea of the fireworks out in the woods, especially at this season; a fire might be a serious thing."

"Nonsense!" broke in Dick. "There can be no danger. Mr. Chairman, I move that we, the Inseparables of District No. 9, go into Arden's woods and keep the Fourth of July, 1886, as we originally intended before the antediluvians woke up, with fire-crackers and powder."

The chairman put the motion, which was seconded by Donar, but it was favored only by Dick and Donar, who were very much surprised to find themselves so largely in the minority. Jack Horsman stood up and said, "Mr. Chairman, I think we want to obey the laws, even if we are not in sympathy with them. I move we have a picnic, and appoint a committee of arrangements."

This motion was carried, and a committee, consisting of Fred Hondlow, Dick Hanford, Kitty Halbert, and Grace Hondlow, was appointed. To meet the expenses it was agreed that the Inseparables should put in the hands of the Secretary all the individual funds accumulated for Fourth of July expenses, and with these funds the committee were to furnish decorations, and some of the refreshments. It amounted to $5.73.

Various meetings were held, and much discussion, before affairs were all settled.

Mr. Arden, the gentleman who owned the woods, when he found out why they were wanted for the Fourth, gave his consent for their use on the afternoon of that day, saying that it would be necessary to have some work done there in the morning, and that the committee were the only members of the Inseparables that he could have about in the morning.

At the joint meeting of the Inseparables, after the committee's visit to Mr. Arden, they looked so important that members resented it silently. After the preliminaries, Kitty told the circle that Mr. Arden suggested "that we invite the whole school. Leave no one out; and that the invitation include the fathers and mothers and the bab—"

"Yes, and the sisters, and the cousins, and the aunts," added Donar, contemptuously.

"Donar, you'll please pay five cents into the funds of the Inseparables for dragging ancient history into this discussion," said Kitty, gravely, and then continued: "Mr. Arden says that we can fix the time for the picnic at two o'clock, and that we can go to the grove earlier, and get the flags hung, and make our arrangements about passing the lemonade and cake."

"It will take an ocean of lemonade and bushels of cake to go round," said Grace, "but Mr. Arden thought he could furnish lemons and sugar, and perhaps Mr. Brown, who is also a Warden, would furnish some cake. We'll do the best we can, anyway. Dick, have you learned the Declaration of Independence?"

"Yes," said Dick.

"Let's try 'America' now," said Kitty, and soon the voices rang out the national hymn with vigor and harmony.

"Donar, remember on you rests The Ship of State."

"Don't let her go under," called out Dick, as he hurried over to his desk for the paper to write the invitations.

The morning of the Fourth dawned clear and lovely.

The committee of arrangements went early into the woods, but soon Dick came back in Mr. Arden's farm wagon, and gathered all the members of the Inseparables who were needed to complete arrangements for the reception of the guests.

When the guests arrived they found a platform erected, seats arranged, swings hanging in the trees, croquet sets ready for the players, a tennis court, and every possible means of enjoyment for the little ones.

At half-past four Mr. Arden blew a dinner-horn from the platform, and the children and parents were soon in their places about him. On the platform the Inseparables were given the place of honor, and back of them were gathered the Wardens of the village; and it was hard to decide which looked the happiest.

Mr. Arden called the people to order, and then said, "Master Fred Hondlow will now take the chair."

Fred stepped forward and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, ten days ago my schoolmates and self were very much startled and made very indignant by the posting of a notice through the town, signed by the Wardens, forbidding the use of firearms or fireworks in the village to-day, and attaching a fine of fifty dollars for a violation of the order. We wish to publicly acknowledge and apologize for the want of appreciation of the wisdom shown by these gentlemen in protecting the property, and probably the lives, of our citizens, and to thank them for the generous way in which they have contributed to our enjoyment this afternoon." A general clapping of hands followed, and all joined in singing the "Star-Spangled Banner." Dick recited the Declaration of Independence, and Mr. Arden at its close explained the meaning, and gave a graphic description of Independence Hall and the old Liberty Bell.

Donar recited "The Ship of State" with fine effect, and sat down amid loud applause.

Dear old Dr. Holworthy told some stories connected with the early settlement of the town: the brave boys who had grown up in it, and the noble women who had made the world better where they lived. All were asked to sing "America," and then, to the surprise of all but the Wardens, a wagon drove up containing several large freezers filled with ice-cream. A merry company were soon dispensing the contents, together with lemonade and cake, and at six o'clock they left Arden Wood declaring that it was one of the most delightful Fourths that Nortonville had ever known.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

JESUS, THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

[International Sunday-School Lesson for July 11, 1886.]

John x., 1-18. Revised Version.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that entereth not by the door into the fold of the sheep, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber. But he that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep. To him the porter openeth; and the sheep hear his voice: and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out. When he hath put forth all his own, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice. And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him: for they know not the voice of strangers. This parable spake Jesus unto them: but they understood not what things they were which he spake unto them.

Jesus therefore said unto them again, Verily, verily, I say unto you, I am the door of the sheep. All that came before me are thieves and robbers; but the sheep did not hear them. I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and go out, and shall find pasture. The thief cometh not, but that he may steal, and kill, and destroy: I came that they may have life, and may have *it* abundantly. I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd layeth down his life for the sheep. He that is a hireling, and not a shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, beholdeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep, and fleeth, and the wolf snatcheth them, and scattereth *them: he fleeth* because he is a hireling, and careth not for the sheep. I am the good shepherd; and I know mine own, and mine own know me, even as the Father knoweth me, and I know the Father; and I lay down my life for the sheep. And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and they shall become one flock, one shepherd. Therefore doth the Father love me, because I lay down my life, that I may take it again.

1-5. This parable is complete in itself. The interpretation follows in verses 6-10, and at verse 11 Christ gives a new direction to the figure. Confusion has been introduced in the interpretation of the teaching here from the failure to recognize the transition at verse 11.—*Into the sheepfold.* A low, flat building, ordinarily located on the sheltered side of a valley, in which the flock may be shut when the weather is cold. A yard is attached to this building, surrounded by a stone wall, crowned by sharp thorns for protection against wild beasts.—*He that entereth in by the door is a shepherd of the sheep.* Not the shepherd. The definite article is wanting, and why it has been inserted in the New Revision I do not understand. Christ's declaration here is that whoever enters into the fold through the door becomes thereby a shepherd of the sheep.—*To him the porter openeth.* The Holy Spirit opens the door of special usefulness to every Christian.—*He calleth his own sheep by name.* This corresponds exactly with the actual shepherd life of the East. The spiritual truth is that every man has a special influence over some souls whom he can reach better than any one else can reach them.—*And a stranger will they not follow.* It is according to the law of Christ's church that each religious teacher should have followers. This is right; but they should follow him only as he follows Christ, recognizing, not the diversity of faith, but the unity of the flock.

6-8. *This parable.* Rather, allegory or enigma.—*I am the door of the sheep.* The one through which alone we can enter either into the possession of life ourselves, or the power to communicate life to others.—*All that ever came before me are thieves and robbers.* This verse is declared by Tholuck to be one of the most difficult sentences in the New Testament. Without discussing conflicting interpretations, I am inclined to adopt what is certainly a possible reading. All who come putting themselves before me—that is, claiming precedence over me—are thieves and robbers. Whoever stands between Christ and humanity, so as to obscure or hide Christ, is the worst kind of robber.—*The thief cometh not but for to steal. . . . I am come that they might have life.* A contrast between false and true religion. The false maims, destroys, enslaves humanity; the true enlarges life and liberty.

11-15. *I am the good shepherd.* Observe the contrast with verse 2. He that entereth in by the door is *a* shepherd. Christ alone deserves the designation of *the good* shepherd.—*Giveth his life for the sheep.* Not merely dies, but lays down his life. To die for another is sometimes easier than to live for him.—*He that is a hireling, and not the shepherd.* It does not do to take the first clause of this verse as conclusive against a paid ministry. Christ's condemnation is, not against one who is paid, but against one who serves for pay. This is made still clearer by the closing clause.—*I know my sheep, and am known of mine.* In a true sense Christ and his disciples understand one another; though he knows us perfectly, while we know him imperfectly, and with a knowledge that increases as our spiritual experience of his grace increases.

15-18. *As the Father knoweth me, even so I know the Father.* Certainly no human teacher would dare lay claim to any such knowledge of God as this.—*Other sheep I have.* A reference to those yet to be gathered out of the Gentiles, and brought into Christ's church.—*One flock and one shepherd.* "Not one fold, but one flock; no one exclusive inclosure of an outward church, but one flock, all knowing the one Shepherd, and known of him." (Alford.)—*I lay down my life that I might take it again.* Not, I die that I may rise from the dead, but, I lay down my life by the incarnation and the passion, that I may take it again in the redemption and glorification of those who, by my dying, I have brought into life eternal.—*No one taketh it from me.* Christ's sacrifice, then, was a wholly voluntary sacrifice.—*I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again.* Christ's disciples possessed no such power as this. They are to bear whatever burden is put upon them; to Christ the Father gave the peculiar prerogative of laying down his own life in the crucifixion, and taking it again in the future glorification of himself and of his church.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

By Lyman Abbott.

THE Jews were familiar with the figure borrowed from the shepherd life of the East by their religious teachers to indicate the relation both which God and which his priests and prophets sustained to the people. David in that wonderful Twenty-third Psalm had sung of the Lord as his shepherd, and Ezekiel in the eloquent thirty-fourth chapter of his prophecy had denounced the hireling shepherds that fed themselves instead of the flocks. In the discourse recorded in the tenth chapter of John, which is made our lesson for to-day, both these uses of the figure are employed by Christ. There is a double parable here—the first extending from verse one to ten, the second from verse eleven to eighteen. The difference between the two is unfortunately obscured by what seems to me clearly a mistranslation, both in the old and the new versions of the second verse. Christ does not say, He that entereth in by the door is *the*, but *a* shepherd of the sheep. Throughout this first parable Christ is contrasting the true shepherd and the robber who enters the fold in the guise of a shepherd, but only for selfish purposes. In the second parable he points to himself as the type and model and example for all shepherds of his flock. As he is the light of the world and we are lights in the world, as he is the only begotten Son of God and we are sons of God, as he is the Prince of Peace and the great High Priest and we are kings and priests unto God, so he is the Shepherd, and we, under his tuition and leadership, are also shepherds of his flock. Keeping this simple truth in mind as affording a key to a true interpretation of this chapter, I do nothing more in this paper than seek to apply it by what is little less than a paraphrastic rendering of the chapter itself. I leave the reader to get a description of the shepherd life of the East from other sources. Such descriptions he will find in almost every commentary and Bible dictionary, and probably in almost every Sunday-school lesson paper.

Christ is the one door by which we enter into his fold and become members of his flock. There is but one recognized gate of entrance—that of faith in him and in the love of the Father, which he has come to reveal to the world. Whosoever enters in by this door and becomes a member of Christ's flock is thereby ordained to the office and work of a shepherd. "He that entereth in by the door is a shepherd of the sheep." To every Peter Christ says, "Lovest thou me? then feed my sheep." Whoever enters in by the door becomes thereby a shepherd, and needs no other ordination. Christ by both example and precept is authority for a lay ministry. It is well, as matter of church order, to appoint special officers for special functions, but neither the right to preach nor the right to administer sacraments is conferred by an ecclesiastical process. Let him that heareth say, Come. The blessing of any child of God may confer as much virtue on the bread and wine as the blessing of the highest priest in the Roman hierarchy. The blessing of the humblest member of the flock may make as efficacious a baptism as that of the Metropolitan of Constantinople or the Pope of Rome.

There is no evidence in the New Testament that Apostolic ordination preceded authority either to baptize or to break bread in the church supper. Saul, after his conversion, "straightway preached Christ in the synagogues," and waited not for apostolic authority.[1] Even Christ himself was condemned for preaching without ecclesiastical authority.[2] The ordination which was sufficient for Paul and for Jesus may suffice for any disciple. Ordination is simply an ecclesiastical indorsement or letter of credit. It is wise to accept it, but acceptance is not essential, and confers no divine authority.

Not only is every Christian appointed to be a shepherd of Christ's sheep, but to every Christian is allotted some member or members of the flock. He heard his voice and followed him, and will not follow the voice of a stranger. Experience at once confirms and illustrates this declaration. The congregation that receives spiritual impulse from Mr. Spurgeon would go hungry away from the sermons of Canon Liddon; the men who are nourished by Maurice could not be fed by Spurgeon. In almost every church there are laymen who have greater influence with some members of the flock than the preacher can obtain. In almost every school there are some pupils who win a leadership over certain of their fellows which no teacher, however faithful, can win. The father and the mother are equally appointed to shepherd their own lambs, yet it not unfrequently happens that certain of the children will not hear the voice of the father, but will heed that of the mother; and, on the other hand, certain other of the children respond quickly to the father, but not to the mother. Every man has his own following. The great divisions of the church, as into Calvinists, Arminians, Wesleyans, and the like, are typical of the great fact that each teacher ministers to a selected congregation. There it nothing wrong in this fact; nothing wrong in the existence of under-shepherds, whom the various portions of the flock respectively follow, provided shepherd and flock alike recognize the truth that these under shepherds are not the Shepherd, these brethren are not the Master; provided both leader and follower are followers of Christ, and the human shepherd perpetually says to his disciples what Paul said to his: "Be ye followers of me, even as I also am of Christ."[1] He, however, who puts himself before Christ, who stops faith from going beyond him to the Lord, who is content to receive the following and reverence which belong alone to Christ, this man is a robber, and if his followers, in spite of him, endeavor to make him occupy this position, they do what in them lies to perpetrate robbery by aid of his name and influence. Between that false religion which stops with reverence for a church tradition and a human leadership, and that true religion which counts church tradition and human leadership as only instruments for the better interpretation of a divine Master, there is a broad difference, and one may easily measure the two by their contrasted results. The first we call sectarianism, and the second Christianity. Sectarianism comes to steal, and to kill, and to destroy; it shuts men up to the use of a single ritual, or binds their minds within the limits of a narrow creed, or forbids their free development by the requirements of obedience to a hierarchy. Sometimes it forbids them free and joyous life in the world; sometimes free investigation into all realms of truth; sometimes free expression of spiritual experience, or the free use of whatever service best helps to develop the spiritual life. Whatever religion thus hedges a man about with limitations on his liberty that impair his life and his development is in so far a false and spurious religion—the religion of a thief that comes to steal, to kill, and to destroy. Christianity comes to give life—larger, truer, better life, life in every department of being—physical, intellectual, social, spiritual. It comes to perfect virtues, not to mar them; to enlarge the soul, not to dwarf it; it is the reverse of sectarianism, because it bids its disciples: Use the world as not opposing it; Prove all things and hold fast that which is good; Sing unto the Lord a new song; and, Worship the Lord, without regard to place or form of service, in spirit and in truth.

While every Christian is an appointed shepherd of Christ's sheep, no one, whatever his ordination, can say of himself, I am the Good Shepherd. However faithful he may have been, his words at the last will be like Paul's: "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." He may—indeed, if he be a true shepherd he must—lay down his life for the sheep.[2] But he has no authority to lay it down and take it again. He surrenders it into the keeping of his Father, and the measure, the degree, the quality, the nature, the extent of his self-denial is determined for him by decrees which lie beyond his control, and in which he has no other part than that of a cheerful acquiescence. No other shepherd can say: "As the Father knoweth me, even so know I the Father." Like Paul, we must confess we see through a glass, darkly; we know in part. But, though he cannot be the peer of the Good Shepherd, he can be his follower; like him, no hireling; like him, laying down his life for others; like him, also, having a true knowledge of the Father, because the Father dwelleth in him, and he in the Father; like him, loving the flock of God, and serving it in love. The hireling, whatever ecclesiastical ordination he may have received, is still but a hireling, not a true shepherd; while he that entereth in by the door, to whom the Holy Spirit openeth, who calls his own by name and they follow him, who lays down his life for them, who in all his service of love follows the Master who lived for and loved them both—he is a true shepherd of the sheep, whatever he may lack of theological instruction or ecclesiastical appointment.

This is the lesson of Christ's parable of the shepherd. Its bearing upon the work of the Sabbath-school teacher may best be left for the Sabbath-school teacher to discover by his own prayerful meditation.

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[1] Gal. i., 15-17. Acts ix., 19, 20.

[2] John vii., 15.

HOME TALKS ABOUT THE WORD.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

By Emily Huntington Miller.

DO you remember what the Pharisees did to the blind man whose eyes Jesus had opened? They said to him, "We will not have you in our church if you say Jesus is the Son of God. You must not listen to his words or be taught by him." And because the man said of Jesus, "Surely he must be from God or he could not do such miracles," they cast him out of their church. They called themselves shepherds, whose business it was to lead the people, and take care of them, as a shepherd cares for his sheep. But Jesus said, "You are more like robbers than shepherds; you do not really care for

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[1] 1 Cor. xi., 1.

[2] 1 John iii., 16.

the sheep, or protect them from trouble and danger. If you loved them as a good shepherd loves his sheep you would not turn them out to take care of themselves as you do this poor man; you would be ready to lay down your lives to protect them."

These Pharisees were bad shepherds; they would not follow Jesus themselves, or allow the people to follow him. Paul, and John, and the disciples who really loved Jesus were good shepherds, who wanted to lead everybody into the blessed flock of their Master. But Jesus himself is the greatest and best shepherd: so much better and more loving than any other that he is called *The Good Shepherd*. He chose that name himself. Instead of saying, "I am your King, whom you must all obey," or, "I am your Master, whom you must all serve," he said, "I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." In that country there were great flocks of sheep that went out to feed upon the mountain sides and in the green valleys by the little brooks. At night they were shut up safely in the folds, and in the morning the shepherd opened the door and called them out. The sheep knew their own shepherd's voice, and they followed wherever he led them to the green pastures and by the cool waters. All day the shepherd watched that no wild beast might harm them, and no robber carry them away. He knew every sheep, and if any careless one got lost he would go and search for it till he found it. If any sheep were sick, or any little lamb too weak and tired to keep up with the rest, the good shepherd took it in his arms and carried it. This was the very country where David watched his father's sheep when he was a little shepherd lad, and where he boldly slew the lion and the bear that came to seize a lamb from his flock. The people knew all about good shepherds, and what care they ought to take of the sheep, but we can understand also what Jesus meant when he said, "I am the good shepherd."

See how many beautiful things this Good Shepherd says about himself.

I know my sheep. He knows every one of them, no matter how small or weak. He knows you just as your mother would know you if you were with a thousand other children.

I am known of mine. Just as even a little baby that cannot speak a word knows its own mother, not because of wisdom, but because of love in its heart.

The Good Shepherd *calls his sheep by name*, and they *hear his voice* and *follow him*. Jesus does not speak to them like a stranger, and say, "Come, children; come, follow me." He calls you by name. He says: "Come, Mary! come, Henry! follow me."

The Good Shepherd *leads his sheep*. He tells them where to go and what to do, and he himself goes before.

He feeds his sheep. He gives them food for their souls, so that they may grow strong and wise.

He protects them from enemies. He says he will keep every one of them so that Satan may not touch them, and that no one is strong enough to snatch them out of his hand.

He loves all his sheep. Wherever they are, in Christian lands and in heathen lands; and just as the shepherd goes to hunt up the sheep that are lost in the wilderness, and never rests till he brings them home, so this loving shepherd seeks for all his children till he brings them into his safe and happy flock.

Last of all, and greatest of all, this Good Shepherd *laid down his life for his sheep*, when he died to save them from their sins; but he took it again at his glorious resurrection, that they need not fear even death since their Shepherd would go with them through its shadow.

Why does the Good Shepherd so care for and guard his flock? Jesus tells us that also. *Because they are his own.* They belong to him. You belong to him. He bought you with a great price, even his own precious blood, and he wants you to listen to his voice and follow him that he may bring you safely home. Then you will see his face, and understand how true it was that he was always by your side helping you to do right, glad when you were good, and sorry when you did wrong.

"I am Jesus' little lamb,
Therefore glad and gay I am.
Jesus loves me, Jesus knows me;
All that's fair and good he shows me;
Feeds me every day the same,
Even calls me by my name."

HINTS AND HELPS.

By a Layman.

NOTHING does more mischief than many proverbs, because they are but half-truths. We are told that "familiarity breeds contempt;" but it doesn't, unless one or both the parties are contemptible. The real bane of our civilization is undue familiarity; but due familiarity is what the world is dying for. Some people, who read the Old Testament into the New, instead of the New into the Old, are perpetually impeaching this age of want of reverence. But the fact is, the trouble with our time is want of familiarity. You go in to one of your neighbor's, and you see the completeness of familiarity illustrated in the parents frolicking with their children, in the perfect confidence of love, in the spontaneous caresses of mother and children, in which the big brother is not ashamed to share.

Now, ideas like these are running through the divine government, and are directly sanctioned, not only in Christ's personal relations with John and in Christ's relations with children, but also in Christ's discourses; and, most interesting of all, is reappearing incidentally throughout all his instructions. Nothing could be more naïve, for instance, than the divine familiarity, humanity, and love as illustrated in the story of the Good Shepherd. In the humble homes of the descendants of Ishmael I have myself seen the lambs invading the domestic quarters, to be petted and cherished and fed out of cordial palms with tokens of familiarity which help to illuminate the text of the tenth of John. Calling them by names of endearment, these pets are adopted into the family. These relations, actually existing in Jesus's mind, were employed to illustrate Messianic love and the actual confidence that should exist between the teacher and the disciple, but also between God and man.

Hence I stoutly resist the impeachment of irreverence, in order that I may impeach the new *régime* in a more essential point. We need more love rather than less hate; for we are less distinguished for bitterness than for lukewarmness. Our lives are grave, and in black and white. They need warmth and tone. Negative virtues never yet made a positive quantity. We want to be not only on speaking terms with the kingdom Messianic, but we want to be on cordial and outspoken terms. He who calls us by terms of endearing love is not to be approached with reverence only, but with love, which embodies all there is in reverence worth preserving, and infinitely more. Love invites neither to flippancy nor to contempt, but to eternal repose co-ordinated with eternal energy, peace with activity, life without death. He who is the only Name calls his own with fond address, with confidence and hope. Let us not stand afar. Let us not listen to Sinai until we are deaf to Calvary. Let us love what is reverent, and let us revere what is lovely.

Cognitions precede recognitions, but it is not necessary that we should know God perfectly before we recognize him. God, who knows us perfectly, cannot be finitely understood. It is not knowledge of God, but love of God, that saves; love is preceded by some knowledge, but it is followed by more. As Jesus says, "I know my sheep, and am known of my own." The materialistic philosophy which takes refuge in the Unknowable will find the real secret of the universe when it takes refuge in the Lovable. There are cognitions and recognitions in the kingdom of grace, special gifts inspiring the spiritual nature, the spiritual pabulum of the soul, the heavenly pasturage provided by the Good Shepherd. Unto this divine banquet we go, and we return to the sheltering peace of the fold. We go out to exercise Christian graces; we come in for recreation. We assimilate the truth in action; we appropriate it in communion.

There are those who lead and those who follow. There are those who sit on the fence, and there are those who straddle the fence. There are those who are wise, and those who are contrary-wise. It is astonishing how much human nature there is in the animals in the barnyard. Some horses are rogues, some are honest; some are balky, just as men are. I know men who will neither lead nor follow, and who rarely use any part of the harness but the breeching. If you want to get some men to go West, just tell them to stay East.

The other day I saw a fellow with a balky horse. He leaped out of the carriage, and, I supposed, was about to launch into whip-lash and profanity. But, on the contrary, he simply picked up an old newspaper, laid it down by the horse's heels, and set it on fire. You should have seen that horse move on another kingdom! You simply want to scratch a match on pride of opinion to get it into the traces. The longer I live the more I believe in the orthodoxy of brimstone. But for that, many a self-will would turn away from the Good Shepherd just for love of the thing. Hence, in the nature of things, if you want to fight the devil, invoke fire. There is always somewhere a match for the devil.

Then there is the man who is always on the windward side of every current question. He is quite as disagreeable as the man who sets out to be agreeable; for nobody is more disagreeable than he who deliberates the *rôle* of making himself agreeable.

But, after excluding exceptional classes described by the ass, the hog, the peacock, the fox, the wolf, and the mule, we can return to the two general classifications of men who lead and of men who follow. Some, who are too lazy to follow, first show ambition when they lead, and some who make excellent privates are failures as captains, and burlesque generalship. Some lambs prefer to be driven; others prefer to be led. The wise leader never leads the rear. Napoleon was never a leader till one day he recklessly led a forlorn hope and won. Then he was worth forty thousand men in every contest. You can do more service to men by leading them in a way you have surveyed than by driving them into unknown danger, and sacrificing them in discovery. A great many patriots get statues by the sacrifice of their wives' relations. But in the kingdom of truth honors only are accorded to self-sacrifice. The great complaint from which politics and society are suffering is leaders whose stock in trade is *stern-boy!*—demagogues who are willing to sacrifice in all sorts of metaphors, but who ride behind stumps and fences in the rear when the time for actual leadership and conflict comes.

Nothing is more interesting than to stand by a sheepcote in the shepherding time, and see the patriarch with his long staff moving on the sheepfold at eventide, while following him are the sheep—those nearest being the pet lambs, those who have names, those who habitually keep in the footsteps of the shepherd. I remember, the first time I ever saw a flock of sheep in Palestine, they were following the shepherd, and the shepherd dog fetched up the rear. The shepherd had pet names for a few of the sheep, and also for some of the lambs. The sheepfold is a considerable inclosure of stone walls, with a rude shelter within. The walls are high, and protected so that wolves cannot get in. A palisade of cactus is sometimes used. The door is strong, wide, and high, and ample to admit a large flock in a twinkling, and when it is closed, the jackals may harmlessly howl. I remember, one night in camp at Jericho, the clamor of the wild beasts kept me awake late into the night and aroused me before the sunrise. How close a student Jesus was of the pastoral habits of the simple country folk among whom he lived one is anew impressed with even to day, whether he is going down to Jericho and falling among thieves or going up to Lebanon and falling among shepherds.

The ideal Christian union is as far from dissent for its own sake, which is pride, as it is from the bond of ecclesiastical red-tape, which is bondage—or unity desiccated. Some sheep are frisky even in a state of grace, and all lambs are frisky both in nature and grace. But here is one old sheep browsing on the heather on the upper slopes, hard by the cedars of Lebanon, while another prefers the succulent grasses that you will see down there by the springs that feed the ancient Litany. They have names, and the tinkle of the same bell calls them all to the fold. I have seen just such large flocks in Lebanon, while on a lofty crag the robed and patriarchal shepherd leaned on his staff. The flock and the shepherd were at one in spirit; but some of them were wholesomely assimilating the dry mountain grasses, while others were nibbling the succulence of green valleys. Do not believe there are two flocks and two Great Shepherds because some of the elders in the flock take their spiritual pabulum among the hills of Northampton and because some of the frisky lambs get over the fence and wander off to the valley of the Merrimac and nibble the well-cut sward of Professor Smyth. Do not the Connecticut and the Merrimac meet in the sea? And do not all oceans coalesce at last? Even the Atlantic is the Pacific.

Does the Shepherd care anything about anybody except the flock? Does He ever consider the goats? I was astonished one evening at Bethel, while hunting for Jacob's pillow, to see how well the flocks of sheep and goats got on together. But for a few old Adams among them, I think it would never be necessary to separate them. Some people fancy that the love of God is designed only for the sheep. It is the heresy of Judaism that Jehovah was the race deity—only more powerful than Baal. Does a parent love a wayward child while he hates the waywardness? And cannot God love all men while contemning the sins of all men?

On this point we have these memorable words by the Master: "And other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd." It would seem many people who study the Bible a good deal accidentally overlook that verse. No book ever broke down the sectarian fence until the Gospel. No religion ever stepped beyond ethnic lines until Jesus proclaimed a universal faith. No religion before went to fundamental principles and showed forth universal brotherhood. No living man is so broad as Jesus was; none of us but is yet in swaddling clothes as to the humanities. It is when we touch mankind as Howard did, as Florence Nightingale, as Arch, as many a man does in some sort, that we see what a tremendous power there is, not in Christian doctrine, but in a Christian.

A MORNING PSALM.

As a bird in meadows fair
Or in lonely forest sings,
Till it fills the summer air,
And the greenwood sweetly rings,
So my heart to thee would raise,
O my God, its song of praise,
That the gloom of night is o'er,
And I see the sun once more!

If thou, Son of Love, arise,
All my heart with joy is stirred,
And, to greet thee, upward flies,
Gladsome as yon tiny bird.
Shine thou in me clear and bright
Till I learn to praise thee right;
Guide me in the narrow way,
Let me ne'er in darkness stray.

Bless to-day whate'er I do;
Bless whate'er I have and love;
From the paths of virtue true
Let me never, never rove.
By thy Spirit strengthen me
In the faith that leads to thee;
Then, an heir of life on high,
Fearless I may live and die.

—[From the German.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY SERMONS.[1]

THE COMING VINDICATOR.

By the Rev. George D. Boardman, D.D.

"For I know that my redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth."—Job xix., 25.

A WONDERFUL poem is this book of Job! Wonderful for its antiquity; for its theme; for its argument; for its poetry. In its own way, it ranks with the "Iliad" of Homer, the "Œdipus" of Sophocles, the "Divina Commedia" of Dante, the "Hamlet" of Shakespeare, the "Paradise Lost" of Milton, the "Faust" of Goethe. Listen to Thomas Carlyle:

"I call the Book of Job, apart from all theories about it, one of the grandest things ever written with pen. One feels, indeed, as if it were not Hebrew; such a noble universality, different from noble patriotism or sectarianism, reigns in it. A noble Book; all men's Book! It is our first, oldest statement of the never-ending Problem—man's destiny and God's ways with him here in this earth. And all in such free, flowing outlines; grand in its sincerity, in its simplicity, in its epic melody, and repose of reconcilement. . . . Such living likenesses were never since drawn. Sublime sorrow, sublime reconciliation; oldest choral melody as of the heart of mankind; so soft, and great; as the summer midnight, as the world with its seas and stars! There is nothing written, I think, in the Bible or out of it, of equal literary merit."—[Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero-Worship," Lecture II.

Listen to James Anthony Froude:

"An extraordinary book, a book of which it is to say little to call it unequaled of its kind, and which will one day, perhaps, when it is allowed to stand on its own merits, be seen towering up alone, far away above all the poetry of the world."—[Froude's "Short Studies on Great Subjects," Vol. I., page 231.

And now to our text. In pondering these triumphant words, let us survey them, first, in the sense in which the patriarch meant them; and, secondly, in the sense in which they have a meaning for ourselves.

And, first, *the meaning of our text for Job himself.*

Go back, then, with me millenniums; perhaps as many centuries before Christ as there have been since. In a far-off Gentile land lives a renowned emir. He is a perfect man and upright, one who fears God and eschews evil. He is a rich man, his substance being seven thousand sheep, three thousand camels, five hundred yoke of oxen, five hundred she-asses, and a very great household. He is an honored man; as he goes forth to the gate of his city, the young men step back in homage, the old men rise up in reverence, the princes refrain talking, the voice of the nobles is hushed, all men wait for his words as for the rain, and he dwells among them as a king in his army. In brief, this man is the greatest of all the children of the East.

But a prosperity so splendid can hardly be lasting: the loftier the tree the more likely to be riven by the thunderbolt. Accordingly, calamity after calamity bursts forth in swift succession upon our patriarch. Sabean and Chaldean, lightning and cyclone, join their awful forces, and in a single day strip him of all his property, and bereave him of all his children. The *elephantiasis*, the most dreadful malady of the East, seizes him, and turns him into an object of loathing. Even his wife loses faith in God's equity, and, overborne by bitterness of soul, tempts him, saying: "Dost thou still hold fast thine integrity? renounce God, and die." Nevertheless, in all this Job sins not with his lips, nor charges God with foolishness.

The news of these sudden and terrible disasters spreads through the land of Uz. Ere long Eliphaz the Temanite, and Bildad the Shuhite, and Zophar the Naamathite, eminent princes of the land and personal friends of Job, make an appointment together to visit the stricken emir, to bemoan him and to comfort him. Following the Oriental custom of condolence, they first lift up their voices and weep; then, rending every one his mantle, and sprinkling dust upon his head toward heaven, they sit down with him upon the ground seven days and seven nights, none speaking a word unto him; for they know that his grief is very great.

The customary offices of lamentation and condolence being ended, the crushed patriarch indulges in a passionate outburst of grief and despair. Now follows a dramatically mournful debate, in which those ancient and picturesque participants subtilely discuss one of the greatest of problems. The problem was this: How reconcile the intense sufferings of the saintly Job with the justice and goodness of Almighty God? Of course, I cannot stay to reproduce their argumentation. Enough that I remind you that the elaborate attempts of the three visitors to comfort their stricken friend prove such dismal failures that he bitterly exclaims: "Ye are physicians of no value; miserable comforters are ye all!" Yet, notwithstanding his anguish, he suddenly feels the inspiration of a mighty hope, and bursts forth into the triumphant assurance:

"Oh that my words were now written!
Oh that they were inscribed in a book!
That with an iron pen and lead
They were graven in the rock for ever!
But I know that my redeemer liveth,
And that he shall stand up at the last upon the earth:
And after my skin hath been thus destroyed,
Yet from my flesh shall I see God:
Whom I shall see for myself,
And mine eyes shall behold, and not another:
My reins are consumed within me."

Taking into account the far-off age in which our patriarch lived, his declaration is most remarkable. First, he asserts that he knows that he has a divine vindicator: "I know that my redeemer (*goel*, ransomer, avenger, vindicator) liveth." Secondly, he asserts that this divine vindicator is yet to come: "I know that my vindicator liveth, and in after time will stand upon the earth." Thirdly, he asserts that when he himself shall be in the disembodied state, he shall have a vision of God: "After this my skin is destroyed, even without my flesh shall I see God." Fourthly, he asserts that in thus beholding God he shall not lose his own personal, conscious identity: "Whom I for myself shall see, and my eyes behold, and not another." How triumphant then the patriarch's assurance! Recall again his miserable plight; his sudden downfall from the height of prosperity into the abyss of adversity; the instantaneous loss of all his wealth and all his glory and all his children; his excruciating and loathsome disease; worst of all, the fact that his very friends, who had come to comfort him, were taunting him with having perpetrated some secret and heinous sin, for which he was suffering the divine displeasure. The logic of events seemed certainly on their side. Yet, amid all these bitter woes and cruel insinuations and apparent hidings of his Father's face, he sublimely asserts his confidence that he shall yet be granted a posthumous, complete, divine vindication:

"I know that my redeemer (avenger, vindicator) lives,
And in after time will stand upon the earth."

Well might he yearn to engrave his triumphant confidence with pen of iron in the everlasting rock!

Such seems to have been the patriarch's own meaning. He confidently believed in his own personal immortality, and as confidently expected the advent, sooner or later, of a divine deliverer. And now we turn from the ancient patriarch to ponder—

Secondly, *the meaning of our text for ourselves.*

For we ourselves also are often troubled with the same problem which tortured the patriarch of Uz. The problem, in brief, is this: On the one hand, there is, as we are bidden to believe, a God; a God infinitely just and kind and wise and strong; on the other hand, there is, as we too well know, an unbalanced, awry, miserable world; how reconcile the two? This is time's monstrous enigma: a perfect God and an imperfect world. And now let me direct your attention to some facts which go to show, at least to thoughtful persons, that God's government of the world does seem to be inconsistent with our notions of his character as being infinitely just and kindly. True, you are young, and probably most of you have had little experience of the sorrows of life, and perhaps you may think our subject too somber. Nevertheless you are thoughtful; and it is to your thoughtfulness that I commend my thoughts to-day.

Look, first, at the stern fact that there is in the world such a thing as human misery. Take, for example, the single element of bodily pain as the result of disease. Who can compute the terrible amount of torture that is racking the bodies of humanity? How many all over this broad earth, during this hour of our worship, are groaning on beds of anguish! Again: recall what horrible ravages have been wrought these thousands of years by wars, conflagrations, cyclones, earthquakes, volcanoes, famines, floods, pestilences, explosions, and other great disasters—disasters for which, be it remembered, these victims, at least in very many instances, were no responsible. Again: look at the wretchedness of the world as springing from poverty. Into how many hovels of earth has the grim, gaunt specter of Want stalked, and enshrined itself by the hearthstone! Ah, friends, little idea have you of the misery with which this world, at present so fair to you, is rife. Remember that those who suffer most are not, generally speaking, those whom you are in the habit of meeting on the open street, or those who sit by your side in the house of God. Misery is too sensitive and heartbroken to brave the broad glare of day or the gaze of buoyant men; she hides herself in the silence of secluded haunts and in twilight shadows. But, could you pass through all the poverty-stricken alleys of our great cities; could you plunge into all the hovels of New York and London and Paris and St. Petersburg and Canton; could you enter all the sick chambers of earth, where the darkened room and softened tread and noisome air and low moan testify that pain sways there her fiery scepter; could you enter the countless homes—if homes they can be called—where secret grief is enshrined; could you listen to every father's sigh over his wayward boy, to every mother's groan over her buried child, to every cry of woe that comes from city and hamlet in America, in Europe, in Asia, in Africa, in Australia, in the islands of the seas; could you take in at one glance all this aggregate of human woe actually existing at this moment in this poor world of ours—you would gaze on a spectacle over which the very mountains and rocks might weep, and, in dread wonder and dismay, you would ask, "Why, oh why! do not these cries enter the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth? And why, oh why! does he not bring deliverance?"

But this is only a part of our problem, and the easiest part. For it might be answered, in explanation of the distress in the world, that it is the penalty which God inflicts for the sins of those who suffer this misery. There is force in the explanation. It is unquestionably true that much of the suffering of this world is the direct consequence of the sin or sins of the sufferer. Witness as a notable instance the drunkard. On the other hand, it is as unquestionably true that very much of the suffering of this world is not to be attributed to the sins of the sufferer. Here we come to the darkest part of our problem. The deepest, most inscrutable part of the mystery of God's providential arrangements in this world is this: the good suffer quite as much as the bad. I know that we are apt to say that Christians are more prospered than sinners. But is this a true saying? Do the facts bear us out in it? Was it true in the Saviour's day that those Galileans whose blood Pilate had mingled with their sacrifices were sinners above all the Galileans of that age? or that those eighteen upon whom the tower of Siloam fell and killed them were offenders above all the men who dwelt in Jerusalem? Is it true in our own day that those who are eminent in suffering are also those who are eminent in wickedness? Do good men never lose their property? Do bad men, through their very badness, never become rich? It is one of our proverbs that honesty is the best policy. Undoubtedly it is if you take the next world into account. But is it always so in this world? Did you never know an honest, frugal, hard-working, Christian mechanic, whose whole life was a constant struggle to give his wife and children bread, and who at last died as poor as he was born? We love, indeed, to talk about "special providences." And it is a blessed doctrine, when duly qualified. But it will not do, at least in our day, to push the doctrine of special providences so far into the world of matter as to assert that God takes better care of the bodies of Christians than he does of the bodies of sinners: for then stern facts would disprove the assertion. Does the lightning-bolt never pour its death-current into the veins of the saint? Do none but the ungodly go down with the ship in the ocean storm? Does the fire never destroy the righteous man's dwelling? Does the frost never blight, the drought never blast, the worm never eat, any fields but those of the unjust? Are all outward calamities reserved for those only whom God hates? Are there no tribulations—terrible, crushing tribulations—appointed for those whom God loves? Are none but the wicked ever sick and bereaved and slandered and paupered? Ah, the undeniable, startling fact—a fact so mysterious and appalling as to demand explanation, since it occurs in a world alleged to be under the immediate supervision of a tender-hearted, almighty Father—the undeniable, startling fact is that, so far from the wicked being the only or even the chief victims of misfortune and want and suffering, it is the frequent and emphatic declaration of Holy Scripture, and the declaration is confirmed by daily observation, that one of the distinguishing marks of the saint is that he must suffer tribulation.

Again, look at what I would call, if I dared, the inequitable distribution of the gifts of Providence. Here, for example, is a rich man's boy, with a shallow intellect and an irresolute temper; his father lavishes his wealth on him, and gives him the opportunity of an ample education, which the boy is too stupid and lazy even to wish to acquire; and here, in the same

[1] Preached in Sage Chapel, June 6, 1880.

ward, is a poor widow's boy, endowed with a capacious intellect and the fire of genius and thirst for knowledge; but poverty sits on the hearthstone, and he must stay at home, and toil drudgingly that he may keep the wolf from his mother's door. Thus in a world which, it is said, a loving God governs, every advantage of education is offered the boy who despises it; while the glorious book of knowledge, "rich with the spoils of time," is denied the boy of genius, whose

"Hands the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre."

Again: here, in a world which, we are told, a merciful Father governs, is a bad, bold, blaspheming man, blessed with robust health, living to an old age, and dying amid every luxury; and here, in the same block, lies a beautiful, lowly, Christian maiden, spending her girlhood in her sick-chamber, and early dying an excruciating death. In brief, here, in this world which, we are taught, the infinitely perfect God governs, the wicked flourish and the righteous are oppressed; King Charles Stuart reigns in princely debauchery, and minister John Bunyan lies in jail; Nero, Satan's apostle, is deified, and Paul, Christ's missionary, is beheaded.

Here, then, is our fearful problem. We live in a world of profound moral dislocation: a world wherein, at least to immense and painful extent, vice triumphs over virtue, injustice over equity, fraud over honesty, slander over innocence, passion over conscience, lie over truth, wrong over right; I had almost said, the fallen archangel over the Son of God. And yet this world, in which all this sublime disorder and chaos reign, is a world said to be under the direct control and management of an infinitely just and kind and wise and strong God. It is the overshadowing problem of time, the dread enigma of the ages. It is the mighty riddle with which King Solomon grappled, and which, notwithstanding all his wisdom, sent him down bewildered to his grave; listen:

"There is a vanity which is done upon the earth, that there be righteous men unto whom it happeneth according to the work of the wicked; again, there be wicked men to whom it happeneth according to the work of the righteous: all things come alike to all: there is one event to the righteous and to the wicked; to him that sacrificeth and to him that sacrificeth not: as is the good, so is the sinner; he that sweareth, as he that feareth an oath: man cannot find out the work that is done under the sun: because however much a man labor to seek it out, yet he shall not find it; yea, moreover, though a wise man think to know it, yet shall he not be able to find it."

It is the same mighty riddle which distressed and baffled the Psalmist; listen:

"As for me, my feet were almost gone;
My steps had well nigh slipped.
For I was envious at the arrogant,
When I saw the prosperity of the wicked.
For there are no bands in their death:
But their strength is firm.
They are not in trouble as other men;
Neither are they plagued like other men.
Therefore pride is as a chain about their neck;
Violence covereth them as a garment.
Their eyes stand out with fatness:
They have more than heart could wish.
Behold, these are the wicked;
And, being always at ease, they increase in riches.
Surely in vain have I cleansed my heart,
And washed my hands in innocency;
For all the day long have I been plagued,
And chastened every morning.
When I thought how I might know this,
It was too painful for me."

It is the same mighty riddle which, in the morning of humanity, gave birth to our poem of Job; and which, as we have seen, is the keynote of this majestically thrilling drama. Yes, this is one of the questions which never grow old. Ever old, it is ever young. Never was it so mighty and so fresh as to-day, when the old superstitious notions about God have given way to the modern philosophical. Life's tremendous problem, time's true Sphinx, is this: A perfect God and a chaotic world. Is there any Œdipus who can solve it? Philosophy sadly answers, No!

Baffled, then, and weary, we turn to the venerable patriarch's solution:

"I know that my redeemer (*goel*, vindicator) liveth,
And in after days will stand upon the earth."

Or, as the Psalmist Asaph states the solution:

"When I thought how I might know this,
It was too painful for me;
Until I went into the sanctuary of God,
And considered their latter end."

And the sanctuary of God looks beyond the confines of time, having chiefly to do with coming eternals. Yes, young friends, there is another world, even an eternal. This life is but fragmental, a tiny segment of the circle of eternity.

"'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die."

And eternity is the solution of time's stupendous riddles. "God hath appointed a day in the which he will judge the world in righteousness by the man whom he hath ordained." In that day of judgment earth's wrongs shall be righted, time's derangements shall be rearranged. Then shall be fulfilled in the deepest sense Isaiah's memorable prophecy:

"The voice of one that crieth:
Prepare ye in the wilderness the way of Jehovah,
Make straight in the desert a highway for our God.
Every valley shall be exalted,
And every mountain shall be made low;
And the crooked shall be made straight,
And the rough places plain:
And the glory of Jehovah shall be revealed,
And all flesh shall see it together:
For the mouth of Jehovah hath spoken it."

What is now covered up shall then be revealed; what is now hid shall then be made known; what had been said in the darkness shall then be heard in the light; what had been whispered in the ear in the inner chambers shall then be proclaimed upon the housetops. There, at the judgment-seat of Jesus Christ, what had been intricate and perplexing and painful here shall be unraveled, bright as the splendors that shall beam from the face of the shining Judge. We do not understand the machinery of divine providence in this world. Many things look confused and tumultuous. So the wheels of a watch look to a child. As he gazes on the intricate apparatus, and notices the complicated workings—the advancings and recedings, the contradictory movements of counter wheels—he thinks it a perfect puzzle. But you and I, children of a larger growth, know better. We know that the intricate is both the child of design and the sire of accomplishment; that contradictory wheels mean singleness of aim and unity of issue. So will it prove in eternity. Then shall it be seen that the mighty engine of God's providence in this world was a perfect sample of divine machinery; that what had seemed contradictory was really co-operant; that all things—the adverse as truly as the prosperous—had been working together, deftly co-operating, for good to them that loved God, even to them that had been called according to his purpose. Then shall it be seen that the sudden reverses, the mighty inequalities, the tragic accidents, the awful oscillations, of time were really a stupendous system of perfect compensations, balanced in absolute equilibrium on the pivot of the eternal and almighty Will. Then shall it be seen that these harassing changes, these awful reverses, these gigantic ebbs and flows, this stupendous and ceaseless flux, these colossal paradoxes, were the very opposites of accidents or providential caprices, each having its own fixed period and definite career, each contributing with perfect skill and perfect success to the triumphant roll of Jehovah's chariot, God having done everything beautifully in its time. But at present we are too near this colossal engine; in fact, we ourselves are parts of it; and, therefore,

"As parts can see but parts, now this, now that;"

and so all looks confused and contradictory. But when, in the world to come, you and I stand some day in one of the turrets of the eternal city, and look back upon time, we shall see that all the providential dealings of our Father in this world were the very perfection of arrangement, and earth itself shall

"Orb into the perfect star
We saw not when we moved therein."

For now we see in a mirror, darkly, obscurely, in a riddle; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I even as also I have been known. What now seems Chaos shall then be seen was Cosmos. Ah, what an exultant shout will ring through the heavenly welkin on that day of illumination, when, remembering time's dark problems and eternity's bright solution, the ransomed of the Lord shall chant: "Great and marvelous are thy works, O Lord God, the Almighty; righteous and true are thy ways, thou King of the Ages!"

Let me conclude with three thoughts.

And, first, what will the atheist, or disbeliever in the future life, do with these providence problems of time? That disorder and inequality and injustice and anomaly do exist in this world even the atheist cannot deny. On every side he sees signs of moral dislocation, the machinery of society visibly and terribly out of gear. He sees the righteous suffering, the wicked flourishing. And yet he declares that there is no hereafter; that death ends all; that good and bad, when they die, alike fall into the sleep which shall never know awaking. How, then, will this unbeliever reconcile the wrongs of time with his own sense of justice, his own instinct of moral propriety? O unbeliever, thy own sense of equity demands that there shall be a hereafter; thy own sense of rightness demands that there shall be a divine rectification of human wrongs. Oh, be warned then, I entreat thee. "If the righteous is scarcely saved, where shall the ungodly and sinner appear? If they do these things in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry?"

Secondly, what a fine instance of verbal transfiguration is our Christian use of the patriarchal word "redeemer," or avenger, in our text: "I know that my redeemer (vindicator) liveth." Under the patriarchal dispensation the avenger redeemed by slaying; under the Christian dispensation the Avenger redeems by being slain. Again; as under the old covenant the vindicator redeemed by acting as the *goel*, or next of kin; so under the new covenant does our Vindicator redeem by acting as our nearest kinsman. "Since the children are sharers in flesh and blood, he also himself in like manner partook of the same; that through death he might bring to naught him that had the power of death, that is, the devil; and might deliver all them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." It is right, then, that we Christian put a meaning into our patriarch's precious saying:

"God my Redeemer ever lives,
And alway from the skies
Looks down and watches o'er my dust,
Till he shall bid me rise.
Then shall I see my Saviour's face
With strong immortal eyes,
And feast upon his unknown grace
With rapture and surprise."

Oh, how often have these words, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," as sung in the matchless strain of Handel, brought solace and triumph to Christian mourners! With us they have a depth of meaning which the ancient patriarch of Uz could scarcely have dreamed. If, then, Job, a Gentile, living before the Incarnation, could have such supreme confidence in a coming vindicator, how much more should we who live in an era which takes its very name from the appearing of our Saviour Christ Jesus, who abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel! And if Job longed to engrave his triumphant assurance on the everlasting rock, how much more should we pray the Spirit of God that he would engrave it on the tablets of our hearts!

Lastly, cultivate the sense of eternity; for thus alone can you practically solve the problem of God's providential dealings. A remarkable scripture is in point. The royal Preacher, pondering this very problem of ours, declares: "God hath set eternity in the heart." That is to say, God has planted in the human breast the instinct of a future life, the idea and consciousness of immortality, the sense of eternity. He hath put eternity in the heart. Even heathen Horace sang: "*Non omnis moriar*:" I shall not wholly die. There is an instinct of perfection, a sense of ideal, a yearning for the ineffable and infinite and divine, which this little lifetime and tiny earth of ours are not large enough to satisfy; which cannot be in peace until it rests its weary feet on the eternal strand. And this instinct of immortality, this sense of eternity, is the august, heroic inspiration of life. This it is which enables us, with the suffering Paul, to declare: "Our light affliction, which is for the moment, worketh for us more and more exceedingly an eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal." Nay, more: this same Apostle Paul, poet-theologian that he is, represents even the whole inferior creation around us as groaning and travailing in pain together, earnestly expecting and waiting for the revealing of the sons of God: for also the creation itself shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the liberty of the glory of the children of God. And if this is true of the lower, dumb creation, how much truer of ourselves who were made in the image and after the likeness of infinite God! Ay, friends, "we are saved by hope," that is, in the sphere of hope. The sense of eternity—why, it is faith itself: for faith is the assurance of things hoped for, the conviction of things not seen. And the sense of eternity is not only the inspiration of time and the conqueror of its woes; the sense of eternity also tells us, as we have seen, where to look for the key to time's great enigma. Nay, more: it actually puts the key into our own hands, even in this dark world. The conception that there is another and vaster stage of existence, the consciousness of the powers of the world to come, the sense of eternity—this is the key which even now unlocks the mystery of time, disclosing to us our blessed Father as doing everything beautifully in its season. And it is the only key. Without this key, I can understand how a Hamlet, breaking down with grief, may say: "This goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire—why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors." But, with this key, I can triumph over every darkness and woe. Sorrow may multiply into sorrows, the proud waters shall surge over my soul; but I shall not sink.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth,
And that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth."

I have within me the sense of eternity. What though the tempest howls and the ship beats heavily?

"We'll ride the storm, it won't be long,
We'll anchor by and by."

"By and by," did I say? Thank God, we have the sense of eternity, and are already anchored. "We have fled for refuge to lay hold of the hope set before us; which we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and

steadfast, and entering into that which is within the veil, whither as a forerunner Jesus entered for us." Oh, young friend, cultivate, then, this mighty sense of eternity. Fall into line with the powers of the world to come. Lean in faith on the coming Vindicator. So shalt thou also, amid the dark enigmas of earth, feel strong,

"And hear at times a sentinel,
Who moves about from place to place,
And whispers to the worlds of space,
In the deep night, that all is well."

BOWERY BOYS ON A DECORATION DAY TRIP.

A TRUE STORY.

NINETY-SIX young men, with healthy lungs, bright faces, double lunches, chess, checkers, and books, waited patiently on the dock, foot of West Twenty-third Street, the morning of Memorial Day.

After roll-call and the boarding of the tugboat, at a given signal ninety-six cheers of delight rang out over the water: "Y. M. I. Rah! rah! rah!"

How people stared! How the boys shouted! How the steamers saluted! Everybody, every craft, seemed good-natured that day.

To the tune of "Sailing, sailing over the bounding wave," and other songs of like strain, with the mellow notes of a cornet for accompaniment, we dashed along up the grand old Hudson. Reaching Sing Sing, the party gathered on the dock, where Chief of Police O'Neil met us as escort. After forming in line, having chosen captains on the boat, we marched to the Soldiers' Monument. Forming a circle about it, while the Sing Singites looked on wonderingly, we reverently uncovered our heads and sang a patriotic song.

Then one of the young men, in a sensible, straightforward way, delivered an impromptu address, reminding the young men present of what the soldiers died to win, the result of their battles and victories, and what a heritage we must sacredly guard as we grow up to take their places.

Then a simple prayer was offered, thanking God that the "Boys in Blue" battled for principle, and asking God to help those present to fight every wrong, as did the Lord Jesus Christ. After singing softly another song, two of the young men carried a box of flowers to the monument, and in silence strewed them about the shaft. By this time a number of the veterans of the Grand Army had gathered round, and as we formed line again they were given three rousing cheers. Then, singing "Tramp, tramp, tramp," and "Marching through Georgia," we started for the field and played two wonderful games of base-ball. Wonderful in length, laughable mistakes, capital good humor, and the absence of beer, betting, or foul talk.

That was a satisfactory day. These young men, almost to a unit, came from lower New York, below Fourteenth Street. They showed the "stuff" they had in them. No weaklings these, but sturdy mechanics from tenement-house regions, foul air and surroundings.

Who believes this class can't be reached? They are the timber from which the church may expect, in the years to come, to build bright, manly, Christian characters. Their mistaken notions of Christianity will be regulated as we go to them and live naturally the Gospel we preach.

My story is finished. If any readers want to meet some of these ninety-six young men, let them drop in and look over our gymnasium, library, or class-rooms some evening, and we will be glad to see them. C. H. S.

YOUNG MEN'S INSTITUTE,
222 AND 224 BOWERY, NEW YORK CITY.

A NON-PARTISAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

SEVERAL Women's Christian Temperance Unions of Ohio towns met on June 17, in conference with that at Cleveland. The object was the formation of a Non-Partisan Union for non-partisan and non-sectarian temperance work, for the reclamation of the inebriate, for the instruction of children and youth in regard to the effects of alcohol, for the promotion of social purity, for the education of public sentiment in favor of total abstinence and of the prohibition of the traffic in alcoholic beverages in State and Nation.

The Corresponding Secretary of the new Association, Miss F. Jennie Duty, said: "We are non-partisan both from principle and from policy. From principle because we believe entering upon the strife of party politics inconsistent with our sacred calling to do Gospel work; from policy because we are convinced that by allying ourselves with the Prohibition party we should unnecessarily antagonize temperance men in the Republican and Democratic parties, and make it impossible for numbers of earnest temperance women to work with us, thus hindering the growth of public sentiment for temperance and the cause of prohibition."

The cause and object of the Non-Partisan movement were explained in an address of Mrs. F. A. Gilbert, from which we select some paragraphs:

"When the time came that our National and State Unions threw their influence into the line of party strife, by allying themselves to the third party, they dragged, as it were, the 'ark of the covenant' into battle. You remember that after the Israelites had been overcome by the Philistines, they took the ark of the covenant from the holy of holies—God's appointed place for it—and went out to meet the enemy, expecting that its presence in battle would not only save them from the hands of the Philistines, but help to conquer them. You also remember that its influence, instead of disheartening or confusing the enemy, only fired it to frenzy, and in the desperate conflict which ensued there was a great slaughter of God's chosen people. Likewise the influence of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, thrown as it has been into the ranks of party alliance, if not in a comparative degree hazardous to the cause of prohibition—for which we are all struggling—will, we believe, greatly retard the final victory, and as the Israelites, by their rash act, showed that they had come to trust more in the ark of the covenant than in the God whose visible presence hovered over it, so have our National and State Unions shown, by what we consider their rash act—their departure from their original and pronounced policy of no political alliance—that they have come to trust more in their influence than in the God who made this influence such a power in the land while they walked in his appointed way of Gospel temperance work.

. . . . . .

"Because party alliance has begotten a party spirit in the allied, and their work is largely done in party interest, as seen in the sending out of Prohibition party speakers through the State, in the publishing of papers and circulars in the interest of the Prohibition party, and in the sending of delegates to the party conventions of that party, several of our Unions have already withdrawn their auxiliaryship from the State and National Unions, while a great many more have, for the same reasons, become discouraged, and, rather than cause a division in their ranks by withdrawing, have quietly laid down their weapons of warfare and engaged in other work. . . .

"The question has been in the minds of many of our women for the past few months, as to what can be done to best conserve temperance forces and give employment and direction to our sisters who, heretofore, have been earnest, efficient, and untiring in their efforts all along our line of work, but who feel confident that God did not call our W. C. T. U. into the strife of party politics, hence will not become compromised by the action of the State.

"If through an alliance of the independent non-partisan unions a nucleus could be formed about which all workers just mentioned would gather, thus massing the whole force in a grand work, much good might ensue; and if, after considering the subject, we judge that likely to be the result, would we be doing our duty in the interest of the temperance cause not to form an alliance? One great objection to this in the minds of some is that such action on the part of the non-partisan workers would seem antagonistic to the State and National Unions, hence would incur their displeasure. But while we should avoid all appearances of evil as far as possible, we should never shrink from duty for fear of being judged evilly by our friends."

ENGLISH NOTES.

AMONG many demonstrations connected with the May meetings in London, says a contemporary, perhaps the grandest and most suggestive were the joint meetings of the Baptists and Congregationalists at the City Temple. For years attempts had been made to bring about such a meeting, but they had failed hitherto. This long-cherished desire was realized. It was really a triumphant affair, and its results must be for good. The addresses by the picked men of the respective bodies were worthy of their authors, of the situation, and of the times. They were conceived in a lofty but truly Christian spirit, and they had all a practical bearing. One certain result of the meetings will be more hearty cooperative effort and less jealous rivalry.

A meeting was held a short time ago at Bradford, England, to consider the question of non-attendance at church on Sunday by so large a proportion of the townspeople. It was a laymen's meeting, and the gentlemen present belonged to one or other of the evangelical bodies. It was agreed that undenominational churches would not meet the difficulty. It was thought that each church could join in some general plan, and favor such a course as would meet the requirements of the day. The following recommendations were agreed upon: Earnest and simple preaching of the Gospel; hearty singing, in which all can join; free seats; constant efforts on the part of Christians in the way of tendering invitations to others to come and worship with them or to go where taste directed; deeper interest in the spiritual welfare of the young; and the necessity for prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

"The election of Canon Liddon to the bishopric of Edinburgh," says the "Liverpool Mercury," "certainly took his numerous friends in the Church of England by a great surprise. Not that he is in any way unsuited for any episcopal see in Scotland, or that he would find himself at all out of his sphere in the refined and literary circles of the Scottish capital. In Edinburgh he would occupy a very independent position, and be free from the interference of English courts of law. At the same time a great deal of wonder has been expressed that he has not yet found his way to the English episcopal bench. He is one of the most eloquent preachers in the Church of England at the present hour. The vast congregations that assemble under the dome of St. Paul's when he preaches are sufficient proof of his wide popularity. It is true that he is the recognized leader of an ecclesiastical party, but this has not always been a bar to promotion. On the other hand, Dr. Liddon is something like an extreme High Churchman, and it would seem to be a principle of the Crown, in the exercise of episcopal patronage, that extreme men on any side are not to be elevated to the position of right reverend prelates."

The statistical statement just issued for the Society of Friends in England shows that for the first time for many years there has been a decrease in the membership of the body in Great Britain. The number of members reported in Great Britain is 15,380, which is one less than in the preceding year. The deaths in the past year numbered 276, which is about 17.95 per thousand. The decrease had taken place over the larger number of the districts of the country, but it is nearly counterbalanced by the increase in the few of the others. The total membership is divided into 7,382 males and 8,848 females. In all, 317 regular meetings of the body are held in Great Britain.

The London Ragged School Union is doing a great work among the poor children of London. Last year's report shows that, in the 315 Sunday afternoon and evening schools connected with the Union, there was an average attendance of 42,304; in the 173 day and week-night schools an average of 8,074; and in the seventy-six industrial schools an average of 3,538. The report made praiseworthy mention of the great army of 3,507 voluntary teachers who have labored "in season and out of season" with self-denying perseverance through another year. There is no work more laborious or that calls for a greater exercise of this self-denying perseverance.

CHURCH GLEANINGS.

[*The Editors will be glad to receive items of news for these columns.*]

NEW ENGLAND.

—At the closing exercises of the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge, Mass., the sermon was preached by Bishop Alfred Lee, of Delaware. Eleven graduates were admitted to holy orders.

—A Universalist State Convention was held in Gardiner, Me., last week, beginning on June 23, the Hon. Henry Lord, of Bangor, presiding. The occasional sermon was preached by the Rev. E. E. Peck, of Bangor. The principal addresses and discussions were on the subjects of the development of spiritual life, church organization, and education. It was recommended that immediate steps be taken on the part of clergymen and laity to revive the work of those associations not holding meetings, and that endeavors be made to hold quarterly conferences in different localities that are without regular preaching; that the Executive Committee be directed to assign hereafter some topic bearing directly or indirectly upon the ministry for discussion at the State Convention. The next meeting will be held in Calais in June, 1887.

—The ecclesiastical society of the newly organized Presbyterian church of New Haven, Conn., have purchased the building of the Old Third Church for a permanent place of worship. The new society is said to have met with a remarkable growth.

—The corner-stone of the new Dixwell Avenue Congregational Church of New Haven, Conn., the Rev. Albert P. Miller, pastor, was laid on Monday, June 28. The Rev. Newman Smyth, D.D., and the Rev. Dr. Barbour took part in the exercises.

—The Rev. George N. Boardman, of Chicago, delivered the annual address before the Young Men's Christian Association at Hanover, N. H., June 20.

—At the installation of the Rev. Frank G. Reed as pastor of the Congregational church at Lanesville, Mass., the Rev. L. T. Townsend, D.D. preached the sermon, the Rev. A. F. Norcross gave the right hand of fellowship, and the Rev. C. F. Goldsmith made the address to the people.

—The White Mountain Ministerial Association of the Methodist Episcopal Church closed a two days' session in the Methodist Episcopal Church at Littletown, N. H., on June 23. There was a large attendance. The most important subjects were: "Relation of the Church to the Present Labor Difficulties," by D. J. Smith; "Inspiration," by N. C Alger; "The Bible as a Temperance Document," Mrs. N. H. Knox; "The Divinity of Jesus," by L. D. Legro.

—Mr. Moody has invited each of the two hundred and fifty College Young Men's Christian Associations to send one delegate to a "Summer School of Bible Study," from July 7 to August 11, under his direct supervision, assisted by Dr. A. T. Pierson, Dr. A. J. Gordon, and Dr. Moorehead.

MIDDLE STATES.

—The Harlem Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association of New York City is building a new association hall on 125th Street near Fifth Avenue, at a cost of about $55,000. Besides the usual reading-room, library, and reception-room, there will be parlors for members, meeting-rooms, committee-rooms, and class-rooms, and in addition to these a gymnasium, bowling alley, running track, and

swimming bath, the use of which will be free to all members of the Association.

—The ninety-second annual conference of the German Evangelical Lutheran Ministerium was held in New York last week at the Lexington Avenue Church. On Sunday the hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Ministerium in this State was observed. There were eighty-seven churches represented at the conference. Six new members were ordained.

—The society of St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, have abandoned their old meeting-room in Van Brunt Street, and have taken possession of a new edifice on the corner of Richards and Sullivan Streets.

—The Board of Managers of the Union for Christian Work in Brooklyn have passed a series of resolutions regretting the resignation of the Rev. Dr. A. P. Putnam from the Board of Managers.

—At the last session of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church the question of consolidating under one general board of officers all the benevolent societies of the denomination was a subject of considerable discussion. It was finally decided to leave the matter to the next General Conference for final action, and a special committee was appointed to prepare a report. The committee met June 23, and will present an elaborate report at the next session of the General Conference.

—Work is to be resumed on the Seney Hospital, on Seventh Avenue, Brooklyn, to erect which George I. Seney gave over $200,000 before he failed. The Methodist churches of the city have subscribed $60,000 to complete the work, and the Board of Managers of the Hospital have fixed upon plans which they hope will furnish them $140,000 more.

—The new Tabernacle Church in Camden, N. J., was dedicated on June 20.

—The Brooklyn Young Men's Christian Association has sent a protest against licensing more liquor saloons to Mayor Whitney and the Excise Commissioners.

—The twenty-fourth convocation of the University of the State of New York will be held in the Senate Chamber of the Capitol at Albany on July 6, 7, and 8. Addresses are expected from President Hyde, of Bowdoin, President McCosh, of Princeton, President Adams, of Cornell, Chancellor Sims, of Syracuse, and other prominent educators. The membership of the Convocation comprises the Regents of the University, the faculties and trustees of the several colleges, normal schools, academies, and academical departments of union schools of the State. The faculties of colleges in other States are also recognized as corresponding members of the Convocation. A cordial invitation is extended to all interested in education to be present on this occasion, and it is earnestly requested that arrangements may be made by each of the institutions of learning of the State to be represented by members of its faculty and Board of Trustees.

—The programme of the fifth annual conference of the Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavor, to be held at Saratoga next week, has just been sent out. It includes a sermon by the Rev. Dr. Charles F. Deems, of New York, and addresses and discussions on methods of society work by a number of prominent leaders in the society. It is said that there are now nearly a thousand of these societies scattered over the country.

—Charges of immoral conduct have been brought against the Rev. Waldo Messaros, of the Northwestern Independent Church of Philadelphia. Mr. Messaros denies the charges *in toto*.

—At the conference last week of Episcopal ministers of Philadelphia, generally considered as representing the so-called High Church element, the principal names suggested as candidates for the position of Assistant Bishop were those of Bishop Whittaker, of Nevada, and of the Rev. Dr. Henry Y. Satterlee, of New York. The candidate selected was Bishop Whittaker, who is a Low Churchman in point of fact, but who was selected as a candidate upon whom the clergymen present at this conference could heartily agree.

—About nineteen churches of Newark, N. J., have united in a movement to prevent the introduction of beer or intoxicants in factories during working hours. At a meeting held last week the Rev. Daniel Halleron submitted the following card, which is to be printed in German and English and posted in all the factories: "All persons employed on these premises are prohibited from bringing in or drinking beer or other intoxicants during working hours." A motion to appoint a committee to distribute the cards led to a spirited debate, in which the churches and societies which had not expressed a desire to co-operate with the movement were severely criticised.

—A central organization of all the Christian relief and benevolent associations of the United States, such as the Red Cross, the Franklin Relief Association, etc., is to be formed. A general meeting of delegates from these societies met at Alleghany Valley Camp last Saturday for conference and action.

—At the recent Commencement exercises at Hamilton College a new Theological Seminary building (Baptist) was dedicated. The Rev. Alvah Hovey, LL D., made the principal address.

—A rather curious action for a Church Congress to take was that of the Anglican Church Synod, which was in session in Toronto last week, which issued a resolution expressing its heartfelt sympathy with their fellow-churchmen and the loyal minority in Ireland, declaring that the threatened legislative separation of Ireland would imperil the stability and integrity of the empire and expose the loyal minority to unbearable oppression, and pledging its members to use every legitimate influence to arrest the peril which threatens them. The resolution caused much indignation among Church of England people who are friends of Home Rule, and who propose to publicly protest against the resolution.

—The Ocean Grove (N. J.) Association have officially announced the meetings for the summer as follows: July 4, general religious services in the auditorium; July 7-8, anniversary of the Women's Christian Temperance Union; July 10-20, assembly meetings of the Methodist Sunday-schools of the State; July 21, meeting of the National Reform Association; July 22, African Methodist Episcopal jubilee; July 23, Ocean Grove Memorial Day; July 27, New Jersey Sabbath Union; July 28 to August 1, National Temperance Society meeting; August 3-6, meeting for the encouragement of Christian women; August 9-10, Seamen's Friend Society; August 14-15, Women's Foreign Missionary Society; August 17-28, Methodist camp-meetings.

THE WEST.

—The Swedish Lutheran Synod in session last week at Minneapolis listened to addresses on home and foreign missionary work by the Rev. John Tellen and Professor W. K. Frick, respectively. The general subject of theological discussion was "Unity in the Work of Education." One address spoke of three views entertained in the Synod: the original view, that we should educate ministers and school-teachers only; the centralizing view, to have one college and suitable preparatory schools; and the latest view, to have one theological seminary, or even university, with as many colleges as the conferences can sustain.

—The affairs of Augustana College at Rock Island, Ill., were considered in the Augustana Synod at Minneapolis, a lively debate taking place on methods of raising funds therefor. The Building Committee reported that the receipts had been $36,035 for the year, including a gift of $25,000 from the Hon. P. L. Cable. The expenditures were $34,718, $31,986 having been expended on the new college building.

—The annual convention of the Indiana Sunday-School Union was held in New Albany last week. The annual address was delivered by President Levering. He stated that every county in Indiana was organized on the Sunday-school work of the State Union; that great advances were being made in the Sunday-school cause throughout the State, and the cause was prosperous financially as well as wonderfully efficient in the moral and religious training of the youth of Indiana.

—The Nebraska Chautauqua Assembly holds its fifth annual session at Crete from July 1 to 10, under the general conductorship of the Rev. A. E. Dunning. Among the speakers and lecturers will be the Rev. R. R. Meredith, D.D., of Boston, Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, of Iowa, the Hon John M. Thurston, of Omaha, Professor Frank Beard, of New York, Mrs. G. R. Alden ("Pansy"), Professor R. S. Holmes, and the Rev. Lyman Abbott.

—The first National Convention of the Youths' Christian Association was held in Urbana, Ill., June 19 to 21. Mr. Glenwood Preble, of Memphis, Tenn., was elected President. The first association was organized in Indianapolis, Ind., in 1876, and two years later, in November, 1878, the first association in Illinois was organized at Champaign. From this time on the work of forming local associations has progressed steadily, until now there are fifty of them included in the National association, scattered in eight States, with a membership of 1,442, representing seven denominations.

—A new Methodist Episcopal church was dedicated on June 20 at Perin Mills, Ohio.

—The sect known as the Berean Baptists have just dedicated a church at Vissalia, Ky. This church was organized by the Rev. John Morris, and is the only one of the same denomination in the State. A belief that is peculiar to this religious sect is that, while the righteous enjoy eternal bliss, the wicked merely perish out of existence, there being no hereafter with them.

—The corner-stone of the new First Baptist Church in Louisville, Ky., erected at the cost of $30,000, was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies June 17.

—The Baptist Mission at Normal Park, Ill., has been organized into a church, with the Rev. S. H. Taylor as pastor. In the same State a new Baptist church has been organized at Fernwood.

—A Chicago church member offers to pay $1,000 to any one pointing out a single instance of auricular confession in the New Testament.

—The Congregational church in Memphis, Mich., is receiving members, mostly on confession, at every communion, held bi-monthly, and has increased fifty per cent. in eight months. It has a large and flourishing Society of Christian Endeavor. This shares the Sunday evening services with the pastor, C. S. Shattuck, by which the attendance of both the young and others has been greatly increased.

THE SOUTH.

—Missionary Diaz (Baptist) says that about three hundred converts are waiting for an opportunity to elude the priests and be baptized by night at Havana, Cuba, and its vicinity.

—At the Lutheran General Synod, just held at Roanoke, Va., the Rev. F. T. Horn, of Charleston, S. C., made a report upon the progress of a common service book which is intended to meet the wants of the whole Lutheran Church in this country, thus securing union in a recognized form of worship for fully one million persons. The Rev. G. U. Werner, of New York, made a report as a member of the Service-Book Committee in behalf of the General Synod, North, and the Rev. B. M. Schmucker, D.D., of Pottstown, Pa., reported in behalf of the General Council. Three general bodies represented aggregate fully four hundred thousand communicants, and their work commends itself to all Protestant Christians who understand and appreciate the rich liturgies of the Reformation Church. The common service book will be based upon the historical forms of the sixteenth century.

—The Rev. Sam Jones having been reported as saying in Columbus, Miss., in the course of an address, "that all who said that immersion is the only and exclusive form of baptism are liars," the Baptists in that city have passed an indignant set of resolutions, in which they say, among other things: "That, as a church and people, we do solemnly declare that no such system of proselytism as is here charged against us was adopted, or pursued, or countenanced by us in any way, during the meetings of Jones and Small in our city; and we challenge Mr. Jones to give his authority for so grave and unjust a charge against the Baptists of this community. 2. That no Baptist minister or intelligent layman in Columbus ever taught that our 'mode of baptism alone could be to the converts the seal and the sure witness of their soul's salvation.' And the man or woman cannot be found in our church who ever taught or believed that the converts 'would be damned if they were not immersed.' In the first place, we do not believe that either baptism or the Lord's Supper is a seal of salvation." They also deny most emphatically that they discouraged attendance at his recent meeting, and declare that, on the contrary, the Baptists heartily co operated in his work.

MINISTERIAL PERSONALS.

CONGREGATIONAL.

—E D Curtis has been appointed General State Missionary for Michigan by the Home Missionary Society.

—Joseph B. Baldwin, of West Cummington, Mass., died, at the age of eighty-two, on June 22.

—H. N. Harriman, of the First Church of Bangor, Me., accepts a call to the Pilgrim Church of Providence, R. I.

—J. T. Blanchard accepts a call to Monticello, Iowa.

—Prescott Fay, of Cambridge, Mass., accepts a call to Bradford, N. H.

—J. K. Fuller, of Bakersfield, Vt., has resigned.

—William Shaw has been installed as pastor of the Berean Church, Atlanta, Ga.

—W. S. Bugbey has been installed as pastor of the church at Cheboygan, Mich.

—H. Price Collier, of Hingham, Mass., has received a call from the Unity Church in Harlem, N. Y.

PRESBYTERIAN.

—James Stuart Dickson was installed as pastor of the Woodland Church, Philadelphia, June 25.

—George M. Karner, of Plainfield, N. J., accepts a call to the Second Church at Manchester, N. H.

—W. N. Ritchie was installed as pastor of the Fourth Church in Philadelphia on June 22. The Rev. W. P. Breed, D.D., preached the sermon.

—William P. Finney has been ordained and installed as pastor of the churches at New Egypt and Cream Ridge, N. J.

—James Kennedy, D.D., has been elected to the professorship of practical theology in the Allegheny Seminary, left vacant by the death of Dr. J R. W. Sloane.

—J. Garland Hamner was installed as pastor of the Wickliffe Church at Newark, N. J., on June 25.

—J. W. Teal, of the Second Church of Germantown, Pa., accepts a call to the Westminister Church in Elizabeth, N. J.

—H. D. Northrop, of the North Tenth Street Church, Philadelphia, has resigned.

—Charles A. Walker, of Germantown, Pa., has accepted a call to St. George's, Delaware.

BAPTIST.

—H. B. Hunton, of Gilmanton, N. H., accepts a call to the Free-Will Church at Wolfeborough.

—S. H. Peckham, of the Free Church at Great Falls, N. H., has resigned.

—R. E. Manning, of Milwaukee, Wis., accepts a call to Detroit, Mich.

—W. G. Russell, of Eatontown, N J., has resigned, and accepts a call from the First Church at Long Branch.

—E. S Gardiner, of Plantsville, Conn., has received a call from the church at Medfield, Mass

—D. DeWolf, of Bristol, Conn., has received a call from Salem, N. J.

—F. E. Davison, of Biddeford, Me., accepts a call from the Free Church at St. Johnsbury, Vt.

—F. L. Hayes, of the First Free Church of Boston, Mass, has been elected President of Hillsdale College, Mich.

—J. J. Reader has received a call from the West Fifth Street Church of Lowell, Mass.

—D. H. Adams, of St. Johnsbury, Vt., accepts a call from the Free-Will Church at Franklin Falls.

—J. J. Muir has received a call from the Third Church of Germantown, Pa.

—H. Sterling Wall, recently a Methodist, has been ordained and installed pastor over the Blockley Baptist Church in Philadelphia.

EPISCOPAL.

—D. H. Lovejoy, late of Washington Territory, has been elected rector of St. John's Church, Hestonville, Pa.

—George William Douglass, S.T.D., assistant at Trinity Church, New York City, has resigned.

—J. Dennis has been installed as rector of Emmanuel Church, Philadelphia (Reformed Episcopal).

—Mr. Stafford, a recent graduate of the Seminary, has received a call from the Church of the Resurrection at Richmond Hill, L. I.

—Francis Pott, a son of Mr. James Pott, the publisher, starts at once for China to join the Protestant Episcopal Mission. His classmate, Adolph Matin Lewish, sails in the same steamer for the mission in Japan.

—E. T. Hamel, of Grace Church, Columbus, Neb., has resigned.

—P. B. Lightner accepts a call to Newcastle, Del.

OTHER CHURCHES.

—Daniel C. Van Normand, D.D., successively President of the Rutgers Female College and of the Van Normand Institute of this city, and one of the most prominent men in the Methodist denomination, died in this city last week.

—J W. Presby, of East Rochester, N.H. (Methodist), has been transferred to Kansas.

—W. B. Smith, formerly pastor of the Unitarian churches in Walpole and Fall River, Mass., died at Grafton on June 17.

—W W. Marsh, a prominent Maine Methodist, died at Bangor, Me., on June 18.

—S. G. Davis, of the Universalist church at Norwich, Conn., has retired from the ministry.

—T. B. Reid, of New York City, has been appointed pastor of the African Methodist Episcopal Church in Jamaica, L. I.

—Maurice Oerter, of the graduating class in the Moravian Theological Seminary, has been appointed pastor of the Fourth Church in Philadelphia.

Books and Authors.

MAGAZINE MISCELLANY.

Harper's Monthly.—An abundance of pleasant and seasonable summer reading will be found in the July number. Here, for instance, are Mr. William Hamilton Gibson's "Singing Wings," gracefully illustrated from the author's own drawings; Mr. H. P. Wells's "Salmon Fishing;" Mrs. Olive T. Miller's little sketch of a curious animal which she calls a "Night Monkey," illustrated by Mr. J. C. Beard, the well-known animal-painter; and Mr. Roe's "Home Acre," not to speak of the month's installment of Mr. Warner's charming serial watering-place story, which this month deals with Narragansett Pier, and is amusingly illustrated by Reinhart. All these articles are specially fitted to the season, and are brightly and attractively written. In the long illustrated article on the New York Produce Exchange, by Mr. Richard Wheatley, which is also elaborately and handsomely illustrated, a comprehensive and intelligible account of the mysterious operations of this great institution is presented to the reader. But perhaps the article of the most serious import is the first of a series of "Social Studies" by Richard T. Ely. The first three papers will deal with the railway problem, and from the introductory one we quote a passage of some length, which our readers will be interested in seeing, as illustrating and carrying out the ideas presented in an article to be found in another column:

"I propose to show that our abominable no-system of railways has brought the American people to a condition of one-sided dependence upon corporations, which too often renders our nominal freedom illusory. I propose to call the attention of my readers to the distinction between the form and the substance of liberty, and to enforce upon them the truth that the shell without the kernel is a gift to be scorned. Finally, with such means as are at my command, I desire to urge them to make a mighty effort to overthrow the power of our industrial masters, and to make them our servants, as they should ever have been, to the end that a noble democracy in social and political life may once more flourish among the American people.

"Gloversville, N. Y., manufactures gloves for all parts of the United States, but it is doubtful if one-thousandth part of the product of this industry is consumed in the town and its immediate environs. Westfield, Mass., manufactures whips, in like manner, for the United States, and a few towns, like Waltham and Elgin, supply us with nearly all our watches. When Adam Smith wrote his 'Wealth of Nations,' one hundred years ago, he assured the English farmers that they had no reason to be alarmed at his advocacy of free trade, because Irish beef was too remote ever to become a serious competitor in the English markets with English beef, as some had evidently feared. Now, beef slaughtered and dressed in Chicago is eaten fresh in Baltimore and New York, and the English cattle-grower views with indignation the incursions of American beef on the English market. The railroad thus becomes a factor in every step of production, and this so generally that it would be difficult to go into a New York market or a New York shop and pick out one single article in the price of which charges for the use of the railway did not form an element. . . .

"Competition? Yes, competition is sometimes a blessing and sometimes a curse. It is a curse in railways, as we shall see when we come to the following article on the evils of railway management in the United States. Apart from that, what portion of the producers of the United States can ever hope to have even nominal competition? How many have effective competition?—competition, that is to say, among so many who offer their services that any combination to cease competition is altogether impracticable. Few, if any, as Mr. Hudson has abundantly shown in his recent remarkable work on railways—a work so admirable in needed criticism that one feels inclined to pass lightly over its weakness in constructive effort. Furthermore, as we can again see in Mr. Hudson's work, as well as in any even superficial survey of the history of our railways, the most marked feature of their development is their tendency toward amalgamation and combination. Who needs to be told this when railway advocates fill the air with their noisy declamations for the legal recognition of the pool, a combination among rival lines to prevent competition, as the next step in popular reform of our means of communication and transportation, when, furthermore, the absorption of the two most prominent parallel lines in the country, the West Shore and the Nickel Plate, stands out as two of the chief events of the railway history of recent years?"

The short stories of the number are only fairly good, not being, we think, quite up to the average of this magazine. The frontispiece of the number is a new portrait of Nathaniel Hawthorne, the story of which Mr. Curtis tells in the "Easy Chair."

Atlantic Monthly.—Nearly every one will turn first in the July issue of the "Atlantic Monthly" to Oliver Wendell Holmes's paper, in which he gives a description of his first visit to Europe, now more than fifty years ago, and a prospective glance at what he is seeing on this his second visit. The article is charmingly reminiscent, and our readers may be pleased to see a short extract from it:

"After an interval of more than fifty years I propose taking a second look at some parts of Europe. This will give my readers of the 'Atlantic,' as well as the writer, a vacation to which we both seem entitled. It is a Rip Van Winkle experiment which I am promising myself. The changes wrought by half a century in the countries I visited amount almost to a transformation. I left the England of William the Fourth, of the Duke of Wellington, of Sir Robert Peel; the France of Louis Phillippe, of Marshal Soult, of Thiers, of Guizot. I went from Manchester to Liverpool by the new railroad, the only one I saw in Europe. I looked upon England from the box of a stage-coach, upon France from the coupé of a diligence, upon Italy from the chariot of a vetturino. The broken windows of Apsley House were still boarded up when I was in London. The asphalt pavement was not laid in Paris. The Obelisk of Luxor was lying in its great boat in the Seine, as I remember it. I did not see it erected; it must have been a sensation to have looked on, the engineer standing underneath, so as to be crushed by it if it disgraced him by falling in the process. As for the dynasties which have overlaid each other like Dr. Schliemann's Trojan cities, there is no need of moralizing over a history which, instead of *Finis*, is constantly ending with *What next?*

"With regard to the changes in the general conditions of society and the advance in human knowledge, think for one moment what fifty years have done. I have often imagined myself escorting some wise man of the past to our Saturday Club, where we often have distinguished strangers as our guests. Suppose there sat by me—I will not say Sir Isaac Newton, for he has been too long away from us, but that other great man, whom Professor Tyndall names as next to him in intellectual stature, as he passes along the line of master minds of his country from the days of Newton to our own—Dr. Thomas Young, who died in 1829. Would he or I be the listener, if we were side by side? However humble I might feel in such a presence, I should be so clad in the grandeur of the new discoveries, inventions, ideas, I had to impart to him that I should seem to myself like the ambassador of an emperor. I should tell him of the ocean steamers, the railroads that spread themselves like cobwebs over the civilized and half-civilized portions of the earth, the telegraph and the telephone, the photograph and the spectroscope. I should hand him a paper with the morning news from London to read by the electric light; I should startle him with a friction match; I should amaze him with the incredible truths about anæsthesia; I should astonish him with the later conclusions of geology; I should electrify him by the fully developed doctrine of the correlation of forces; I should delight him with the cell-doctrine; I should confound him with the revolutionary apocalypse of Darwinism. All this change in the aspects, position, beliefs, of humanity since the time of Dr. Young's death, the date of my own graduation from college!

"I ought to consider myself highly favored to have lived through such a half century. But it seems to me that in walking through the streets of London and Paris I shall revert to my student days, and appear to myself like a relic of a former generation. Those who have been born into the inheritance of the new civilization feel very differently about it from those who have lived their way into it. To the young, and those approaching middle age, all these innovations in life and thought are as natural, as much a matter of course, as the air they breathe; they form a part of the framework of their intelligence, of the skeleton about which their mental life is organized. To men and women of more than threescore they are external accretions, like the shell of a mollusk, the jointed plates of an articulate."

Another article which will be read with interest is "French and English," by Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton, whose essays, whether on art or social topics, are always written with ease and in a finished style. He attempts in this paper to indicate the difference in manners and morals, modes of life and thought, between the neighboring nations. This is the way in which he describes the art of writing brilliantly in a foreign country:

"The art consists simply in flattering the patriotic jealousy of your readers by a remorseless satire on the foreigner. As there is always much that is ridiculous in every country, and a fearful amount of most real and undeniable evil besides, you have only to show up one or the other in the pitiless glare of day. A fine contrast may be produced by hiding your own faults and exhibiting those of your neighbor.

"The foreigner may be effectively dealt with in two ways. He may be made to appear either ridiculous or wicked. The satire may be humorous, or it may be bitter and severe. The French, with their lighter temperament, take pleasure in making the Englishman absurd. The English, on their part, though by no means refusing themselves the satisfaction of laughing at their neighbors, are not disinclined to assume a loftier tone. It is not so much what is obviously ridiculous in French people that repels as that which cannot be described without a graver reprobation.

"A writer cannot acquire experience in his profession without discovering that the spirit of justice is the greatest of all hindrances to effect. *Just* writing does not amuse, but malevolence can easily be made entertaining. What is less obvious is that Justice often puts her veto on those fine effects of simulated indignation which the literary advocate knows to be of such great professional utility. It is a fine thing to have an opportunity for condemning a whole nation in one terribly comprehensive sentence. The literary moralist puts on his most dignified manner when he can deplore the wickedness of thirty million human beings. It is ennobling to feel yourself better and greater than thirty millions, and the reader too has a fine sense of superiority in being encouraged to look down upon such a multitude. Justice comes in and says, 'But there are exceptions, and they are too numerous to be passed over.' 'That may be,' replies the Genius of Brilliant Literature, 'but if I stop to consider these I shall lose all breadth of effect. Lights will creep into my black shadows, and I shall no longer appall with gloom. I want the most telling oppositions. The interests of art take precedence over commonplace veracity.'

"And there is such tempting safety in effective untruth about foreigners! A clever Frenchman who sets to work to compose a caustic, superficial book about the English or the Germans is well aware that his readers will never study any answer to his statements. He knows that the secret of success is to make the foreigner either odious or ridiculous. It is not long since a Frenchman wrote two silly little books about the English, treating them in that lively style which is always sure of popularity. Nearly at the same time, another Frenchman, more careful and more serious, published a volume on the same subject, which, though it contained a few unintentional errors, was on the whole likely to be instructive and useful to his countrymen. The flippant little books had an enormous sale; the instructive book had but a moderate circulation. The rule holds good for a paragraph or a sentence as well as for a volume. An unjust brief paragraph, with a sting in it, has a far better chance of being remembered than a duller but more accurate statement of the truth."

In his article on the labor question Mr. George Frederick Parsons calls special attention to the relation of temperance to the labor problem, and points out the necessity of self-restraint and self-education on the part of the workingmen. Of the strictly literary articles the most noticeable is that by Harriet Waters Preston on "Ouida," in which she makes it her special effort to find those qualities to which Ouida's undoubted popularity, notwithstanding all her faults, is to be ascribed. Mr. John Fiske contributes another of his thorough and important historical studies on the early times of this country, the present article dealing with the failure of American credit after the Revolution. In addition to the regular installments of the serials there is a very good short story by Mrs. L. W. Champney.

Macmillan's Magazine—As usual, this magazine is decidedly literary in tone. A most amusing *jeu d'esprit* is the short article entitled "Who Wrote Dickens?" in which, following the example of the advocates of the Bacon-Shakespeare theory, the author proves incontestably that the works of Dickens were written by Mr. Herbert Spencer, and that they have a deep philosophical meaning, not hitherto suspected; thus, in the "Pickwick Papers" the footman's "swarry" is nothing but a "contest between Evolutionism and the gorgeous but servile retinue of traditional metaphysics." Mr. Thomas Hardy's serial now running in this magazine contains some of his best work. An unsigned article called "Mystery and Romance," a paper on the "Last Irish Parliament," and a review of recent developments in the question of "International Copyright" are among the other features of a readable number.

THE RAILROAD PROBLEM.[1]

The Select Committee of the United States Senate has shown indefatigable energy and praiseworthy impartiality in gathering from all quarters and all sorts of witnesses material and "views" bearing on the railroad problem. It has shown, too, considerable thoughtfulness in discussing various phases of this problem. But it has not shown any editorial skill in selecting from its enormous mass of material the useful, nor in classifying and arranging the facts which it has elicited. This is unfortunate. For lack of this editorial treatment the report will fail to produce anything like the impression which it ought to produce on the public mind.

In endeavoring to group a few of these facts in this article we start out with the assumption that the railroad is not private property; that, in the words of Judge Russell, of Massachusetts, "railroad corporations are public corporations, created solely for the good of the public, and that they are to be dealt with accordingly." That the public can be protected by allowing whoever chooses to build a railroad, and trusting to free competition to secure equity, has been abandoned by all thoughtful students of this problem, including the ablest railroad magnates; that the Government must interfere for the protection, not only of the shipper, but even of the railroads themselves, may be regarded as now established both here and abroad. Whether this shall be done by a railroad commission, as in many of our States, or by legislative regulation, as in some of them, or by governmental ownership, as in some Continental countries, is the only question for the consideration of the community. Into these questions we do not here enter; we only gather a few facts from these two volumes which make very clear that in some form or other governmental interference is absolutely indispensable to the protection of the public.

Mr. Henry V. Poor, Mr. Edward Atkinson, and Mr. Simon Sterne substantially agree in testifying that one-fifth of all the capital in the country is owned by the railroads. Their statements seem to pass unquestioned. If this is true, the railroads of the country are worth as

[1] *Report of the Senate Select Committee on Inter-State Commerce*, Two Volumes.

much as all of its four million farms. Mr. Sterne says that the railroads wield ten billions of capital, and that, in all fairness, it may be said that half a dozen men control, directly or indirectly, two-thirds of that capitalization. If this be true, then these half-dozen men control more wealth than all the farmers east of the Mississippi. The power, in legislation and out of it, which can be wielded by such a mass of capital, so compactly organized, is almost incapable of exaggeration. Its stockholders, managers, and attorneys are the influential men of the country. The fact that there has been any legislation adverse to its interest is a striking demonstration of the power of public sentiment in a republic. Unregulated, it would certainly become an intolerable plutocracy. Mr. Choate's aphorism would cease to be true: "Railroads are made for the people, not the people for the railroads."

The report of the Senate Committee does not attempt to discuss all of the evils connected with the present system of railroad management. It does not, for instance, discuss the wrecking of small roads and the betrayal of stockholders. The questions which it does discuss may be classified under these heads: What is the effect of the railroads (1) on the small towns? (2) on the small merchants? (3) on each other?

In regard to the first question, neither the committee nor any one summoned to testify before it betrayed any undue agitation. Almost without exception they were city men. The fact that our city population is increasing so enormously, while that of the smaller towns is remaining stationary, was seen, and seen to be largely due to the railroad discriminations against these small towns. Yet nothing rash was suggested, and nothing with the flavor of "grangerism" was proposed. The Georgia commissioners, who are supposed to be among the most vigilant in preventing "unjust and unreasonable" rates, frankly state their belief that the rates for any locality are "to be fixed in accordance with its facilities for transportation, natural or artificial, or both." If the town happens to be on two railroads, it should have cheaper rates; if it happens to be on a river, the rates should be cheaper still. In other words, in this last case the rates should be as low as the railroads can profitably afford to take; in other cases the roads make such additional charges as the helplessness of the towns may render "reasonable." Repeatedly in the testimony the argument is used that if the rates for small towns are lessened the rates for the cities must be raised. Yet just as repeatedly it is stated that the low rates for the cities are due to the fact that if higher rates are agreed upon some road will be tempted to "cut under," and thus break up the pool.

In order to show how great are the discriminations from which non-competitive points suffer it is not necessary to refer to obscure cases where insignificant sums were involved. For instance, the Philadelphia & Reading Railway Company is shown to have shipped coal from the mines to Baltimore (188 miles) for thirty-five cents a ton less than to Philadelphia (ninety miles). The tax thus assessed on Philadelphia amounted to three million dollars per year; yet the "facilities for transportation, natural and artificial," of Philadelphia are great compared with the mass of small towns which are absolutely at the mercy of a single corporation.

But, it may be said, would it not bankrupt the railroads if the law reduced these local rates as much as competition reduces the through rates? To this question a railroad stockholder, or even an unprejudiced man who had watched the stock market, would naturally say, "Yes." But several facts are demonstrated in the report which would indicate the opposite answer. For example: Pool-commissioner Fink, the very highest railroad authority, testifies that the interest on capital earned by the railroads amounts to four and one-half per cent. on all the stocks and bonds in the country. Now, it is a well-known fact that many roads are paying little or no interest to stockholders, but are devoting vast sums to the improvement of their "plant." These sums must, of course, be added to the net earnings of the railroads, so that it would seem that the interest earned is about one-third greater than Mr. Fink's statement would indicate; instead of being four and a half per cent., it is about six. But, it will be objected, is it not absurd to object to such a dividend as this? Must railroads, merely because they are public corporations, content themselves with the same interest which the Nation pays to its bondholders?

A few radicals do take this position. State Socialists believe that legislation should make railroad dividends as certain and as low as the interest paid on the Government bonds. But this is not the position which most of those who attack the railroads for extortion take. Every one who witnessed before the Commission on the subject of stock watering testified that the present capitalization of railroads was from fifty to seventy-five per cent. greater than their actual cost. In other words, even if they are only paying four and a half per cent. on their present capitalization, they are paying an enormous interest on the capital actually invested. As Mr. Poor says: "If the fictitious capital could be eliminated from their accounts, their success as investments would have no parallel."

In regard to our second question, "What will the railroads do with the small merchants?" we find in the report too much generalization and too little practical suggestion. There was, however, a very general condemnation of special rates and rebates. Quite a number of those before the committee expressed themselves as favoring the establishment of one car-load as the unit of freight, and forbidding a higher proportional rate for one car-load than for ten. On this point the testimony of Mr. F. B. Thurber is particularly interesting and valuable. He makes the statement that "the west-bound pool, for several years, while able to enforce its mandates, made no distinction between car-load shipments and smaller quantities." If this be true, a unit of freight less than the car-load might be established without working injustice to the railroads.

But the worst feature in the discriminations against the small shipper is the giving of special rates by secret contract. Mr. Hudson, in his admirable book on "The Railways and the Republic," tells of a shipper of iron ore who was asked the rate on ore from Lake Erie to the iron works of Pittsburg. He replied: "Oh, the open rate is $1.50 a ton, but everybody gets a special rate, and it all depends upon that." These special rates often amount to a rebate of sixty per cent., and sometimes, as in certain contracts of the Standard Oil Company, to a rebate of sixty per cent. *not only on what they ship themselves, but also on all that their competitors ship.* This would be incredible if it had not been proven in open court. The richer and more powerful the merchant, the greater his chances of securing special rates. The small trader cannot compete with his richer rival, and must go to the wall. In summing up this subject of discriminations, one must indorse the words of Mr. Hudson: "Discriminations between localities are burdensome and dangerous; discriminations between individuals are corrupt and criminal."

So far we have considered the wrongs of the public. Yet the railroads as well as the public are now appealing for legislative interference. The public wishes to be protected against the railroads; the railroads wish to be protected against each other. The commissioner of pools says that pools are but houses made of cards, from which if one card be taken the whole house falls to pieces. Useless new roads are springing up, and agreements between roads do not prevent "ruinous competition." Therefore the same man who had urged that it was not desirable for the Government to establish maximum rates says that the establishment of *minimum* rates would be desirable! The fact that the average freight rates are so marvelously low (one cent and one-tenth to carry a ton a mile) is pleaded by many to support the proposition that the great problem is not how to protect the public but how to protect the capitalists. So long as the average cost of transporting goods is but thirty-five per cent. of the amount charged (the clear profit of the roads being over forty per cent), the public is not likely to accept this conclusion. Yet the evil of which the railroads complain is a real one. Competing roads, such as the West Shore, the Nickel Plate, and the road now being built through Southern Pennsylvania, are absolutely worthless to the public, and simply result in half ruining the lines already existing. Ought the public to permit a corporation to squander millions in such attempts to waylay a rival? Most of those before the committee thought that it should not. Commissioner Kernan stated that in Massachusetts two years ago there was a law passed that charters for new roads should only be granted on the approval of the Board of Commissioners. Mr. Kernan thought that New York should pass a similar measure. This seems to be the general opinion of experts in railroad matters. Mr. Thurber took the opposite view; he ridiculed the "no competition" men by comparing them to a supposed druggist whose letter to the "Tribune" he read before the Committee.

"*To the Editor of the Tribune:*

". . . The stock of goods in my store cost me about $20,000, though I frankly admit that it could now be replaced for less than $10,000. To-day a stranger came to our little town and bought a store, and put in a stock of drugs, about $10,000 worth, and it is as good as mine. Now, what I want you to do is this: Present a bill to the Legislature, and get them to restrict competition in regard to drug stores. JONATHAN WHIFFLETREE.

"PUMPKINVILLE, N. Y."

So long as the Government permits railroads to charge what they please, Mr. Thurber's argument is unanswerable. Railroads should be exposed to competition as much as drug stores. But if the Government should restrict railroad charges, it might also legitimately restrict railway building.

We have in this article but suggested some facts and thoughts for the consideration of the reader. The student must be referred to the Report itself, with an expression of regret that the Committee had not possessed a member who could have presented its results with a literary skill like that displayed by Professor Hadley, of Connecticut, in his late Labor Bureau Report. As it is, we fear that even the average editor will hardly tackle it.

George Eliot and her Heroines. By Abba Goold Woolson. (New York: Harper & Bros.) This book adds another to the many volumes in which the literary art and the philosophy of life expressed in the novels of the greatest female writer of English fiction are analyzed from the standard of her own character and life. One by one Mrs. Woolson takes up the topics of George Eliot's literary art, her personality and opinions as indicated in her novels, her works as studies of woman's character, the purpose and lessons of her plots, the influence of her temperament, her standard of ethics, and her "religion of humanity." Occasionally the application of the theory to the fact seems a trifle too ingenious and *à priori*, but as a rule the writer's analysis and comment show both discrimination and keenness. The whole may be described as a study of character rather than a piece of literary criticism. The effort to be fair and impartial is honestly carried out. Perhaps Mrs. Woolson's opinion of George Eliot as a novelist might need some modification, but her statement of the ethical and moral canons which should govern fiction is excellent, and her description of what she thinks to have been the limitations in this direction of her subject is clearly and forcibly put, yet free from harshness. Thus she says: "A mind as sincere and uncompromising as her own could make no hypocritical assent to what it had rejected as untrue. If her opinions were not to be obtruded, neither, on the other hand, were they to be denied. Beneath all the seeming conformity to accepted religious doctrines, some observant minds, even among her earliest readers, did not fail to detect a certain singularity in her treatment of moral questions, when these were presented for solution to the heroines of her books."

The Story of Norway. By Hjalmar H. Boyesen. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.) The excellent series, "The Story of the Nations," of which this well-printed and profusely illustrated book forms part, continues to present that thoroughness of execution, genuine historical value, and essential attractiveness of style that marked the early volumes. Certainly in no case has the subject been better fitted to the writer and the writer to the subject than in Professor Boyesen's "Norway." Our readers are so well acquainted with Professor Boyesen's literary skill and freshness of method and style that he needs no special praise from us. He has given us here the best Scandinavian history to be found in our language. The story of his native land is told with dramatic force, the intention of the general series being to present such phases of history as will attract and interest the young. The tales of the national heroes, the exploits of the Vikings, the myths and folk-lore, and the records of personal achievements and courage, receive full attention at his hand. It is saying but the literal truth to assert that few novels possess the fascination of this story thus told.

LITERARY NOTES.

—Mr. Laurence Oliphant's new novel, "Masollam," is said to deal with psychometrical problems.

—Cassell & Co. will publish this month Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's new story, "Kidnapped."

—David Van Nostrand, the well-known publisher of military and scientific books, died in New York last week.

—It is said that Justin McCarthy, the novelist and statesman, proposes to make a lecturing trip in America this fall.

—The edition on large paper of Longfellow's works, of which five hundred copies are printed, has all been ordered, although it will not be published until the fall.

—Mr. A. P. Sinnett, who is well known for his writings on esoteric Buddhism, has written another story which he calls "United." It is devoted to the mysteries of theosophy.

—An authenticated Schiller relic—a gold ring containing a lock of the poet's hair, whose genuineness is attested to by Schiller's daughter—was sold in Berlin recently for £11 10s.

—Frank R. Stockton's novelette, which will begin in the August "Century" and run through three numbers, is called "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine."

—Dr. Edward Eggleston, who has been searching the British Museum for hitherto unused material for use in his projected papers on American colonial history, has returned to this country with improved health and a mass of valuable material.

—The volume of the Famous Women Series dealing with Susannah Wesley will be published immediately by Roberts Brothers. The same publishers have about ready a new story by Mrs. Helen Campbell, to be entitled "Miss Melinda's Opportunity."

—The date of his birth having been called in question recently, Mr. Whittier wrote: "I cannot say positively from my own personal knowledge when I was born, but my mother told me it was on the 17th of December, 1807, and she was a very truthful woman."

—The library of the late Leopold von Ranke numbers about 30,000 volumes, and includes many works of great value. It was insured by him for $75,000. Of course it could not be replaced for that sum, as some of the volumes are not to be purchased for any money.

—The niece of Thomas Carlyle, Mrs. Alexander Carlyle, dissatisfied with Mr. Froude's work as her uncle's literary executor, intrusted all the Carlyle papers to Professor Charles Eliot Norton, of Harvard College. To dispel false opinions of Carlyle's nature and temper, which he thinks were misrepresented by the course which Froude followed, the American editor has published two volumes of Carlyle's correspondence, and now completes his work by a collection of his personal reminiscences of Carlyle and an arraignment of Froude in the forthcoming number of the "New Princeton Review."

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE POUGHKEEPSIE PLAN AGAIN.

Editors of The Christian Union:

The "Poughkeepsie plan," as stated in your columns, appears to be a most admirable method of settling the difficulty of conducting public schools and at the same time respecting the religious convictions of parents. I am sure that no one but a religious bigot would object to it.

Respectfully yours, JOHN ANKETELL, A.M.,
Presbyter of the Diocese of New York.

THE BILL TO PAUPERIZE THE PEOPLE.

To the Editors of The Christian Union:

We have heard much about pauperizing the people by the Blair bill. Give this aid to education and the South will be pauperized. An industrious statesman has been endeavoring to find how this would come about, and claims to have discovered the process. He says that he has searched all legislation under the Constitution, but finds that the great pauperizing measure in American history was passed by the old Continental Congress before the adoption of the Constitution of the United States.

This terrible measure that has pauperized so many States of the Union is the ordinance of '87 which set apart a portion of the public domain for common schools and a portion for the establishment of universities. Under the Blair bill the largest amount that would go to any State is a little over $6,000,000 during the eight years of its operation, to general school purposes, and $166,000 in aid of erection of required school buildings.

And this scrutinizing statesman finds that the ordinance of '87 has already pauperized Illinois by being the source of a school fund amounting to $9,437,000, and that it has pauperized Indiana in the same way to the amount of $9,339,000. In view of the pauperizing effect of these funds in these impoverished States of Illinois and Indiana, our statesman is not surprised that so many have been frightened into the belief that the South is to be pauperized by the Blair bill. In his judgment, he says, education doesn't pauperize, but, in view of the terrible results in the States named, he gives it up. He don't want to be pauperized, or have his children pauperized, or have the South pauperized.

*

HOW ONE PASTOR CONDUCTS A BIBLE SERVICE.

The views of Dr. Abbott recently expressed in favor of a more helpful service than the old-fashioned conference meeting find a response in my observation, thought, and experience. I find pastors, even in large and flourishing churches, puzzled to know what to do with the prayer-meeting. "What do you do with the dreadful prayer-meeting?" asked our pastor. "I do not know but that I shall have to go into the Episcopal Church to get rid of the prayer-meeting. I've tried everything to make it go," said another. Another complained that the talk in his young people's meetings lacked thought. Let me tell your readers what I have been led to do. Last October I found myself with a goodly number of young people at the young people's meetings, and very few to take part. I decided to take up a series of Bible studies which should instruct the mind and touch the conscience. While following no one book, I have been helped by a little manual called "The Gospel Catechism," and by Cheeseborough's "Children Trained for Discipleship." We have studied the great doctrines of the Bible, "The Being of God," "God's Attributes," "The Scriptures," "Sin," "Faith," "Repentance," "Christ and His Work," "The Holy Spirit," "Prayer." Our method is to have the subject divided into five or six points, with appropriate passages, which are vocally given out and read when called for, with comments by the pastor. For a few minutes at the close opportunity is given for voluntary passages, hymns, remarks, or prayers. Month after month the truth has been held before the minds of our young people. Deep thoughtfulness has prevailed, several have entered the kingdom, and the interest broadens and strengthens. (Rev.) G. L. CLARK.

THE "SEVENTH DAY" ARGUMENT.

To the Editors of The Christian Union:

Allow me to express my dissent with the labored argument of the Rev. C. H. Parkhurst, D.D., on the subject of the Sabbath. His finite inferentials cannot eclipse the infinite, positive, absolute, unchangeable enunciations of God, "with whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." "For I am the Lord; I change not. Therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed." "Let God be true (if) every man (is) a liar." See Genesis ii., 1-3: "And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it." What other day has thus been distinguished or set apart by God to be observed as the Sabbath? See Exodus xxxi., 16, 17: "The children of Israel shall keep the Sabbath," etc. Verse 15: "Six days may work be done; but in the seventh is the Sabbath of rest, holy to the Lord," etc. "It is a sign between me and the children of Israel forever, for a perpetual covenant." Many other passages in the Old Testament exist of the same purport, and might be quoted. The forced construction put on the words, "the Lord's day," by the Rev. Mr. Parkhurst, is evident. God is very often in the Scriptures spoken of as Lord; also as Lord God. It is evident that Christ came to do his Father's will, not to destroy, but to fulfill, and that one jot or tittle should in no wise pass from the law till all be fulfilled. So far as revealed, Christ and all his apostles taught in the synagogues on the seventh day; and they all that wrote the Gospels agree that Christ rose from the dead on the first day of the week, after the Sabbath. (Acts xv., 21.) James designates the Jewish Sabbath to be the Sabbath. Another forced construction. (Acts xx., 7) At Troas, on the first day of the week, the disciples met Paul "to break bread," when he was about to leave them. How natural it was to show him hospitality and partake of something to eat together! No mention is made of wine or any other ceremony to justify the belief that it was "the Lord's Supper." Shall we say, "It matters not, so long as we keep the seventh part of the time as the Sabbath," and thus drift along with the multitude? Is not this an infatuation inexcusable? Are not God's mandates imperative? Shall a relic of the barbarous and dark ages, when it lacks evidence of validity, be cherished? What says the law and the testimony? Exodus xxiii., 2: "Thou shalt not follow a multitude to do evil, neither shalt thou speak in a cause to decline after many to wrest judgment." Exodus xvi., 28, 29: "And the Lord said, How long will ye refuse to keep my laws and commandments?" "Abide ye every man in his place. Let no man go out of his place on the seventh day." The law of commandments contained in ordinances is abolished (Col. ii., 14-20), but the statute laws of God are to continue "throughout all generations, a perpetual sign and covenant." OLD MAN.

N. B.—Who trusts he was converted to the Christian faith sixty-five years ago.

SANTA MONICA, California, June 11, 1886.

FACT AND RUMOR.

A woman in Indianapolis has brought suit to recover the value of her sewing-machine, which her worthless husband carried to a liquor saloon and raffled off.

An epidemic of suicides is raging in Mannheim, Germany, one attempt at least having occurred there every day of late. This is an abnormal rate for a city of 60,000 inhabitants, and cannot be wholly attributed to "hard times," from which Mannheim suffers in common with other German cities.

The production of gold in the gold fields of the Australian colonies during 1885 reached in value £5,831,468. The total amount from the year of its discovery to 1886 is 79,194,094 ounces, valued at £310,865,718. There has been a considerable decrease in production during late years.

They tell of a boy in England who, seeing a great tent in which a panorama of "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress" was being exhibited, went to the ticket taker and asked if Mr. Bunyan was in. Receiving a negative reply, he remarked that he was sorry, as Mr. Bunyan was his father, and ended with the query, "Of course you'll pass me in free?"

From 5,000 to 8,000 green turtles are annually brought to New York, and they sell at an average of fifteen cents per pound, gross weight. They come from Florida, the West Indies, and the shores of the Spanish Main. Occasionally one is caught as far north as Long Island. They are caught in nets, and also on the beach when they come up to lay their eggs.

"Outing," not content with sending Thomas Stevens on a bicycle to "circumwheel" the world, has just dispatched another special correspondent to the Arctic Ocean, for the purpose of traveling on a tricycle, which serves as a bed at night, through the heart of Russia from Archangel to the Crimea. One of his objects is to show how cheaply long journeys can be made. He is to be gone 100 days, and his traveling expenses are to be within $200.

A recent traveler in Germany has contributed to "The Million" some striking figures about the wages and living of German peasants and mechanics. One man, a hard-working old twig broom maker, earned about 15 cents a day, and his total yearly income of $68.64 was thus divided: clothing, $7.20; incidentals, $1.22; food and lodging, $60.22. His daily fare was: bread, 3 cents a day; coffee and sugar, 2 cents; beer, 2 cents; potatoes and sauerkraut, 3 cents; all other food, 3 cents.

The daily newspapers of New Orleans have abolished the custom of redeeming unsold copies. The proprietors had their suspicions aroused lately that they were being systematically robbed. An investigation was instituted, and it was found that a number of dealers had established routes on which they rented papers at a reduced price instead of selling them. They delivered the papers in the morning, gathered them up in the evening, and returned them to the office and had them redeemed.

Some very attractive specimens of paper slippers, sandals, and other coverings for the feet—a substitute for leather, etc.—have been brought to notice in London, where their manufacture has been recently undertaken. For this purpose paper, paper pulp, or *papier maché* is employed in making the upper, which is molded to the desired form and size; the sole is made of paper or pasteboard, leather board, or other adapted paper material, a union of this sole to the upper being effected by means of cement, glue, or other adhesive material.

The wife of an excellent Baptist brother complains of us for putting so many good things in the "Herald" about her husband. While thinking what we should do to appease her wrath, we received the following note from the wife of another man just as good: "I see that in your report you have something good to say of every speaker except my husband, and I am constrained to believe that he was left out on purpose and from an unfriendly feeling on your part. I am glad to know that he can make his way without you or your dots." We wonder that so few Baptist editors commit suicide.—[Richmond Religious Herald.

"What is this which I hold in my hand?" asked a minister not a thousand miles from Springfield of his Sunday-school children Sunday. "A watch," replied two or three of the brightest and most perspicacious of the little ones. "Very good," continued the minister. "Now tell me what kind of a watch it is," expecting the reply to describe the material of the watch-case. The pastor was completely shunted from the main track when a knowing little fellow shouted so that the whole congregation could hear, "Waterbury!"—[Springfield Union.

"The Signal," the organ of the Blue Ribbon Mission, draws attention to the fact that in one day in Liverpool the coroner held five inquests on cases in which drink was the principal factor. The first was a case of apoplexy, attributed to "excessive drinking;" the second, inflammation of the lungs, the direct result of "excessive drinking;" the third death was caused by "drink;" the fourth by erysipelas, the outcome of a fall through drunkenness; and the fifth by congestion of the lungs and delirium tremens. Our contemporary significantly adds: "We need not point the moral of such a day's work by the Liverpool coroner."

A wealthy bachelor has just died in St. Petersburg, bequeathing his property in St. Petersburg and Moscow, as well as his stock and investments, to his nephew, though with curious provisos. Before he inherits any of the property the heir must give his word of honor that he will not smoke any longer either cigar, cigarette, or pipe; that he will never again play cards, and that within six months of the proving of the will he will marry, so that he may not die an old bachelor like the testator. The first two engagements have already been entered into by the heir, though with unwillingness; but the third proviso threatens to be insuperable.

While statesmen and patriots are busy making history, says the "Pall Mall Gazette," the citizens of the little town of Calvi have been industriously upsetting biography. Every one knows that Christopher Columbus was born at Genoa. The intelligent schoolboy has read it in the geography books. The hard-working tourist has noted it in his Baedeker. The statue to the great navigator has been set up just outside the railway station, regardless alike of expense and (the critics say) of nature. No one can come in or out of the city without being impressed by the fact that he has seen it. The citizens of Calvi have endured this for years. But the inhabitants of an island which produced a Bonaparte were not to be silenced by statuary or guide-books. Last week they revolted and claimed their rights. Such festivities were held in honor of Columbus that all Corsica must regard his birthplace as settled. A marble tablet has been let into the front of the house where he was born, and Calvi claims henceforth an indefeasible honor. Unfortunately, some sixteen miles out of Genoa the frontage of a little mean tavern in the village of Cogoleto also exhibits a remarkable plaque. This is the inscription engraved upon it: "Stop, traveler! Here Columbus first saw light. This too straitened house was the home of a man greater than the world. There had been but one world. 'Let there be two,' said Columbus; and two there were." Till Calvi can rival this superb piece of grandiloquence Cogoleto is safe.

HOW LONG TO SLEEP.

The latest authority on this vexed question, Dr. Malins, says that the proper amount of sleep to be taken by a man is eight hours. So far as regards city life, the estimate is probably correct. Proverbial wisdom does not apply to modern conditions of social existence. "Five hours for a man, seven for a woman, and nine for a pig," says one proverb; and a second, quoted by Mr. Hazlitt in his "English Proverbs," declares that "Nature requires five; custom gives seven; laziness takes nine, and wickedness eleven."

These conclusions were, however, drawn from observation of country life. Physical fatigue is more easily overcome than intellectual. Which of us, when traveling in the country or abroad, or in any way separated from the ordinary processes of thought and anxiety, has not found that he could, without difficulty, do with a couple of hours less sleep than he was in the habit of taking? Men, however, who follow any intellectual pursuit are exceptionally fortunate if the processes of restoration occupy less that seven hours. More frequently they extend to eight or nine hours.

Kant, I see it stated, took never less than seven hours. Goethe owned to requiring nine. Soldiers and sailors, on the other hand, like laborers, do with much less quantity. I am afraid to say how few hours the Duke of Wellington regarded as essential. A schoolmaster under whom I at one time studied, a hard-working man at the acquisition of languages, proclaimed loudly that he never took more than five hours' sleep. The hour at which he rose in the morning gave some color to this assertion. Only in after life did I discover that a two hours' post-prandial siesta was not included in that allowance. —[The Gentleman's Magazine.

THE TROUBLESOME DUKE.

There are several stories related by the Court Chaplain respecting the eccentricities of the King's brother, the Duke of Cambridge, who would give vent quite loudly to the thoughts current in his mind during divine service. When the clergyman said, "Let us pray," the Duke added, audibly, "With all my heart." On another occasion, as we have heard, he said, "Why the devil shouldn't we?" Once, as the unfortunate curate was reading the story of Zaccheus, "Behold, the half of my goods I give to the poor," the Duke astonished the congregation by saying, aloud: "No, no! I can't do that; that's too much for any man; no objection to a tenth." In answer to "Thou shalt not steal," the Duke remarked: "No, I never did steal anything, except some apples when I was quite a little boy."

Once the Duke objected to the prayer for rain on account of the wind: "No use praying for rain in a northeast wind." The prayer for rain sometimes causes quarrels in country parishes. We knew a case of a farmer rushing to the squire to complain of his parson's selfishness: "Directly he gets up his own rubbishing piece of hay," said the irritated agriculturist, "he begins to pray for rain!" The Court Chaplain informs us that the Curate of Kew got so nervous at the continual interruptions of His Royal Highness that he resigned his appointment.—[Temple Bar.

A board broke on last Sabbath morning, and let a milkman who trusted in it tumble into a well. The milk (?) was splattered around over the curb, and over the grass, and on the walls, and into the water. The milkman climbed out and looked around. A lady who was dressing for church and who witnessed the dire tragedy through the lattice of her window, sat down and wiped the tears from her face with a moist towel. "Poor soul!" she said, as fresh tears bedewed her cheeks, "he was taken in by the best friend he has on earth."—[Interior.

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MUSIC AND ART.

The following cablegrams, published last week in the morning papers, undoubtedly were read with a feeling of sympathy and interest by a great many people:

THE ABBÉ LISZT ILL.

LONDON, June 22.—"The Daily Telegraph" says that the Abbé Liszt is ill at Weimar, and that his physicians fear that his condition is hopeless.

THE ABBÉ LISZT IN BETTER HEALTH.

LONDON, June 22.—Dispatches received this afternoon from Weimar, where it was reported that the Abbé Liszt was ill and dying, state that he is improving.

To some, perhaps, the announcement of Liszt's illness may not have been wholly unexpected, as there is a curious order of mind which, although not given over absolutely to superstition, has a way of believing that "misfortunes never come single," but that they come in groups of certain numbers. In the case of one individual whom we know to possess this odd mental turn, the number always is three. If there happens one great ship wreck or disaster, two more are sure to follow shortly, according to our friend's preordaining philosophy. So with obituary lists his fancy plays these freaks, and if one prominent personage departs from life, the mind of this victim to the great Three of Fate, or whatever else the number may be, rests not until the trio is complete. Thus very recently, in the musical world, the list was started by the suicide of King Louis of Bavaria. Now come the tidings of Liszt's illness, and although we have not lately heard our friend express himself on the subject, the chances are two to one that he will be a disappointed man if poor Liszt is granted a longer lease of life, and if one more prominent man is not added to the list to make his somber trio complete.

It seems that the disposal of the body of the late King of Bavaria has created considerable disturbance among his subjects. "Murmurs are heard on all sides," say the foreign dispatches, "regarding the treatment of King Ludwig. The people ask why his body was not buried in the grave of his fathers in the Theatiner Church instead of being placed in a vault containing the bodies of distant relatives. The official reason given is that the royal vault is already overfilled, but the humble classes believe that it is because the King committed suicide."

During a casual visit at Knoedler's gallery last week we were very much attracted by a remarkably good portrait, which was signed by a name not at all familiar on the list of New York artists. Upon inquiry we discovered that the artist is an English lady whose work is well known at the Royal Academy Exhibitions in London, and who has lately come to New York with the intention of opening a studio here and devoting her attention exclusively to portrait painting. And certainly, if one may judge of the portrait by Miss Brooks now to be seen at Knoedler's, her success should be ample.

The qualities in this portrait are simplicity and directness of conception and execution. A feeling of largeness and breadth of treatment is impressed upon the observer, also a sense of vigorous freedom in the artist's mind, which makes an apparently unconscious use of technique without being in any way controlled by it.

The subject is a child whose attention is suddenly arrested while playing. With one hand she grasps her hoop, while a whole volume of expression is conveyed in the waiting attitude of the other, which, slightly raised, grasps the stick. Warmly dressed in a simple black velvet, fur-trimmed sacque, and all aglow with health and exercise, the little maiden looks straight and quickly out upon the momentary object of her attention. Miss Brooks is certainly an acquisition to the artistic strength of our city.

The new building of the Arion Society, the cornerstone of which has lately been laid with appropriate ceremonies, is to have a frontage of 125 feet on Park Avenue and of 90 feet on Fifty-seventh Street. It will be completed by August next, and will cost $350,000, including the lot and furniture. The material used will be stone, Philadelphia brick, and terra-cotta, the latter to be employed for window trimmings and ornamentation generally. It is to have three stories and basement, in the Italian style, with a balustrade roof and a large entrance on each street. The entire upper floor will be taken up by the ball-room, the second story will contain the dining-room and ladies' dressing-rooms, and the first story a café, and reading, card, and billiard rooms and bar. The basement will be provided with six bowling alleys and an old-fashioned wine-room. The Society has been at its present home, No. 19 St. Mark's Place, since February, 1871, and has been in existence since January, 1854, and now numbers 850 members.

The book of "Standard Operas," by Mr. George Upton, published last fall, met with so immediate a success that the author is preparing a companion volume of "Standard Oratorios." The book will include chapters on Requiems, Stabat Maters, and Te Deums, and will be published in the autumn. Some one should suggest that a book of "Standard Symphonies" would not be out of place in a series like this of Mr. Upton. For, although descriptive analyses of the symphonies which are most often heard—those of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Schubert, Schumann, and Mendelssohn—have been published in separate leaflets, there is not, to our knowledge, a book which embraces them all. And yet a beginning has been made in this direction by Grove's analytical essays upon the symphonies of Beethoven, and by the admirable little treatise of Teetzen upon the same subject. Teetzen's book is, in fact, remarkable for its enthusiasm, and for the keenness of the perception with which the interpreter conceives the composer's thought, and now and then he touches the keynote of the subject in an unerring way, as when he says of the Pastoral Symphony: "What strikes us in this 'household work,' especially in the first movement, is its significant simplicity. It is wonderful, as revealing to us how *profoundly* simple a great man can be, and is—sublime in that as well as in his opulence and power; indeed, simplicity is an inevitable concomitant and *sine qua non* of power, even in a Napoleon, let alone a Shakespeare, a Newton, and a Beethoven."

The question of the preservation of water-color drawings, which was recently discussed with considerable vigor in England, has now been taken up by Mr. Ruskin, who has lately favored the public with his views on the question of the permanence of water-color, expressed in his most authoritative and antithetical manner. "The public may justly sympathize with Sir James Linton in the love of his art which beguiles him into the conviction of its immortality, and pardon Mr. Robinson the care for the future which provokes him into exaggeration of immediate loss." On the whole, Mr. Ruskin is on the side of the President of the Institute of Painters in Water-color. Properly taken care of, says Mr. Ruskin, as a well-educated man takes care of his books and furniture, a water-color drawing is safe for centuries. But it must be kept out of direct sunlight.

Readers' Reference List of New Books and New Editions.

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NOT WITHOUT HONOR SAVE IN HIS OWN COUNTRY.

On board the steamer at Dover, writes Mr. Joseph Hatton to the "Art Journal," on the day of our departure for Ostend, Irving discovered the typical English tourist. "I have never seen him before," he said, "in every-day life; he is common enough in French caricature, but here he is in reality." And it was so; two or three and thirty, with lips apart, showing abnormally long teeth, field-glass and satchel strapped over his shoulders, light overcoat, light trousers, light hat, and all new. In one hand he carried a Continental Bradshaw, in the other he held a biscuit, which he nibbled occasionally. Irving watched him, in his furtive way, enjoying the dramatization of the man and his surroundings, imagining his history, jotting down his idiosyncrasies. He photographed him in his mind, gave him new life on an imaginary stage, or annexed bits of him for use in some already existing *rôle*. It would have been quite as amusing for any one who knew Irving to have seen him in the full enjoyment of his holiday study as it was for him to dramatize the Cockney traveler. Possibly with this wayside illustration of an actor making holiday, the reader may the better understand the method of an impersonator who is just as much at home in illustrating the cruelty of Louis as in realizing the tenderness of Dr. Primrose. "Toole would have spoken to him," said Irving, as we left the tourist to struggle with a cigar, "and we should have had an amusing scene. Toole can do that kind of thing in the most innocent way, and without offense; and a lot of curious information is to be obtained by entering into conversation with strangers. I remember a year or two since Toole and I were at Stratford-on-Avon together. It was a calm summer day, the dinner hour of the local workingman. On the outskirts of the town we came upon a group of two or three laborers who had eaten their midday meal and were smoking their pipes. 'Is this the way into Stratford?' Toole asked. 'Yes,' said one of them, who seemed to be the leader of the rest. 'Do you live at Stratford?' 'Yes,' was the reply, given in a lazy fashion, and without even a glance at Toole. 'Oh, then, you know all about it, and can tell us what we want to learn.' The fellow smoked on with indifference, as did his companions. 'Shakespeare lived here, eh?' 'Who?' 'Shakespeare.' 'Yes.' 'Did you know him?' 'No.' 'Is he still living?' 'Dunno; think he's dead,' turning to his mates, who nodded their approval of his answer. Then he ventured to say, 'Yes, he's dead.' 'His house is to be seen, eh?' 'Yes.' 'Many people come to see it?' 'Yes;' this time with a contemptuous curl of his lip and an extra pull at his pipe. 'Have you ever seen it?' 'I live here' 'I mean ever been inside?' 'Not I.' 'No, you know better, don't you?' 'Should think I do.' His mates smiled, as much as to say they hoped they were not fools either. 'Only fools waste their time in that way?' 'Strangers, maybe.' 'Thank you,' said Toole, taking out his purse; 'you won't object to me standing you a drink.' 'No.' 'Here you are, then.' A horny hand was held out; it passed the coin on to the next man with the order, 'Get half a gallon.' As the messenger stumped across the fields toward the town, his comrade became a trifle more communicative. 'This Mister Shakespeare was a famous man, eh?' 'Suppose he was.' 'A scholar?' 'Dunno.' 'What was he famous for?' 'Writin',' was the reply, and it was given with a sudden gleam of intelligence in the native's dull eyes. 'Oh, writing,' I said, joining in the conversation; 'did he write for the newspapers?' 'No.' 'For the magazines?' 'No.' '"The Family Herald"?' suggested Toole. 'No,' was again the laconic but emphatic reply; but this time the native paused, and looking round as if he had suddenly remembered all about it, said, '*I think he writ for Bible.*'"

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London "Truth" tells this story of a fraud practiced by a dealer in old curiosities: A marvelous altar-piece, worth any amount, was sold in Spain, I think, to an English dealer for £20,000. The vender stipulated that the work should not be shown in public for twelve months, his expressed reason being that the noble family to whom it belonged did not wish it known that they were so poor as to be compelled to sell. On a similar condition the dealer sold it for £40,000 to a French millionaire, who, true to his word, kept his treasure concealed for the time agreed. At the expiration of the year, however, he arranged a breakfast party of connoisseurs, and after the meal exhibited his wonder, and invited expressions of approval. They did not come unanimously, for one young gentleman remarked that his uncle, Don Something-or-other, had the original. Of course there was a great to-do, and the truth was soon ferreted out. Small pieces of the original had been stolen, it appeared, from time to time, and replaced by skillful work fac-similes, so that gradually a second specimen had been built up. There were, therefore, two of the most magnificent fifteenth century gold and silver altar pieces, but neither was wholly genuine. Somebody had to be prosecuted, and as the dealer was rich, he returned the money to his customer, and had the satisfaction of assisting the ingenious copyist to a term of penal servitude.

CHASED BY A WATER-SPOUT.—On Tuesday, October 20, we had a sensation that woke us up a little. The "Trinidad" was chased by a water-spout. It was a very stormy day, with a rough sea, and raining hard. We were then in the neighborhood of latitude 27 degrees, or about one hundred miles further north than Key West. Between one and two o'clock in the afternoon I happened out on deck, and saw just enough sun trying to shine to show that the sun was not entirely drowned out. But the sun, curiously enough, was still over in the east, when it should have been to the westward of us. After cogitating over this phenomenon for a short time, I started aft to look at the compass, and found nearly all the passengers gathered on the after-deck. The compass showed that we were moving southward, and heading for St. Kitts again. The passengers and all the steward's boys were watching a curious column that rose straight up out of the sea and seemed to be chasing us. They lost no time in telling the new-comer that the column was a water-spout, and that the ship had been dodging it for the last half-hour. It was said to be, when we first saw it, about two miles from the ship, and looked, at that distance, about the diameter of a hogshead. The column of water must have been full half a mile high, and from the top of it sprang a dark-colored tail, looking like smoke coming out of a chimney, but perfectly round. This upper part went in a zigzag fashion as far as we could see, and disappeared in the clouds. When first seen the water-spout was immediately in front of us, and the ship's course was changed to avoid it. Then it started after us, and we continued to dodge it for more than half an hour. At last we left it behind, and resumed our course. We did not see it break, but lost it in the distance. I asked Captain Fraser afterward what would have been the result if we had run into it, and he replied that the ship's going into it would undoubtedly have broken the column, so that a few hundred thousand tons of water would have come down on our heads, very much to the detriment of all our "upper works." He thought it would not have damaged the solid parts of the ship; but perhaps it was just as well not to give it a chance to try.—[Correspondence of the New York Times.

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"Who Visiteth the Fatherless and Widow in their Affliction."

The New Upright Piano

OF

MASON & HAMLIN

No other musical instrument has incited the efforts of inventive talent to such a degree as has the piano-forte; and yet, strangely enough, among all the undoubted improvements it has received, no one has hitherto been able to devise a practical and permanent improvement in the method of fastening the strings, upon which it may be said almost the whole value of the piano as a musical instrument depends, since a piano out of tune has no value as a musical instrument, and the capacity to remain in tune is almost wholly governed by the fastening of the strings.

Since the world began, or as soon after as pianos were invented, the end of the string has been wound around an iron peg driven into a plank; and this peg has leaned and bent under the string's enormous tension, and been twisted backward and forward under the hammer of the tuner in the tiresome effort to get it to the precise point where the string would be in tune, all the while loosening its grip on the fiber of the wood, and providing a certainty that the tuner would soon have to be sent for again.

The absurdity of it has not seemed to occur to the public, who wonder that their pianos are so soon wretchedly out of tune; and manufacturers have gone on, one after another, employing this crude and unsatisfactory device in instruments that are otherwise models of the highest skill in the art, just as though the piano could be improved in every other respect but this.

At last it remained for MASON & HAMLIN, accustomed for years to ransack the world for improvements in organs, to apply the same spirit of investigation to the field of piano-making; and it is not too much to say that they have made the one improvement of all the others of this age.

By means of an entire metal frame, in which is cast a projecting flange, iron "carriers," working on a screw thread, are placed; and to these the strings are attached and firmly held to their position. One perceives at a single glance that it is a mechanical impossibility for them to stir from their true and proper tension, and the ease with which every string is brought to a pitch with unerring certainty and smoothness must be a delight to the professional tuner who has all his life contended with the sticking and "jumping" of the pin in the old system.

It should be remembered that MASON & HAMLIN have availed themselves of every improvement already made in other features of the piano as constructed by other makers; but to them all they have added this crowning excellence.

We had the pleasure of seeing and hearing this piano in the elegant rooms of MASON & HAMLIN on Thursday last, when we were at once convinced of the invaluable importance of the improvement described above, as well as charmed with the quality of emitted sound, and the æsthetic elegance of the instrument as a piece of furniture. The man of science must acknowledge the mathematical truthfulness of the principles which are called into action in the alterations, the musical connoisseur must be enraptured with its volume of clear-cut melody, while the artistic eye must see the perfect harmony of line and beauty of proportion in its form and adornment.—[Chicago Indicator: Art and Music.

Mason & Hamlin Organ and Piano Co.

154 Tremont St., Boston; 46 East 14th St. (Union Sq.), New York; 149 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

COLLEGE NEWS.

PRINCETON COLLEGE.—President McCosh's Baccalaureate was preached from Matthew x.. 29–31, the general subject being the watchfulness of Providence over all created things. In the course of the sermon Dr. McCosh gave some personal illustrative reminiscences, telling how, when he was first licensed to preach, his only ambition was to become a country minister; how he was disappointed at the loss of the opportunity sought, but was soon called to a far more important charge, where, he said, "I had to take part in the disruption of the Church of Scotland, one of the great events of the history of that country. I had no thought of settling in this country when the authorities of this college called me, being prompted thereto by the editor of an influential paper in whose company I had traveled for a day." The Class Day exercises took place on Monday, the cannon exercises being, as usual, the feature of the day. The class orator was Mr. Charles R Erdman, the poet Mr. Augustus S. Mapes. In Dr. McCosh's report to the Trustees he said that the greatest want of the college at this moment is a teacher of French, knowing the Romance languages, and capable of teaching Italian and Spanish to those who wish it. The philosophical department he considered better organized than in any American college, and the natural history department as making great advances the past year. Dr. McCosh recommended that Dr. Frothingham, of Johns Hopkins, be appointed associate professor of archæology. The Lynde prize debate was on the question, "Resolved, That a National Organization is of More Advantage to Labor than Trades Unions." The Commencement exercises of Wednesday were notable for the practical and sensible character of the topics chosen by the orators. Mr. M. C. Fleming delivered the Latin salutatory, Mr. G. B. Roddy the English salutatory, the two being tied in scholarship. The master oration was pronounced by Andrew W. Wilson, Jr., the subject being "A Solution of the Labor Problem." There were 120 graduates. Before the delivery of the valedictory by Mr. George A. T. Eddy, Dr. McCosh made his customary plea for a new endowment of some professional chair, and then called upon John J. Blair, who responded humorously, and stated that he was to give $20,000 toward this end. Dr. McCosh added that he could find $10,000 more to put with this, but would like to make the whole sum a grand total of $50,000.

RUTGERS COLLEGE.—On Sunday the Rev. Dr. Wesley R. Davis, of Albany, preached the Baccalaureate from Revelation v., 8, 9. In the Class Day exercises, the following day, the oration was pronounced by John Dewitt, Jr., the poem by Thomas A. Stoddard. In the meeting of the Trustees on Tuesday, James Neilson, Esq., Judge Jonathan Dickson, and the Rev. Dr. Roderick Terry were elected trustees to fill vacancies. Professor Alexander Johnston, of Princeton, addressed the alumni on "The New Political Philosophy;" his address was mainly a refutation of the fallacies of the ethical school of jurisprudence advocated by Herbert Spencer. In the very interesting address by Mr. Charles E. Fitch, of the Rochester "Democrat," on "Journalism as a Profession," he said that the journalist should know something of everything. Journalism as a working profession was laborious, fascinating, exclusive, admitting of no divided allegiance, and especially foreclosing political ambitions. He added:

"Fundamental to all else there must be, in the language of the craft, 'the nose for news;' but instead of recruiting from other professions, journalism will have its own drill-rooms and camps of instruction in our institutions of higher learning. They who have gone into journalism from other professions, even if they are of a high order of intellect, are embarrassed and crippled in it because they are unacquainted with certain branches of knowledge pertaining to it, and because these branches were not contemplated in their original scheme of education. A sufficient answer to the assumption that journalism is best recruited from the outside is that its prominent representatives, Dana, Reid, Godwin, Watterson, Godkin, McClure, Charles Emory Smith, Halstead, Haskell, Bundy, and others that might be named, have made it their life work, engaging in it when they were young men. It is not proposed to give *direct* journalistic training in the college. That can only be given in a newspaper office; but it is suggested that schemes of study may be formulated which may be pursued profitably before practical newspaper work is begun. Such courses could be arranged in the college and continued in the university."

In the usual Commencement exercises on Wednesday addresses were made by the twenty-one candidates for the degree of B.A. President Gates's address to the graduates urged the need of education in politics, and especially in the settlement of the labor problem. The degree of LL.D. was conferred upon Henry Vehslage, Irvington, N. J.; Alexander Johnston, of Princeton College, and William J. Chamberlain, President of Iowa State College.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.—The graduating class of Dartmouth College numbers sixty-eight, of whom fourteen are from the Chandler Scientific Department. The Commencement exercises took place Tuesday. The salutatory was delivered by Gilman D. Frost, the valedictory by Arthur Fairbank. The following honorary degrees were conferred: LL.D., Edward Spalding, of Nashua, N. H., and W. A. Richardson, of Washington; D.D., Professor G. Campbell, of Hanover; Ph.D., Isaac Bridgeman, of Cleveland, Ohio, and Professor E. R Ruggles, of Hanover.

UNION COLLEGE.—Dr. William Ormiston, of New York, preached the Baccalaureate from Titus ii., 6. The usual class exercises occurred on Monday. On Tuesday, at the Alumni meeting, Mr. John M. Bailey, of Albany, was elected President of the Alumni Association. Dr. Featherstonehaugh was re-elected to the Board of Trustees On Commencement Day, Wednesday, the principal event was the address by Senator Warner Miller, the Honorary Chancellor of the year, on the subject "The Position and Duties of Educated Men in a Republic." Among other things Senator Miller said:

"We have too many educated men who are un-American in their sympathies and undemocratic in their lives. If they believe in the permanency of republican institutions, they fail to give expression to that belief or to do anything to advance the permanent interests of the commonwealth. If we should judge from their adoption of foreign manners, their advocacy of foreign political theories, and their devotion to foreign literature, that they preferred an aristocratic to a republican form of government, we should not go wide of the truth. That such results are possible in American colleges is to be regretted, and calls for an immediate remedy, for it is doing much to injure and disparage our colleges among the people.

"Do you complain that the caucus is manipulated and your vote offset by that of the most ignorant man in the community? The more necessity, then, that you should expose the evils of the caucus, and that you should put your vote against that of the ignorant man, and not leave him to cast his alone, and thereby control the Government. If you look deep enough into the caucus, you may find that it has been controlled by some strong-willed and energetic man, whose neighbors have voted with him because they believe in him and like him and because they despise cant and hypocrisy, which so often seeks their votes under the guise of reform."

The honorary degrees conferred were: LL.D., Warner Miller and John Ira Bennett; D.D, the Rev. Staley B Rossiter, the Rev. Tennis S. Hamlin, the Rev. James Norton Crocker; Doctor of Philosophy, Professor Cady Staley; Master of Arts, Daniel S. Lamont.

WESLEYAN COLLEGE.—The Baccalaureate was preached by President Beach, from James i., 27. In the evening of the same day the University sermon was preached by Bishop Hurst. At the annual meeting of the Board of Trustees it was reported that the advance in value of the bonds given by George I. Seney has increased the funds of the college by $150,000. The Board elected as trustees Orange Judd, John C. Rand, Stephen Barker, the Rev. Andrew Longacre, D.D., and the Rev. James M. Buckley, D.D. It is reported that changes are to be made this year in the course of instruction, giving less prominence to Latin, Greek, and mathematics, and more to science and modern languages. The graduating class numbered forty. A new classical museum has been opened. Honorary degrees were conferred as follows: D.D., the Rev. William H. Dallinger, President of Wesley College, Sheffield, England; the Rev. Daniel C. Knowles, Principal of the New Hampshire Conference Seminary, at Tilton; the Rev. L. Sprague, Principal of the Wyoming Conference Seminary, Kingston, Pa.; the Rev. Hubbard C Farrar, of Troy, N. Y. LL.D., Henry W. Harmon, D.D., Professor of Greek at Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa.

TRINITY COLLEGE.—The class oration was delivered by Hermon Lilienthal, the poem by James Goodwin. The feature of the annual meeting on Wednesday was the presentation of a portrait of Bishop Butler. The presentation was made by the Rev. Mr. Pynchon, who told of the long search for an original from which to make the portrait, and the final success in Inkpen Rectory, Hungerford, Berks, England. The copy was made by a painter selected by James Russell Lowell. The gift was received for the college by Bishop Williams. The Alumni Association elected as President William S. Cogswell, of Brooklyn. The Commencement addresses were given on Thursday, Mr. William J. Tate delivering the salutatory, and Mr. Hermon Lilienthal the valedictory. The following honorary degrees were conferred: LL.D, the Hon. John Turner Vail, M.A., Norwich, Conn., and the Hon. James Beach Wakefield, Blue Earth City, Minn. D.D., the Right Rev. William Crosswell Doane, of Burlington College; M.A., Bishop of Albany, and the Rev. William Stephen Rainsford, Rector of St. George's Church, New York City.

WELLESLEY COLLEGE.—Wellesley College graduated a class of fifty-six students at its eighth annual Commencement. Degrees were conferred by President Alice E. Freeman upon eight graduates in the five years' course with music, forty-three in the four years', four in the school of music, and sixteen in the five years' course with music and art. The statue of Harriet Martineau by Miss Whitney, which for about two years was in the Old South Meeting-House, was formally presented to Wellesley College by the artist, whose property it became at the death of Miss Chapman, a friend of Harriet Martineau.

NOTES.—Lehigh University graduated thirty-one students last week.——President Greenough, of the Amherst Agricultural College, has resigned. Prof. H H. Goodell will succeed him.——At Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa., the Bosler Memorial Hall was formally dedicated last week, Mr. George Alfred Townsend delivering the oration.——Announcement has been made at Yale College of important changes and improvements in the medical department.——At Hobart College, Geneva, N. Y., Dr. Morgan Dix, P. Richards, and A. P. Rose were elected trustees to fill vacancies. The corner stone of the new alumni hall and gymnasium was laid. An address was delivered in memory of the late Horatio Seymour by Judge Delano C Calvin, of New York.——At the Smith College Commencement at Northampton, Mass., the principal event was the dedication of the Lilly Hall of Science, presented by Mr. A. T. Lilly, of Florence, Mass. Addresses were made by the Rev. Dr. William R. Huntington, of New York, and Professor J. P. Leslie, and a poem was read by Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, of the "Century." There are forty nine graduates. The degree of LL D. was conferred on Miss Amelia B. Edwards, of England, the distinguished Egyptologist.——The Rev. William DeWitt Hyde was inaugurated as President of Bowdoin College on June 23.——Professor John C. Chamberlain, of Beloit, Wis., has been elected President of the State University to succeed Dr. John C Bascom, resigned.——The Harvard Board of Overseers have concurred with the President and Fellows in electing Ephraim W. Guerney Instructor in Ancient and Modern History, and Silas M. McVane Professor in History.

THE BELLOWS MEMORIAL.

OF recent memorial monuments the one lately placed in All Souls' Church, New York City, to the memory of the late Dr. Bellows, is notable for its unusual merits, and is thus described by the critic of the New York "Tribune:"

"The memorial of the late Dr. Bellows which has been placed in All Souls' Church testifies to the wisdom of the committee who had the matter in charge. Such memorials are too often monuments of misdirected effort, but in this case the commission was intrusted to an artist, and the result is an expressive memorial and a beautiful work of art. This is probably the only full-length mural statue which has been modeled in this country. It is properly a bas-relief, although the relief is higher than the term might indicate, and it is not easy to see that the sculptor has lost any essentials which might have been expressed in a statue in the round. Mr. St. Gaudens had had an admirable subject, and the subject has been admirably treated. The sculptor had to consider a man of dignified character and strong and lovable personality, whose life was civic as well as ecclesiastic. The dignity of the figure is felt at once, in the erect pose, the action, and the firm yet sensitive modeling of the face. The robes have given a rare chance for escape from the trammels of modern costume. The right arm is bent, the hand holding a book in front, thus permitting an arrangement of rich and heavy folds of drapery. This massing of the drapery, if the term is permissible, is opposed by the long lines and free sweep of folds falling freely at full length on the figure's left. There is nothing labored in the disposition of the robe. One may think, and truly enough, that the same thing is often seen in real life, and yet the results so often shown by modern sculptors who attempt to convey the grace of line and fold, the flexibility and fall of drapery, show that an artist is needed to express properly the simplest example of the kind. Mr. St. Gaudens is singularly happy in his treatment of what may be termed decorative effects like this, and he has clearly enjoyed and improved his present chance. When the statue is seen from some points the question is suggested whether this enjoyment has not carried the sculptor too far, for the folds of drapery over the right arm draw the eye more strongly than the face. But this is largely a matter of lighting and of shadows, and in other views the subordination of the face is not felt.

"Dr. Bellows is represented as he might have been actually seen, advancing with slow, firm step, an impressive figure, to perform some function of his office. But in an enduring memorial like this it was necessary to recognize other salient phases of the subject's life than the ecclesiastic, and pre-eminent among these was Dr. Bellows's noble work in the Sanitary Commission. An inscription, giving the facts of his life, appears on the bronze tablet just above the statue, and this inscription runs into, and partially surrounds, the cross of the Sanitary Commission, conspicuously placed beside the head."

FINANCIAL.

We are obliged to discuss periodically the tendency, which seems to be growing, to draw on the United States' surplus of gold on the part of Europe, whenever, for any reason, any European center feels the necessity of accumulating extraordinary deposits of the precious metal. We seem to be more sensitive to these demands any other nation. The reason is clear. The Government of the United States, through its Congress, is trying in every possible way to force into circulation (on a parity with gold, of course) large quantities of inferior coin, which attempt has the tendency to discredit our financial standing and to encourage the belief that the time will come when we shall repudiate gold payments and determine to settle our home obligations in the inferior coinage. This discrediting influence is going on, and increases in proportion as we increase in our national treasury this hoard of bastard silver dollars. Foreign depositors here, of all classes, are, by this forewarning, forearming against the possible suspension of gold payments on the part of the Government. The passage of a bill in the lower house of Congress, this week, authorizing the Government to pay out silver certificates in small denominations, to the full amount of our silver hoard, in liquidation of its obligations, instead of in redemption of silver dollars presented, aggravates a lurking feeling of vague distrust, and adds to the difficulty which, through the ignorance and prejudices of members of Congress, is fastening itself on our financial methods and policy. Hence it is that our trades at home are all unsettled, that prosperity, which is so ready to lift us up on the basis of natural causes, is checked and hampered by this false coinage; and, as we have here intimated, hence it is that our gold so readily seeks shipment abroad without apparent cause, and is now supplying the extraordinary demands of Germany and France. The banks of France and of Germany have accumulated about $75,000,000 additional gold reserve since May, 1885, and, deducting what they have drawn from their own interior resources, we have supplied them with at least three-fifths of the balance which they have added. We tried to show a few weeks ago that we were accumulating gold in this country, notwithstanding this fact; and so we are; but, nevertheless, a process of hoarding here, arising from the apprehensions named, and working in the general mind, is keeping down gold deposits and reserves, and is threatening us with a crisis which, if it should come, the Government would find itself powerless to remedy. Why does Congress shut its eyes blindly, and refuse the remedy to this threatened evil—which remedy lies in the repeal of the Silver Coinage act?

The breaking out, on a diminished scale, of the railway strikes at Chicago is having only a slight influence on our Wall Street markets. It is a comforting fact that the general railway lines are improving in earnings. This improvement has been going on for some time, and doesn't seem to lose force. The very latest returns are, in several cases, the best. The reports of the third week in June over the corresponding week of last year are favorable, as a rule—St. Paul's to the extent of $51,000 increase, Northwest's about $25,000, Wabash's $53,000, Oregon Navigation's nearly $30,000, Canadian Pacific's $42,000, and Chicago & Alton's about $13,000. The New York Central is making monthly reports, and, including the West Shore, exhibits about $730,000 increase for the month of May; deducting about $500,000 as a fair estimate of West Shore earnings for the time, and we have a good increase on the New York Central proper. These facts indicate a pretty general drift in favor of a substantial advance in the volume of trade. The Bureau of Statistics furnishes a report of exports and imports for the twelve months of the year to June 1, which, as is generally known, is unfavorable compared with the previous year. The result in figures exhibits an excess of exports in merchandise for the time named of only $41,000,000, against $166,669,316 for the year 1884–5.

The returns for the month of May are not encouraging, showing only about $1,200,000 excess exports over imports.

The promise of the various crops, on the whole, does not involve any deduction on the general average of conditions from a week ago, and we have every reason to expect large, even abundant, crops in every description of staple products.

The markets close firm, and, as compared with last week's closing, irregular, but with little decline.

The bank statement is as follows:

Loans, increase	$3,672,600
Specie, decrease	1,568,100
Legal tenders, increase	1,240,800
Deposits, increase	4,119,400
Reserve, decrease	1,357,150

This leaves the surplus reserve about $14,500,000. Money, 1½ to 2 per cent. on call.

THE EVILS OF DEFORESTATION.

A correspondent of the "Chronicle" of San Francisco, writing from Europe and describing the evils resulting from the destruction of forests, says:

"The evils of deforestation have been so many times rehearsed that it is only necessary to mention them briefly here. Trees are necessary in the hills and mountains to perfect the springs and insure a steady supply of water throughout the year. If all the trees about sources of the streams are cut away, the springs flow, but a short time after the winter rains cease. In early summer they have disappeared entirely, and with them the small brooks they have fed, and which were wont to supply the creeks and rivers now either greatly reduced in volume or vanished. Consequently, drought, poverty, and suffering from fine agricultural possibilities ruined, with a soil deprived of its needed moisture. There is another evil scarcely less serious. This results from the inundations which almost annually devastate those parts of Europe which, in the long course of ages, have been gradually denuded of their forest, with little or no effort at renewal. Spain has in this respect been the worst sufferer. Except in certain favored localities, principally along or not far from the southern base of the Pyrenees, or along the Mediterranean, it may be described as an absolutely treeless country, its vast olive orchards affording here and there a partial exception. One may travel by train for days here and there over the great central plateau which constitutes the greater part of the peninsula, and scarcely see a tree, not even an olive, on the plain, and not a grove on a hill or mountain side. Such desolation seems appalling. As a natural consequence, the rains that fall, not being detained by groups or forests of trees, run off at once into the valleys, where they swell the creeks and rivers to enormous volume, and cause those frightful inundations which two or three times every year form the burden of Spanish dispatches and deplete the purses of the benevolent in every part of the world. In Austria, Hungary, and in different parts of Germany there are similar experiences, with incalculable loss of property and loss of life, and to a certain extent in France and Italy, though the two latter countries find a remedy in the universal dissemination of the olive and the vine, one or the other of which clothes, and in a great measure protects, the most barren hillsides. There are also in both countries efficient laws regulating both questions of deforestation and afforestation, which have done much for the protection of all interests concerned."

AN EARLY HEARER OF DR CHALMERS.—"Well," said one of the merchant friends of Mr. James Chalmers to him one day, wholly ignorant of his relationship to the Doctor (whom he had never gone to hear)—"have you heard this wonderful countryman and namesake of yours?" "Yes," said James, somewhat dryly. "And what do you think of him?" "Very little indeed," was the reply. "Dear me!" said the astonished inquirer, "*when* did you hear him?" "About half an hour after he was born!"

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B. 3,350	700 00	1,250 00	Pottawatomie.	Kansas.
B. 3,242	400 00	1,530 00	Barry.	Missouri.
B. 3,258	500 00	1,700 00	Barton.	Kansas.
B. 3,435	800 00	2,000 00	Republic.	Kansas.
B. 3,461	540 00	1,800 00	Marshall.	Kansas.
B. 3,477	500 00	1,700 00	Gage.	Nebraska.
B. 3,513	500 00	2,000 00	Barton.	Kansas.
B. 3,606	600 00	2,200 00	Bates.	Missouri.
B. 3,384	700 00	2,400 00	Washington.	Kansas.
A. 3,393	800 00	2,600 00	Ringgold.	Iowa.
B. 3,462	800 00	3,200 00	DeKalb.	Missouri.
B. 3,475	800 00	2 650 00	Newton.	Missouri
A. 3,548	900 00	2,800 00	Seward.	Nebraska.
B. 3,380	1,000 00	3,800 00	Rice.	Kansas.
B. 3,391	1,000 00	3,300 00	Washington.	Kansas.
B. 3,453	1,000 00	4,000 00	Jackson.	Missouri.
B. 3,466	1,000 00	4,000 00	Mercer.	Missouri.
B. 3,478	1,000 00	4,000 00	Barton.	Kansas.
B. 3,486	1,200 00	3 700 00	Franklin.	Nebraska.
B. 3,532	1,200 00	5,800 00	Jasper.	Missouri.
B. 3,501	1,300 00	4,000 00	Ottawa.	Kansas.
B. 3,428	1,400 00	4,500 00	Saline.	Kansas.
B. 3,294	1,500 00	5,000 00	Franklin.	Kansas.
B. 3,351	1,500 00	5,500 00	Reno.	Kansas.
B. 3,360	1,500 00	5,000 00	Reno.	Kansas.
B. 3,372	1,500 00	4,700 00	Barton.	Kansas.
B. 3,374	1,600 00	6,000 00	Sumner.	Kansas.
B. 3,446	1,600 00	5,600 00	Marion.	Kansas.
A. 3,534	1,700 00	6,500 00	Labette.	Kansas.
B. 3,499	1,800 00	5,500 00	Ottawa.	Kansas.
B. 3,487	2,000 00	8,000 00	Gage.	Nebraska.
A. 3,537	2,300 00	7,500 00	Clay.	Nebraska.
B. 3,502	2,400 00	7,200 00	Ottawa.	Kansas.
B. 3,533	2,500 00	12,150 00	Elk.	Kansas.
A. 3,072	2,700 00	11,000 00	Barton.	Kansas.
B. 3,382	3,000 00	9,600 00	Livingston.	Missouri.
B. 3,498	3,200 00	9,600 00	Ottawa.	Kansas.
B. 3,427	4,000 00	12,000 00	Saline.	Kansas.
B. 3,027	20,000 00	72,250 00	Nuckolls.	Nebraska.

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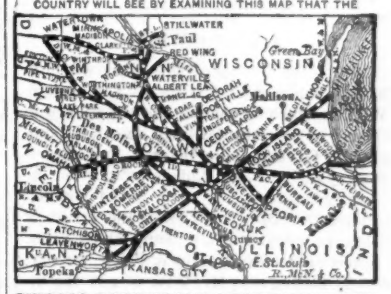
Carefully Selected First Mortgage Farm Loans, payable in N. Y. Unrivalled facilities. Absolute satisfaction. Ten years' experience. No losses. Refer to Third Nat'l Bank, N. Y. City; National Bank, Lawrence, Kan.; and hundreds of investors. Send for pamphlet forms and full information. Branch Offices in N. Y. City, Albany & Phil. N. Y. Office, 137 B'way. C. C. Hine & Son, Agts.

MANHATTAN SAVINGS INSTITUTION.
NEW YORK, June 22, 1886.
SEVENTIETH SEMI-ANNUAL DIVIDEND.
The Trustees of this institution have declared interest on all sums remaining on deposit during the three or six months ending June 30, inst., at the rate of THREE AND ONE HALF PER CENT. per annum on $500 and under, and THREE PER CENT. per annum on the excess of $500, not exceeding $3,000. Payable on and after the third Monday in July next.
EDWARD SCHELL, President.
C. F. ALVORD, Secretary.

A MAN
WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP THAT THE



CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILWAY
By reason of its central position and close relation to all principal lines East and West, at initial and terminal points, constitutes the most important mid-continental link in that system of through transportation which invites and facilitates travel and traffic between cities of the Atlantic and Pacific Coast. It is also the favorite and best route to and from points East, Northeast and Southeast, and corresponding points West, Northwest and Southwest.

The Great Rock Island Route
Guarantees its patrons that sense of personal security afforded by a solid, thoroughly ballasted road-bed, smooth tracks of continuous steel rail, substantially built culverts and bridges, rolling stock as near perfection as human skill can make it, the safety appliances of patent buffers, platforms and air-brakes, and that exacting discipline which governs the practical operation of all its trains. Other specialties of this route are Transfers at all connecting points in Union Depots, and the unsurpassed comforts and luxuries of its Passenger Equipment.

The Fast Express Trains between Chicago and Peoria, Council Bluffs, Kansas City, Leavenworth and Atchison are composed of well ventilated, finely upholstered Day Coaches, Magnificent Pullman Palace Sleepers of the latest design, and sumptuous Dining Cars, in which elaborately cooked meals are leisurely eaten. Between Chicago and Kansas City and Atchison are also run the Celebrated Reclining Chair Cars.

The Famous Albert Lea Route
Is the direct and favorite line between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, where connections are made in Union Depots for all points in the Territories and British Provinces. Over this route Fast Express Trains are run to the watering places, summer resorts, picturesque localities, and hunting and fishing grounds of Iowa and Minnesota. It is also the most desirable route to the rich wheat fields and pastoral lands of interior Dakota.

Still another DIRECT LINE, via Seneca and Kankakee, has been opened between Cincinnati, Indianapolis and Lafayette, and Council Bluffs, Kansas City, Minneapolis and St. Paul and intermediate points.

For detailed information see Maps and Folders obtainable, as well as tickets, at all principal Ticket Offices in the United States and Canada; or by addressing
R. R. CABLE, Pres't & Gen'l M'g'r. E. ST. JOHN, Gen'l T'k't & Pass. Ag't.
CHICAGO.

THE PHŒNIX
Insurance Company,
OF HARTFORD, CONN.
JANUARY 1st, 1886.

CASH CAPITAL	$2,000,000 00
Reserve for Unadjusted Losses	231,473 72
Reserve for Re-Insurance	1,334,932 36
NET SURPLUS	921,814 62
TOTAL ASSETS	$4,488,220 70

H. KELLOGG, President. A. W. JILLSON, Vice-Pres.
D. W. C. SKILTON, Sec'y. G. H. BURDICK, Ass't Sec
H. M. MAGILL, Gen'l Ag't West. Dep't, Cincinnati, O.
T. F. SPEAR, Ass't Gen'l Ag't West. Dep't, Cincinnati, O.
A. E. MAGILL, Gen'l Ag't Pacific Dept, San Francisco.

THE PUBLISHER'S DESK.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1886.

THE BROOKLYN MAGAZINE.

This periodical contains the authorized, verbatim, and personally revised reports of the sermons of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and Dr. T. De Witt Talmage. Each number also contains fifty pages of bright stories, poems, and articles by the foremost American writers. It is published on the first of every month, at the yearly subscription price of $2. By special arrangement we are enabled to offer to our subscribers The Christian Union and the "Brooklyn Magazine," both together to one address, one year, for the sum of $4.50.

CHANGE IN TIME.

On the new time-table of the West Shore Railroad, which went into effect June 27, we notice the Catskill Mountain and Saratoga special trains which were so popular last summer are continued, and parlor cars will run through to the Tremper House, Pine Hill, and Grand Hotel Station in the heart of the Catskill Mountains. Fast trains for Cranston, West Point, and Cornwall-on-the-Hudson are also provided for the accommodation of the pleasure seeking public. New York stations of the road are at the foot of West Forty-second Street and at the foot of Jay Street. Brooklyn passengers, by taking the Annex Boat, will make direct connections at the Pennsylvania Railroad Depot, the New Jersey terminus of the West Shore Road.

A CORRECTION.

In a recent number of this paper we published a reporter's interview with Mr. Joseph Wild, in which he related his experience in the use of the remedial agent known as Compound Oxygen, administered by Messrs. Starkey & Palen, of Philadelphia, which he heartily indorsed. An error in the heading of the article gave to Mr. Wild the credit of being the inventor of Linoleum, which, at the request of Doctors Starkey & Palen, we correct by stating that Mr. Wild is not the inventor, but the head of the firm which own the patent and are the sole manufacturers of Linoleum in the United States.

Best, easiest to use, and cheapest. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. By druggists. 50 cents.

"That tired feeling" from which you suffer so much, particularly in the morning, is entirely thrown off by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

DREAMS EXPLAINED.

Wundt regards most dream representations as really representations, since they emanate from sensorial impressions, which, though weak, continue during sleep. An inconvenient position during sleep causes the representation of painful work, perilous ascent of a mountain, etc. A slight intercostal pain becomes the point of an enemy's dagger, or the bite of an enraged dog. Difficulty in respiration is fearful agony caused by nightmare, seeming to be a weight rolled upon the chest, or a horrible monster which threatens to stifle the sleeper. An involuntary extension of the foot is a fall from the dizzy height of a tower. Flying is suggested by the rhythmic movements of respiration.

Further, "those subjective visual and auditory sensations which are represented in a waking state as a luminous chaos of an obscure visual field, by humming and roaring in the ears, and especially subjective retinal sensations, have an essential *rôle*," according to Wundt. "There are shown to us innumerable birds, butterflies, fish, multi-colored pears, flowers, etc. But if there be some cutaneous irritation, these visions are usually changed into caterpillars or beetles crawling over the skin of the sleeper." The sleeper sometimes dreams of his appearing on the street or in society only half dressed; the innocent cause is found in some of the bed-clothes having fallen off. An inconvenient position of the sleeper, a slight hindrance to respiration, or interference with the action of the heart, may be the cause of dreams where one seeks an object without being able to find it, or has forgotten something in starting on a journey. The movements of respiration may suggest to the sleeper, as previously mentioned, flying, but this flight may be objective, and instead of himself flying, he sees an angel descending from the heavens, or a luminous chaos where birds are swiftly moving.

"The representation of dreams having sensorial origin may have mingled with them those which arise solely from the reproduction of past memories. Parents or friends cut off in the flower of life ordinarily appear in dreams, because of the profound impression which their death or burial has made, "hence the general opinion that the dead continue during the night their intercourse with the living."—[Medical News.

A NEAT RETORT.—President Van Buren's son, familiarly known as Prince John, was a man of great natural ability, a good lawyer, and a ready wit. On one occasion he had taken some technical legal advantage by which his opponent's client was non-suited. The man was furious. He declared his purpose to give John a piece of his mind when he saw him; he would wither him. Happening to see John one day at Downing's, standing at the bar, he boldly confronted the Prince, and, being a small man, looked up at him fiercely and burst out: "Mr. Van Buren, is there any client so low and mean, or any case so nasty, that you won't undertake to defend him in it?" "I don't know," said John, stopping to put away another oyster. Then, bending down and confidentially drawling out his reply in the little man's ear: "What you been doing?"—Ben: Perley Poore.

SPECIAL OFFERINGS.

Boys' Suits—ALL WOOL, reduced to $3.88 AND $4.90.

LIGHT-WEIGHT OVERCOATS, $4.75 AND $4.88.

KILT SUITS, ALL WOOL, reduced to $2.59 AND $3.65.

A great variety of Kilts in wash fabrics.

FLANNEL SHIRT WAIST, all wool, plaited front and back, at $1.

EXTRA PANTS, ALL WOOL, $1.19.

For Girls—GINGHAM DRESSES, 2 to 10 years, at $1.98.

WHITE DRESSES, 4 to 10 years, $3.95 AND $5.95.

FLANNEL DRESSES, 2 to 10 years, $4.95.

SUMMER CLOAKS, 2 to 6 years, $1.88, and 4 to 12 years, $3.98.

MUSLIN UNDERWEAR at very low prices; also, BATHING SUITS for BOYS AND GIRLS in great variety.

BEST & CO.,

60 & 62 WEST 23D ST.

Bartlett's Food

Or Pepsinated Nutriment. Prepared on strictly scientific principles. Contains VITALIZING and BRAIN producing material, combined with Pure Nutriment, and is easily digested.

Baby's Delight.

It has strong nutritious properties and does not constipate. It is the safest, most reliable, perfected, and acceptable Food ever presented to the public.

Best for Invalids.

Price, 25c. and 50c.
Sent by mail on receipt of price.
GILMAN BROTHERS, Proprietors, Boston.

THE SAFEST FOOD IN SUMMER

For Young or Delicate Children.
A Sure Preventive of

CHOLERA INFANTUM.

Ithas been the positive means of saving many lives where no other food would be retained Its basis is SUGAR OF MILK, the most important element of mother's milk.

It contains no unchanged starch and no Cane Sugar, and therefore does not cause sour stomach, irritation, or irregular bowels.

It is the Most Nourishing, the Most Palatable, the Most Economical, of all Prepared Food.

Sold by Druggists—25 cts., 50 cts., $1.00. Send for pamphlet giving important medical opinions on the nutrition of Infants and Invalids.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

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Standard Typewriter

Does thrice the work of the pen, and relieves the writer from fatigue. Attention is called to the increased excellence of this incomparable machine. Buy it with the privilege of returning it unbroken at any time within thirty days C.O.D. for full price paid if not absolutely satisfactory in every respect.

WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT,
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UNQUESTIONABLY THE MOST PERFECT WRITING MACHINE IN THE WORLD.
THE ONLY TYPE-WRITER AWARDED A GOLD MEDAL AT THE NEW ORLEANS EXHIBITION.

Constant use does not and cannot disturb its alignment.
The automatic hammer stroke gives absolutely uniform impression.
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It manifolds well. Its open carriage ends admit paper of any width.
It is light, portable, strong, simple, and durable.
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SILVERWARE of every description, in the most stylish cases, at HALF regular quotations.

Cash paid for Silverware, Old Gold, Bronzes, &c.

Diamonds and Watches equally low.

Price-List sent on receipt of stamp.

J. H. JOHNSTON,

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French, German, Spanish, Italian.

You can, by ten weeks' study, master either of these languages sufficiently for every-day and business conversation, by Dr. RICH. S. ROSENTHAL'S celebrated MEISTERSCHAFT SYSTEM. Terms, $5.00 for books of each language, with privilege of answers to all questions, and correction of exercises. Sampl copy, Part I., 25 cents. Liberal terms to Teachers.
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Herald Building. Boston, Mass.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

In the United States, Canada and England wear

"GOOD SENSE" CORSET WAISTS.

THOUSANDS NOW IN USE.

BEST for HEALTH, ECONOMY, and BEAUTY.

Buttons at front instead of Clasps.

☞ Be sure your Corset is stamped "Good Sense."

Sold by leading Retailers everywhere. Send for Circular.

FERRIS BROS., Manufacturers
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DRESS REFORM.

BATES WAIST.

A perfect substitute for Corsets,

$1.75.

Jersey fitting Under Garments in Silk, Wool, Merino, and Gauze, made to order.

Bates Waists for Children, in three sizes.

MRS. WOODWARD, 15 East 14th St., New York.

WANTS.

[Cards of not more than ten lines (agate measure) will be inserted in this column for subscribers only, for fifteen cents per line.]

Wanted—Either, first, to *hire*, for two months, or, second, to trade for, or, third, to buy, cheap, a good Magic Lantern; McIntosh patent preferred. Correspondence solicited and references exchanged. Address W. D. L., Sonora, Ky.

Wanted—In a Christian family of three adults, in the healthiest part of Southern California, twe healthy women, not Irish, to do the entire housework. No farm work, but to milk one cow. Must send unquestionable references as to character and ability. Wages, twenty dollars per month each. House in an orange grove near post-office and five churches. Address C., Lock Box 55, Anaheim, Los Angeles County, California.

Wanted.—Invalids or parties desiring board where they can have the quiet and comfort of a home, in a beautiful town two hours' ride from New York, can apply for information to Mrs. G. H. Charles, Wallingford, Conn. Terms moderate.

HOME
INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK,
Office, No. 119 BROADWAY.

SIXTY-FIFTH SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT,
January, 1886.

CASH CAPITAL,	$3,000,000 00
Reserve Premium Fund,	3,011,637 00
Reserve for Unpaid Losses and Claims,	378,483 98
Net Surplus,	1,227,995 10
CASH ASSETS,	$7,618,116 08

SUMMARY OF ASSETS:

Cash in Banks	$245,795 99
Bonds and Mortgages, being first lien on Real Estate	897,550 00
United States Stocks (market value)	2,879,390 00
Bank and Railroad Stocks and Bonds (market value)	1,522,550 00
State and City Bonds (market value)	222,000 00
Loans on Stocks, payable on demand	122,850 00
Interest due on 1st of January, 1886	97,056 02
Premiums uncollected and in hands of Agents	358,290 20
Real Estate	1,272,633 77
Total,	$7,618,116 08

T. B. GREENE, W. L. BIGELOW, E. G. SNOW, Jr., } Ass't Sec's.
CHAS. J. MARTIN, President,
D. A. HEALD, Vice-President,
J. H. WASHBURN, V. P. & Sec'y.

PARLIAMENTARY TIDBITS.

Edmund Burke, the distinguished orator and writer, at the close of an election in 1774, in an eloquent speech, thanked his constituents for electing him as their member. He was followed by his colleague, Mr. Cruger, a merchant, who, after the orator's remarks, contented himself by exclaiming: "Gentlemen, I say ditto to Mr. Burke!"

Two stories are told of Lord Brougham. On being offered the post of Chief Baron of the Exchequer, Brougham refused it, alleging that its acceptance would prevent the continuance of his parliamentary duties. "True," rejoined Canning; "but you will be only one stage from the woolsack." "Yes," said Brougham, "but the horses will be off."

The second is contained in a remark of Sydney Smith, who, seeing Brougham in a carriage on the panel of which was the letter B surmounted by a coronet, observed: "There goes a carriage with a B outside and a wasp inside."

Lord Erskine had the following unique form of replying to begging letters: "SIR—I feel honored by your application, and beg to subscribe"—here the recipient had to turn over the leaf—"myself, your very obedient servant."

Lord Palmerston's good humor as a distinct element of his character is well known. We find it even during his last illness, when his physician was forced to mention death. "Die, my dear doctor!" he exclaimed; "that's the *last* thing I shall do."

When Shiel had learned by heart, but failed to remember, the exordium of a speech beginning with the word "Necessity," which he repeated three times, Sir Robert Peel continued—"is not *always* the mother of invention."

Some good sayings are attributed to George Selwyn, who was called "the receiver-general of wit and stray jokes," and was a silent member of Parliament for many years. When told that Sir Joshua Reynolds intended to stand for Parliament, Selwyn replied: "Sir Joshua is the ablest man I know on a canvas."

Horace Walpole, when complaining one day of the existence of the same indecision, irresolution, and want of system in the reign of George III. as had been witnessed in that of Queen Anne, remarked concerning the continuance of the Duke of Newcastle as First Lord of the Treasury after the accession of George III.: "There is nothing new under the sun." "Nor under the grandson," added Selwyn, George III. being the grandson of George II.

George III. one day alluded to Selwyn as "that rascal George;" on which Selwyn asked, "What does that mean?" immediately adding, "Oh, I forgot; it is one of the hereditary titles of the Georges."

The Duke of Cumberland, on asking Selwyn how a horse he had lately purchased answered, received the reply: "I really don't know; I have never asked him a question."

When it was proposed at one time to tax coal instead of iron, Sheridan objected to the proposition on the ground that "it would be a jump from the frying-pan into the fire."

Many other examples might be given of Sheridan's wit; we shall mention three. On meeting one day two royal dukes, one of them said that they had just been discussing whether Sheridan were a greater fool than knave. The wit, placing himself between them, quickly replied: "Why, faith, I believe I'm between the two." His son said that were he in Parliament, he would write on his forehead, "To let."—"Add unfurnished," suggested the father. On another occasion, when asked by his tailor for at least the interest of his bill, Sheridan replied: "It is not my interest to pay the principal, nor my principle to pay the interest."

With this last we may compare Talleyrand's method in dealing with creditors. When asked by one when he should receive payment, the only answer given was: "Ma foi, how inquisitive you are!"—[Chambers's Journal.

WASHINGTON'S ARMY AT CAMBRIDGE.

It was a motley assembly, in all sorts of uniforms and without any uniform at all, with all sorts of weapons, and with precious little powder. So little was there, that Washington was very nervous lest the British should find out how little he had; and so, while he was urging Congress to provide supplies, he had barrels of sand, with powder covering the top, placed in the magazine, so that any one hanging about might be misled. Some of the soldiers were in tents, some were quartered in one or two college buildings then standing, and some built huts for themselves. The most orderly camp was that of the Rhode Island troops, under General Nathaniel Greene.

The men were in companies of various sizes, under captains and other officers who had very little authority over the privates, for these usually elected their own commanders. A visitor to the camp relates a dialogue which he heard between a captain and one of the privates under him:

"Bill," said the captain, "go and bring a pail of water for the men."

"I sha'n't," said Bill. "It's your turn now, captain; I got it last time."

But the men, though under very little discipline, were good stuff out of which to make soldiers. Most of them were in dead earnest, and this brought, besides courage, great skill in the use of the ordinary musket. A story is told of a company of riflemen raised in one of the frontier counties of Pennsylvania. So many volunteers applied as to embarrass the leader who was enlisting the company, and he drew on a board with chalk the figure of a nose of the common size, placed the board at a distance of a hundred and fifty yards, and then declared he would take only those who could hit the mark. Over sixty succeeded. "General Gage, take care of *your* nose," says the news paper that tells the story. General Gage, as you know, was the commander of the British forces in Boston.—[St. Nicholas.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

In all the searches for the fabled fountain of youth there has been disappointment in the final result. This has been more or less keen, according to the state of health of the seeker. But *modern scientific research has found a real "fountain of youth."* In Compound Oxygen the old ideal so long sought for has been found to be attainable. One who has tested its value writes from Waukan, Wis.: "I sleep better; *dyspepsia* is less troublesome, and I think I can say my heart is better. I am stronger, and I am losing that worn and haggard look; perhaps I may say *I am growing young again. It must be that Compound Oxygen is the fountain of youth.*" Another writes from Clinton, Mass.: "It has given me so much strength that *I feel like a new person.*" A clergyman at Queen City, Mo., writes: "My wife has used your Compound Oxygen with the best of results. Her cough is not entirely removed yet, but, with that exception, she has become *the strongest and healthiest woman of her age in this community.*" The editor of *The New South*, W. H. Worthington, of Columbus, Miss., says:

"You will doubtless remember my getting your Compound Oxygen for my mother (who is *very aged*) in February or March of last year, and its happy effect upon her. When I wrote you my mother was very low. When she commenced taking the Treatment she began at once to improve, and this improvement was steady. She is now in good health. Last week she made several visits to her friends, walking several squares. Her restoration to health from the use of Compound Oxygen has attracted considerable attention in this section."

Curiosity as to this remedy may be fully gratified by any one who will take the trouble to write to Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, No. 1,529 Arch Street, Philadelphia. They publish a brochure of nearly two hundred pages, entitled *Compound Oxygen—Its Mode of Action and Results.* This will be sent, postpaid, to any address on application.

SINCE LADIES HAVE BEEN ACCUSTOMED to use Glenn's Sulphur Soap in their toilet their personal attractions have been multiplied, and it is seldom they are seen disfigured with blotches and pimples, or rough or coarse skins. Sold by Druggists, Grocers, and Fancy Goods Dealers.

Glenn's Sulphur Soap heals and beautifies, 25c. **German Corn Remover** kills Corns, Bunions, 25c. **Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye**—Black & Brown, 50c. **Piso's Toothache Drops** cure in 1 Minute, 25c.

The Oft Told Story

Of the peculiar medicinal merits of Hood's Sarsaparilla is fully confirmed by the voluntary testimony of thousands who have tried it. Peculiar in the combination, proportion, and preparation of its ingredients, peculiar in the extreme care with which it is put up, Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes cures where other preparations entirely fail. Peculiar in the unequaled good name it has made at home, which is a "tower of strength abroad," peculiar in the phenomenal sales it has attained,

Hood's Sarsaparilla

is the most popular and successful medicine before the public to-day for purifying the blood, giving strength, and creating an appetite.

"I suffered from wakefulness and low spirits, and also had eczema on the back of my head and neck, which was very annoying. I took one bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I have received so much benefit that I am very grateful, and I am always glad to speak a good word for Hood's Sarsaparilla." MRS. J. S. SNYDER, Pottsville, Pa.

Purifies the Blood

Wallace Buck, of North Bloomfield, N. Y., suffered eleven years with a terrible varicose ulcer on his leg, so bad that he had to give up business. He was cured of the ulcer, and also of catarrh, by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

NATURE'S CURE FOR CONSTIPATION, TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT **Sick-Headache,** AND **DYSPEPSIA.**

This well known substitute for the old-fashioned drastic cathartics was manufactured in 1844 for the use of the Physicians of the Metropolis. It rapidly supplanted the violent purgatives then in vogue, and is now prescribed by Physicians and recommended by Druggists everywhere. In small doses it is an efficient antidote for Nausea, Sick Headache, and Sea Sickness. In larger doses it tones the stomach and gently operates upon the bowels, neutralizing the ill effects of indiscretions in eating or drinking. Its neat portable form, its inexpensiveness, and its prompt action render TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT as indispensable an addition to the Household Medicine Chest as it is to the Traveler's Outfit. *Sold by druggists everywhere.*

HERNIA.

To those **AFFLICTED** with **HERNIA**, commonly called **RUPTURE**, science has given for their **RELIEF** and **CURE**, **WHITE'S PATENT LEVER TRUSS. NO INCONVENIENCE. NO BACK PADS. NO UNDER-STRAPS**, but as **EASY** and **COMFORTABLE** to wear as an old shoe. **DR. GREGORY** (Surgeon of the Company, who has made this disease a life study), through his treatment effects, in a majority of cases, a **PERMANENT CURE**. The **LIFT-UP POWER** of this Truss is wonderful. We **GUARANTEE** to **HOLD** any **CASE OF RUPTURE** with our Truss—the best in the World. Why suffer when cure and relief are at hand? Established 25 years. SEPARATE PRIVATE ROOMS FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. Advice and pamphlet, by mail, FREE. We employ no agents. Our offices are UPSTAIRS in Rooms **21, 22, and 23.**

White's Patent Lever Truss Co.,
693, 695, 697 Broadway,
NEW YORK.

AS you drive by one house, the outside betoken the tasteful elegance of the occupant; in the next one you expect to see overdressed, ridiculous ignorance come to the door. Try our Pure Colors, $1.35 per gal. Paint, much the cheapest, still more the best. F. J. Nash M'f'g Co., Manufacturers of Ready Mixed Paint, Nyack, Rockland Co., New York. *Interesting* Circulars Free. If your dealer refuses you these goods apply to us direct.

Rubens, Angelo, Raphael, Murillo.

Send SIX Cents for a sample **LINENE COLLAR** And Pair of Cuff

Indispensable and economical for hot weather. Made of cloth, and are completely REVERSIBLE. Correct styles. Perfect fit. Address, stating size, REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO., 27 Kilby Street, Boston, Mass.

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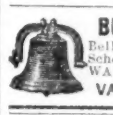
CHURCH Furniture, Memorial Windows, Memorial Tablets, Decoration.

Ill'd Circulars Free. Special Designs on request, **J. & R. LAMB,** 59 Carmine St., N. Y.

McShane Bell Foundry
Finest Grade of Bells,
CHIMES AND PEALS for CHURCHES, &c. Send for Price and Catalogue. Address H. McSHANE & CO., *Mention this paper.* Baltimore, Md.

MENEELY & COMPANY, WEST TROY, N. Y. BELLS for Churches, Schools, etc.; also Chimes and Peals. For more than half a century noted for superiority over all others.



BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY.
Bells of Pure Copper and Tin for Churches, Schools, Fire Alarms, Farms, etc. FULLY WARRANTED. Catalogue sent Free.
VANDUZEN & TIFT, Cincinnati, O.

BARLOW'S INDICO BLUE.
Its merits as a WASH BLUE have been fully tested and endorsed by thousands of housekeepers. Your grocer ought to have it on sale. Ask him for it. S. S. WITTBECKER, Prop., 233 N. Second St., Phila. Pa.

HIRES' IMPROVED ROOT BEER.
Packages, 25 cts. Makes 5 gallons of a delicious, sparkling, and wholesome beverage. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.
C. E. HIRES, 48 N. Delaware Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

BROWN'S FRENCH DRESSING.
The Original! Beware of Imitations!
AWARDED HIGHEST PRIZE AND ONLY MEDAL

PARIS EXPOSITION, 1878.

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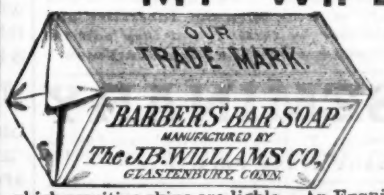

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The Trustees, in Conformity to the Charter of the Company, submit the following Statement of its affairs on the 31st of December, 1885:

Premiums on Marine Risks from 1st January, 1885, to 31st December, 1885		$3,856,618 66
Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st January, 1885		1,339,525 10
Total Marine Premiums		$5,196,143 76
Premiums marked off from 1st January, 1885, to 31st December, 1885	$3,770,094 30	
Losses paid during the same period	$1,915,020 67	
Returns of Premiums and Expenses	$776,712 43	

The Company has the following assets, viz.:

United States and State of New York Stock, City, Bank, and other Stocks	$9,084,685 00
Loans secured by Stocks, and otherwise	1,438,600 00
Real Estate and Claims due the Company, estimated at	830,000 00
Premium Notes and Bills Receivable	1,508,143 58
Cash in Bank	228,897 88
Amount	$12,740,326 46

Six per cent. interest on the outstanding certificates of profits will be paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the Second of February next.

The outstanding certificates of the issue of 1881 will be redeemed and paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the Second of February next, from which date all interest thereon will cease. The certificates to be produced at the time of payment, and canceled.

A dividend of Forty per cent. is declared on the net earned premiums of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 1885, for which certificates will be issued on and after Tuesday, the Fourth of May next.

By order of the Board.
J. H. CHAPMAN, Secretary.

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